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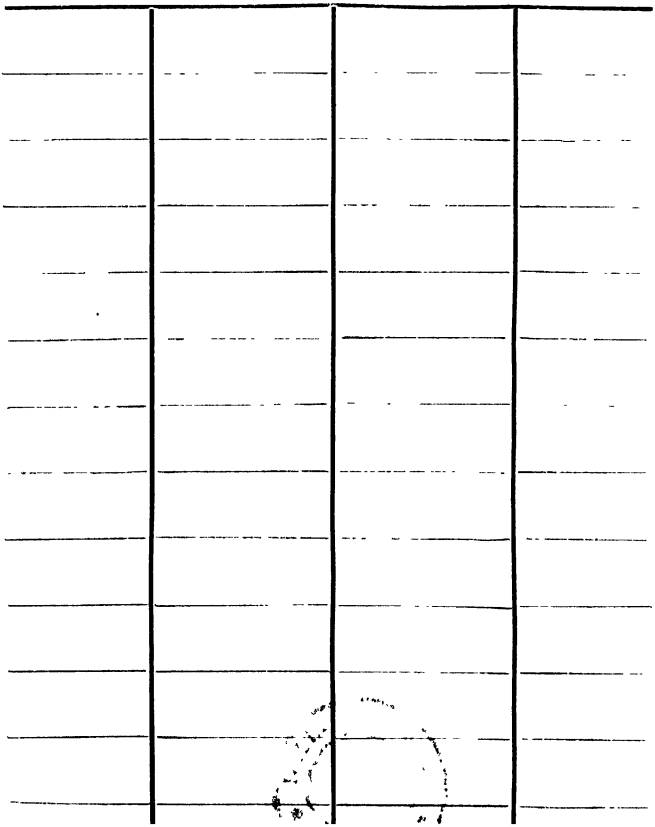
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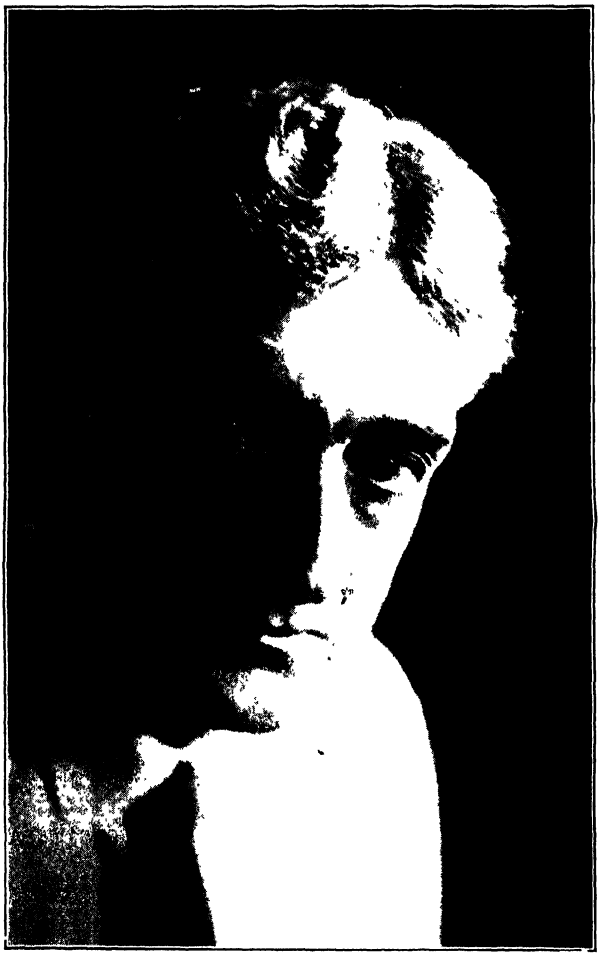
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THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY



RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

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EXECUTIVE EDITOR

NELLA BRADDY

VOLUME IV

FEBRUARY 15-29

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Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho! unto the green holly;
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly!

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.
Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly!

SHAKESPEARE.

PUBLISHERS' NOTE

THE genesis of the University Library lies in a compilation of "Little Masterpieces," the first of which were published more than twenty-five years ago. The material included in these volumes was selected by able editors and writers whose experience was great and whose taste was excellent. Out of the "Little Masterpieces" grew a course in liberal education which was known as the Pocket University, and out of the Pocket University grew, finally, the University Library.

The publishers most gratefully acknowledge their debt to the editors who compiled the original volumes: Bliss Perry, Henry van Dyke, Hardin Craig, Thomas L. Masson, Asa Don Dickinson, the late Hamilton W. Mabie, George Iles, the late Dr. Lyman Abbott, and others.

Some of the most important material contained in the Pocket University is, of course, included in the University Library but the sequence has been entirely changed and the scope of the work greatly broadened. Fully two thirds of the material is new and the literature of the world has been ransacked to find appropriate text to fit the basic educational needs of the modern public.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

FEBRUARY 15–29

			PAGE
Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind . . .		*Shakespeare*	v
15.	A Sprig of Lemon Verbena	*Joseph Hergesheimer*	1
16.	The Sayings of Confucius		48
	The Falcon	*Giovanni Boccaccio*	51
17.	Harbors of Memory . . .	*William McFee*	62
18.	The Cask of Amontillado . .	*Edgar Allan Poe*	82
19.	Creation	*Alfred Noyes*	92
	Resurgam.	*Maxwell Struthers Burt*	95
	Prayer	*Hartley Coleridge*	97
	In Harbor	*Paul Hamilton Hayne*	98
	One Certainty	*Christina Rossetti*	100
	Richard Cory . .	*Edwin Arlington Robinson*	100
	Parting	*Coventry Patmore*	101
	Sic Vita . . .	*William Stanley Braithwaite*	102
	"As in the Midst of Battle There Is Room"	*George Santayana*	103
	A Wish	*Samuel Rogers*	103
	Brahma	*Ralph Waldo Emerson*	104
	"Say Not the Struggle Naught Availeth"	*Arthur Hugh Clough*	105
20.	Autobiography	*Joseph Jefferson*	106
21.	The Mummy's Foot. . .	*Théophile Gautier*	123
22.	Autobiography . . .	*George Washington*	142
	Ode to Napoleon Buonaparte .	*Lord Byron*	165
23.	Selections from the Diary of Samuel Pepys, . .		172
24.	A Nightmare of the Doldrums	*W. Clark Russell*	197
25.	The Âmok of Dâto' Kâya Bŧji Dĕrja	*Sir Hugh Clifford*	221
26.	Preface to Cromwell . . .	*Victor Hugo*	244
27.	Ellen Terry and Henry Irving .	*Ellen Terry*	272
28.	Oscar Wilde	*Richard Le Gallienne*	288
29.	The Ballad of Reading Gaol . .	*Oscar Wilde*	307

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE . . .	*Frontispiece*
	FACING PAGE
WILLIAM MCFEE	64
JOSEPH JEFFERSON	120
SIR HUGH CLIFFORD	240

READING FOR FEBRUARY 15–29

THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

FEBRUARY 15

(Joseph Hergesheimer, born February 15, 1880)

A SPRIG OF LEMON VERBENA*

THEY were sitting back of the partition in Albert Genamon's drug store among the orderly rows of white and coloured and glass-stoppered bottles, the water taps and zinc sheeting and pungent cleansing smells. Genamon, whose smooth long face had taken permanently the expression of whimsical humour for which he was publicly noted; Markley Watts, the small silent station agent; Andrew and Samson Rendell, both thin and grave and dark, characteristic of their blood, Andrew newly elevated to the bench and Samson a dealer in coal and grains; and Chester Lukens, younger than the others, returned only that week from an epochal voyage to England.

Chester had been talking excitedly and at length, but now he had fallen into a thoughtful silence, his face bearing a palpable discontent; and the others, smoking Albert Genamon's next-to-

*This story is here used by kind permission of the author.

best cigars, said nothing. The back door was open on a contracted inclosure bare of grass, a straggling hedge and the brick ends of buildings turned toward the parallel street. It was dusk and summer, and the drifting air brought in, against a carbolic odour, the scent of lilacs, the fragrance of flowers and the soothing echoes and calls of the town. Suddenly Markley Watts spoke.

"And this game, golf," he said, "that you played over there, Chester; you like it and think we ought to take it up in Eastlake?"

"Certainly we ought," Chester Lukens replied vigorously. "That is, if we don't want to be considered dead here. But I don't really know if we're not. I did more than play—I brought home a set of clubs and the balls; and, too, I asked a lot of questions. I pretty well understand it. A lot of ground will be necessary, like a big cleared meadow, and yet not all cleared either; but we could lease that outside of town. Tomorrow'll be Sunday, and we can walk out and I'll show you. Why, Samson, there's just nothing to do here except baseball late in the afternoon and croquet." His voice acquired an accent of contempt. "Dead," he repeated to no one in particular, taking a cigarette from a leather case.

"I wish you wouldn't smoke those things," Albert protested. "They're not right manly. Somehow they remind me of Lord Chumley." Lukens rose.

"Of course," he proclaimed in a superior manner,

"if you won't move along with life—I will stop here with the golf clubs early in the afternoon."

When he had gone there was a general sigh. Albert Genamon continued, "Chester seems a little dissatisfied with us and Eastlake. He's become a regular Anglomaniac. And did you see the collar! He's worse—a dude."

"What about playing a game on Sunday?" Watts asked. "That'll make a big row. I'm not sure, but I think it's illegal."

"Don't let that bother you, Markley," Andrew Rendell advised him. "From what Chester says, nobody will guess it's a game. Hitting a little ball and then tramping after it doesn't qualify, to my mind. The tramping I'll do will be in waders after trout along the Beaverkill."

"Don't be too set," his brother advised him. "After all, Chester has been away and seen a good deal. He's a smart young man."

Genamon added, "Get him started and I'll roll the pills up right here." But Markley Watts still objected.

"It is his spirit I'm against. The Lord knows what he will bring into Eastlake with his new-fangled ideas. For instance, what he said about organizing a club. I'd like to know what we need a club for, when we've been meeting here and talking every evening, pretty nearly, for ten years. This drug store is all the club any reasonable man would need."

He grew so excited, so resentful, that he stood up, gesticulating with his cigar.

"Why, Markley," they all cried, "your own wife wouldn't recognize you!" Albert Genamon pretended to get him a bromide powder.

"Don't worry," Samson reassured him. "Nothing will ever take the place of Albert Genamon's in Eastlake. Let's get back to facts. Are we going up on the Miramichi in July?"

They were, it was finally decided; and Samson and Andrew Rendell, walking home together through the gathering dusk, discussed the tying of some flies for Northern water. Andrew wore a high hat carefully brushed, and from the tails of his black coat hung the brilliant silk of a bandanna handkerchief. His Malacca cane with an ivory knob struck now on a sounding boardwalk and was now silent crossing a dusty town street. Samson had on a gray felt hat with a narrow brim and a short braided jacket against wide pepper-and-salt trousers.

Above them maple trees met, forming a closed glimmering prospect, a cool green way with small houses of brick or boards on either side, but all with porches and beds of flowers, of mignonette and pansies and sweet-william and nasturtiums and clove pinks. The houses, the lawns, even the cast-iron fences, were all alike in size and colour and atmosphere, as though there had been a common agreement of harmony, of an equality without a personal ambition of show or superior material resources. Across the tranquil air came the slow pealing of a bell, and Samson halted.

"There!" he exclaimed. "I was listening so

close to Chester that I forgot the fire-company meeting. Tell Annice, will you, Andrew, and I'll go right back. It may be after nine when I get home."

Andrew Rendell stopped by the gate of a dwelling with a bay window on the left.

A small feminine group were seated with spread white skirts on the steps of the portico.

"Samson will be late," he repeated in a voice not raised, but clear. "It is the fire-meeting night." Annice replied that she was aware of that.

"No need to ask where you have all been," she went on in tones not entirely innocent of a mild philosophical objection—"back in that drug store. I declare, what you see in him, a bachelor with a tongue in his head, I for one can't make out. And Markley Watts, he never opens his mouth: that's as sure as a pint's a pound."

"You should have heard him to-night," Andrew informed her. "He was like a Fourth-of-July orator."

To Annice's invitation that he come in and rest his hat he answered that he had some legal papers to look over before court to-morrow. He never would sit with women, she called back; positively he was as bad as Albert Genamon, who was polite enough to listen to, but had—it was well known—his own opinion of a lady. Another, a young fresh voice, protested against her mother's sharpness with Uncle Andrew, and a figure detached itself from the vagueness and walked gracefully

to the fence. Andrew kissed her dutifully on a cool cheek.

"Rosalee, who do you think was talking to us this evening about a game called golf, and spitchcocks and the French *valse?*"

"I think he might have talked of it better to somebody else than a lot of men," she returned. "But of course he must do what he likes. I am sure and sure and sure——"

He stopped her with a thin hand against her lips.

"I know—it's nothing to you. Certainly not. There is one thing he hasn't seen in England, and that is a lovelier girl——"

Now her firm small palm stopped him.

"You are making it more than it is," Rosalee instructed him. "I'm glad Chester had a wonderful time, and I understand that he hasn't been back long enough to get around and see everyone."

Was it the tenderness of the dusk, Andrew Rendell wondered, that this evening made her appear actually beautiful? Her bright hair was subdued, soft around the delicate oval of her face, and her eyes—the Rendell eyes; such a dark blue that now they seemed black—were filled with a spirit suddenly stirring to his heart. Youth, he told himself, continuing down the darkening street, at its richest and best.

Virgin gold so pure that it could almost be molded with the fingers, the right fingers; and ready for the flame that would convert it into a permanence of love and fidelity, the unselfishness of maternity.

His study was bare except for the calf-bound legal books that, on light walnut shelves, covered two walls. The remaining end had a large window on Tulip Street, and the fourth wall, against which stood a black haircloth sofa, was hung with steel engravings of the chief justices of the United States, the enlargement of a photograph of his wife taken the day of their marriage, and there was a glass door opening on a small side lawn and the garden patch he tended. There was a long table in the middle of the room, with orderly piles of current political and general pamphlets, the folded local and a thicker city newspaper, his green-baize bag with its draw tape and an open box of prime Manila stogies, inordinately black and shaped like a trumpet.

It had been his custom, since his wife's death, to work very late through the night; and so he was in no hurry to take up the dockets by his chair with leather back and seat and padded arms. Instead he chose a stogy, lighted it very thoroughly from a wax match and settled back with an introspective gaze on the spreading bluish smoke. Since his youth, only thirty-and-some years ago, how times had changed! For example, the lamplighter going his rounds on evenings such as this when there was no moon; the row of venerable old men who used to sit in the hickory chairs before the Mansion House and argue about the naval operations on Lake Champlain—— Their feet, he remembered, in boots, were cocked up on an iron rail; when he played baseball it was necessary to hit the

runner between bases; and how the hard rubber ball could hurt! Life was simpler, more straightforward then. There weren't so many dances at Lennis Springs; so many strawberry festivals and excursions and summers away from home, at Cape May. Now here was Chester Lukens, returned from three months abroad, complaining because Eastlake, where there was hardly a dull minute, was dead.

Chester, he said aloud, severely, was a fool; not only for his restlessness but principally because of his attitude toward Rosalee. Damn it, what did the boy—he was no more—want from life? What more than his, Andrew Rendell's, niece could be got? Nothing! Chester, Andrew growled, had had a fair sight of some great painted lady in her carriage, or a closer glance at such paint in the promenades of the music halls.

A vision of his own youngest manhood filled his mind. He had been something of a dandy, not in the imitative manner held against Chester by Markley Watts; but extremely fastidious about his dress, his food, or rather his drink, and his associations, mental and real. He had prided himself on reason, a reason which he now saw as an immature but characteristic skepticism, and a special clarity in regard to what he designated as entanglements with women.

Andrew Rendell had determined to stay unmarried, intellectually free. He had never from the first wavered in his complete dedication to the law; and though he went occasionally to evening

parties where there were women, he contrived to remain outside the games, the swift warm whispering in corners. He had stood, with a leaf or two of lemon verbena in his buttonhole, in doorways, immaculate and withdrawn and superior.

Why he had always preferred lemon verbena to a flower, a small tea rose or a camellia, was a mystery to him. It was the smell certainly that captivated him, charmed his imagination. Even now, when he could, he kept it about him—in the lapel of his coat, green or crisply brown among his stores of body linen, along the border of his lawn. He had worn lemon verbena at his initial appearance on the bench, and its pungent sweetness had lasted through the long fatiguing day in the close court room. But it was of his marriage that he had been thinking. If Caroline Lockyer had not been fragile, as delicate as a Nanking china cup, he would never have noticed her. She was so slender, so ethereal, that she hadn't seemed like a girl in the least. It was impossible to regard her as a menace to his planned, his cherished singleness.

For years her father had been factor at Canton, in China, for a Boston tea-importing firm; and retired because of an intermittent Eastern fever, he had come home to Eastlake with Caroline and her mother. Henry Lockyer had brought back, too, tags and phrases of Confucian and Taoistic wisdom. He was, as it were, flavoured like a gilt-lacquered tea caddy with China, and Andrew found him entrancing company. They were apt

to sit through long summer evenings under a screen of scarlet trumpet creepers, the aged yellowed man and the particular youth, while the former discoursed of godowns and candied watermelon seed and fabulous river gardens of Soochow. In the winter the same thing had continued in a parlour where carved ivories and imperial yellow silks had contrasted with a Pennsylvania ten-plate stove and a fretted foot organ.

Often Caroline would sit with them, saying little or nothing, in light sliplike dresses and slippers on minute feet with crossed ribbons about the ankles. She, like Rosalee, had bright hair; but she had worn it netted and low on her neck. Low and netted, with what light there was tangled and glinting in the smooth strands!

Well, he had paid precious little attention to her; and then only from a sense of duty, of acknowledged gratitude to her father, he had taken her to a party at Emery Carol's, a birthday party for Emery's eldest daughter. The Carols lived in a long low stone farmhouse, perhaps five miles over the gentle hills from Eastlake; and—it had been autumn—there was cider in stone crocks. No such cider now, Andrew Rendell added. The young people were very boisterous, the kissing games more rough and frequent than usual, and Caroline had been frightened. She had been frightened and he annoyed, and eventually they had stood together outside the house, the loud gayety, facing the keen serenity of the late October night. No more than that then, for he had

driven her home almost immediately after. Only that then, and hardly more through the winter following. She had caught a cold early in December—about the sixth, he thought—a stubborn, miserable business that she had been unable to shake off before April.

A beautiful, a heavenly spring had flowered in violets and apple blossoms and rosy peach trees. He had gone into Judge Thompson's office, where at once he had done well, and Caroline had grown increasingly delicate, fine in appearance. They had become very close friends, too; for when by accident she discovered the truth about her tenure of life she had told him in a rapid but not unduly disturbed voice. That had been in June, a day or so either way from the present date. It was then he discovered that he wanted to marry her, and he told her at once, in a voice decided but even more quiet than her own. At first she had mistaken his feeling for pity, and there had been some tears; then slowly, slowly, incredulously, she had seen more truly into his feelings.

What a richness, what a reward had been his! The shortness of their period of happiness had not been sad. They never, practically, referred to that. What they had was too overwhelming. Caroline, as well, had come to love lemon verbena. She became identified with its cool aroma in his thoughts. They had gone to Cuba, to Havana, a high-tiled room of the Inglaterra Hotel; but it hadn't particularly agreed with her, and they were soon back. He took. with Geary Ambler, law

offices of their own after a year. Events, success, marched—and then the inevitable. Yet he never dwelt on that. The magic of Caroline had survived the disaster to her flesh. She had never died for him, nor grown less in potency. Andrew Rendell was not mystical about his wife. The habit of skepticism prevented that. He had no conscious vision of an objective eternity of possession. No, Caroline simply permeated, now as then, all his being. On that plane she was absolutely, completely, in possession of him. There he could never again be reached.

After the timed clamour of the church bells, Methodist and Baptist at one time and Episcopalian later, Sunday settled into a quiet of voluminous foliage and a leaden blue sky. Through the early afternoon the drug store of Albert Genamon was closed to the public. A card in the glass of the door announced that it would be open at five, but Andrew Rendell, after the hour agreed upon, found, as usual, the key unturned and proceeded back to the others. They were all there—Samson and Markley Watts, Genamon and Chester Lukens. The latter had a small sheaf of sticks, some with iron heads and some with heads of bulging wood, fastened in long splices to the shafts, and a dragging pocket indicated the presence of the balls.

"We'll go out the Goshen Road," Albert proposed. "There is plenty of open both for Chester's game and for Dash and Spot."

At a kennel in the back yard of the drug store

he unsnapped the chains of two Llewellyn setters, put them on a coupler and, through town, a leash; and the five, headed by Chester Lukens, went out, by a grassy alley shut in by high board fences, into the country.

"You couldn't get me on Darlington Street with Chester and those clubs, and all the folks sitting on the porches," the station agent admitted. "We've got kind of a bad name in Eastlake, as it is, for playing cards and beer drinking."

Andrew Rendell, who maintained a constant raillery of Watts, asked him how the church frivolities were progressing. But Markley, calling him a heathen, forgot his scruples in the serenity of the countryside. They had descended a hill from the town, turned sharply to the right, passed a very old long, gray field-stone house, and were mounting a rocky slope between watered meadows, a pale-green first showing of corn, and noble groves of chestnut trees. There was grazing, with cows and shifting cloudlike flocks of sheep, and against the sky a gilded weather vane flashed motionlessly. Chester was eager to show, beyond further doubt, the seductions of golf, and proposed stopping at every open reach; but the others, indifferent about the game, interested in the casting circles of the setters, strolled on. A covey of quail was flushed, meadow larks winged upward, blue jays flew noisily along the streams.

At last Chester would be delayed no longer. Dash failed to respond from a far cover, and the five leisurely climbed a fence. Chester Lukens,

placing a white hard ball advantageously, choosing a club with a wooden head, lectured the others.

"This," he explained, "is the driver. At first the ball is put on a pat of sand and knocked down the course." He took an exaggeratedly bent position and wabbled the club over the ball. "You must look quite a distance," he warned them. "A hundred and fifty yards is nothing."

Chester drew back, a prodigious swing followed and the ball rolled no more than a foot from where it had been laid. Albert Genamon, with a hand shading his eyes, didn't seem to see it at the place indicated. It must, he concluded, have flown like a bullet. Andrew was frankly impatient.

"If you had hit it," he objected, "an hour would have gone into finding it. The British have been taking advantage of you, exercising their celebrated wit."

"Don't be foolish," Lukens protested hotly. "Why, this is called the royal and ancient game! King James of Scotland played it. There are pictures ever so old; yes, and links—that's what they are called—all over the island." He put the ball up again, again balanced the club head threateningly over it, and a second lunge followed.

"Didn't he get it that time!" Samson exclaimed. The ball rose abruptly in the air and described a long course, curving, at the end, sharply to the right. "That was wonderful, wonderful!" Samson Rendell continued. But Chester was still displeased.

"It wasn't anything at all, a confounded slice, probably into all kinds of trouble."

"What do those balls cost?" Albert inquired.

"About a shilling in England," Chester Lukens told him.

Albert Genamon whistled for his dogs.

"Back so soon?" Andrew asked.

"Starting to make those pills," Genamon replied. "As I see it, if I want to get as rich as I can, I'd better begin at once. When do you think the link will be ready, Chester?"

"Links," the latter corrected him shortly.

"This is only one, isn't it? I should have thought, anyhow, that it was all singular."

A careful search failed to locate the ball, and, producing a second, Chester now took a club with an iron head.

"Lofter," he said, "for a fairly long shot to what they call the green. The hole's there you have to get the ball into."

He had more success with the lofter, but the ball evaded their diligent quest.

"About five gross a day," Albert calculated.

"Let me hit at it," Samson put in, and Chester agreed reluctantly.

"Don't strike the ground," he warned Samson Rendell. "I picked that baffy out of near a hundred. The man who had them, a professional, said he would have selected it for himself."

Samson, copying Chester Lukens' pose and actions, swept the club through the air, and with an air of intense and gratified surprise watched

the ball fly out in a long, graceful, and straight arc.

"That's pretty good," Chester admitted with a trace of chagrin. "But beginners always make a good shot or two when they first try. It's when you know more the trouble begins."

"I guess that was good," Samson echoed with a growing pleasure. "Why, Andrew," he turned excitedly, "I believe there is something in this! If you'd take it up you would get some exercise at last."

Andrew didn't want exercise, and he said so crisply. He was not, he added, a race horse. Chester Lukens waited while Samson swung all the clubs in turn; but he would not supply him with another ball. They were too scarce, too expensive to get here.

"We must wait until a course is cleared. I'll see Thomas Entrekin and Harmon Riggs and get some money in this. It will be the hit of our part of the country."

They drifted back to the road and ambled on, now silent and now with trivial comment and with Albert's raised voice, "Hi, Dash! Stand, Spot!" punctuated by shrill blasts from the whistle in his hand. Soon, too soon, it was time to return to Eastlake, to reopen the drug store. They walked boldly up Darlington Street, led by Samson and Chester Lukens, who, impatient of public opinion, were loudly discussing the probability of golf locally in the near future.

"You can get a set and a bag in New York"—it

was Chester who was talking—"perhaps in Philadelphia. We might even arrange for Cattell here to handle them."

Andrew Rendell paid small attention to this. Younger, he had indulged in a casual rubber of whist, but the habit of games had soon left him. His mind was serious, his character solitary, absorbed in the law, except for such informal occasions as to-day and the hours in Genamon's drug store. He was even a trifle rebellious at being required to walk. A spare, delicately formed man, he was completely happy only when seated with one of the prime Manila cheroots, entering with swift polished thrusts of verbiage what discussion might surround him.

The sun declined and the shadows fell, reached from curb to curb. The light filtered heavy and golden through the canopies of maple trees. From opened windows came the sounds of the five-o'clock cold Sunday supper. Albert disappeared through a back gate with the setters, Markley Watts dropped away, and Andrew left his brother and Chester still revolving the game of golf at a corner of Darlington and Larch streets. He waved, but without stopping, at Rosalee on Samson Rendell's porch, obviously looking for her father. How dusty the street was! The watering cart would have to begin laying with its thin silver flood the raised clouds. The bells for evening church sounded. They were softer now, more persuasive than in the morning. Caroline had tried vainly to get him to church. After a few

services he had relapsed into his set habits—legal problems, the works of Thomas Huxley and cheroots.

Andrew didn't, he told himself, suddenly conscious of the full shrilling of the August locusts, know where the summer had gone. The beginning of the week would be the first of September; and since June, since that Sunday which marked the introduction of golf into Eastlake, he had accomplished nothing. Oh, yes, a term or so of court and he had drawn the cork of a fresh bottle of Bourbon whisky the day before. Life was drained of its hours in exactly the manner a bottle was emptied of its contents. He had been wearing a broad-brimmed Panama, a planter's hat; but he'd soon have to fetch the silk hats from their leather and camphor for an ironing. There was a German on Race Street, in the city, unexcelled in the ironing of high hats. There were light, quick footfalls on the porch, the screen door was impetuously opened, and Rosalee, in a pale-blue dress with the absurd leg-of-mutton sleeves then fashionable, entered his study.

"Are you busy?" she asked, poised like a butterfly beyond the table.

"Not now," he assured her, with his irrepressible touch of satire.

She made a charming nose in acknowledgment of this, and then leaned forward, her hands flat on the table, with an eager rush of words.

"It's a lot to ask, and you know I'm afraid of

you; but there was no other way, and I so wanted to go. It's late, really, and you can't do much more this evening. You see, Father and his golf——" She made a helpless gesture. "He thinks and speaks and dreams of nothing else. He's playing with Mr. Entrekin and—and—— But Chester went to the Springs. I thought maybe you wouldn't mind——"

"Dear Rosalee," he interrupted her, "has all that a subject? And if it has, pray expose it. You are comparatively sheltered here. Your father and his game, the Springs and Chester?"

"There is a supper and dance out there. Everybody's gone—that is, but me. I thought Chester would ask me and refused the others, but he wasn't able to at the last minute. Mary Jumel—you know, the girl who dances—came unexpectedly. She's a sort of cousin of Chester's, and he had to drive her."

Andrew Rendell replied, "I haven't been to a dance for thirty years! I'd be a pretty picture at the Springs!"

He stopped at the disappointment sweeping over her face, the sharp drooping of her whole body. Andrew had a vision, swift and appealing, of Caroline. Rising, he put some cheroots in his pocket.

"It will take Atlax a while to hitch up," he warned her.

In a moment she was around the table, radiant, with hands fluttering on his thin shoulders. But in the buggy, driving to Lennis Springs, she fell

silent, dejected again. Andrew Rendell studied her with a slight vertical frown between his heavy eyebrows. She loved Chester Lukens, that was evident; and what also was clear was that the course of her love was not happy. Chester's discontent at Eastlake had not subsided since his return. His voice, his habits, and his waistcoats had grown steadily louder. However, that probably was only the swing of youth; he would return to sanity and Rosalee. That is, if he were any good.

In the other case she would be well to be rid of him. But would she? He considered this with his gaze bent on his gloved hands engaged with the reins. Wasn't love, at any subsequent price, the only thing that repaid the heavy price of existence? If that were missed, what, after all, remained? A short two years with Caroline. But even Rosalee and Caroline were different. Caroline was not like any other woman alive. He never thought of his wife in the past tense. There was nothing he might do though. He detested interference with other people's affairs, just as he would accept no suggestions about his own. It always ended disastrously. Rosalee would have to meet and conquer her own future. Yet he wondered if some generalities might not be chanced.

"Look here, Rosalee," he began. "In life nothing can be forced—nothing, that is, of real importance. It doesn't do to think too much about what's nearest your heart; and as for talking, for words, they no more than obscure your

feelings. You work yourself into states of emotion—you do, indeed; and then it is impossible to see things as they actually are."

"If I don't think over what's near my heart, what shall I think of?" she demanded.

The answer, any reply, annoyingly evaded him.

"Don't be committed, in the first place."

He said this shortly, unsatisfied. At moments what intrinsically he was, overcame what Caroline had made him. She sighed, and—well, he silently admitted, she might. They drew into view of the dancing pavilion, the closely sodded bank, the broad placid stream and painted boats of the Springs. Clattering through a tunnel-like wooden bridge, they turned in at a small grove where the horses were hitched. A gay supper party was already in progress around a number of long boards laid on trestles, and this Andrew Rendell and his niece joined. Chester was at the farther end, with Mary Jumel at his side, the girl of whom Rosalee had spoken.

She was small and pale, with flamboyant hair, and hands that she was always turning with a conscious experimental grace on their wrists. Andrew recalled stray phrases locally descriptive of her. She was regarded, he knew, with a veiled curiosity and disapproval because she was preparing for the career of a professional dancer, a dancer on the stage. She must be, the unexpressed opinion ran, gay. That was the masculine term. The ladies employed "fast." She was certainly openly favouring Chester. Actually,

then, she had touched his sleeve. The older man soon moved to the bank, where he could with propriety smoke. There was an early moon; and as it rose, brightening, first the western light and then the shadows fled before its neutral radiance.

Boats stole out over the water. There were echoed laughing voices, the creek and drip of oars and the chiming ripple of a mandolin. Other obscured figures sat near Andrew; and from where oil lamps made a smoky illumination in the pavilion came bursts of music, square dances, and a rare *valse*. Times were changing in Eastlake, Rendell saw; things were getting more complicated.

Golf was established, and the town club, the need for which they had ridiculed such a short while before in Albert's drug store, promised soon to become a reality. One of the younger married women had taken a drink of Thomas Entrekin's brandy after dinner. A soft, fragrant shape suddenly dropped beside him, and Rosalee was disconcertingly pressing her face against his shoulder to stifle a sharp sobbing. Good heavens, what was it?

After a little she collected herself.

"We will go home now," she said conclusively.

The buggy rocked as they were dragged from the grass to the road. It was pitch black, with a disk of moonlight at the far end, within the bridge. Something had gone wrong between Rosalee and that cursed young Lukens with his fictitious foreign airs.

"Uncle Andrew," she spoke at last, "if you will you can do me a great favour. Please tell Father, and insist on his telling Mother, never to mention Chester to me again. I can't stand being teased about him. Not now. That would mean possibilities, and they are over."

To his suggestion that they had had but a lovers' quarrel she made no reply, and he had a sense of the finality in what she had said. She would get over this probably now—be married within a year; yet she would miss a great deal. A damned shame!

"It's a beautiful night," she spoke later in an empty voice, a voice like the ring of a leaden coin. He told her tonically, not wholly sincere, that there would, for her, be many more like it.

Samson Rendell was pottering before his house.

"We won," he cried, when Andrew's horse had stopped, "but we had to play two extra holes."

Rosalee went directly indoors.

"Don't worry her," Andrew advised his brother. "She has had a break, a bad one, I think, with Chester Lukens. He was at the Springs with that piece of thistledown; but what happened I don't know." Samson whistled softly.

"Children, children!" he went on. "Why, when it is all so brief, will they spoil it?"

Andrew Rendell, in the moonlight, couldn't answer.

Less than a year had gone when Andrew Rendell was standing in the thronged parlour of his

brother's house through the ceremony of Rosalee's marriage. The man at her side, in a very flowing frock coat, was Willis Entrekin, the son of Thomas who was president of the Eastlake National Bank. The service drew rapidly to a close. Willis and his bride knelt, and then from a screened piano rose the strains of Mendelssohn. White ribbons were drawn down the centre of the room, holding back the spectators from a lane through which Rosalee had navigated her train of satin and veiling; but it was swept aside now, and there was an eager confusion of voices that ebbed slowly toward the dining room. Andrew was with Samson and Thomas Entrekin, holding a plate that bore a devilled crab, salad, broiled oysters, and a brown bun, of which he was indifferently tasting. A glass of champagne stood on a mantelpiece at his elbow, and finishing that and leaving his plate he went out upon the side porch.

It was a little past four o'clock. The July day had been sultry, and already in the northwest a steely coloured bank of cloud was forming. A gust, he told himself. There wasn't for the moment a breath of air stirring. How the tongues were swinging inside! Willis was a nice young man; a trifle heavy, Andrew thought, if not actually dull; but dependable, especially with Thomas at his back in the semblance of opportunity. Chester Lukens had left Eastlake for the office of a steamship company at Baltimore. Nothing had come of the attachment between him and Mary Jumel. The piano was played again,

not Mendelssohn, however, but the waltz from Erminie, and there was the rhythmic shuffling of dancing.

The champagne had had a wider circulation than Samson intended, and a young man or so was undoubtedly affected. The couples appeared for brief cooling periods on the porch, for whispering and giggling, the mopping of brows and fluttering of fans.

It was all infinitely freer than anything to which Andrew Rendell had been accustomed. He was so absorbed, so isolated in his thoughts and the law, that he only observed this contemporary life at separated times, distinct and illuminating. It had for him an aspect of the theatrical. He preferred the older, tranquil—his own—years; but he warned his judgment against merely growing aged, captious. Yet one thing he was forced to recognize—that manners were deteriorating. Manners might be said to be a thing of the past. The familiarity between girls and men was accountable for that. Everybody now called everybody else by their first names. Where he was concerned he neither attempted nor encouraged that practice. Andrew was rigidly punctilious.

Rosalee, the wedding satin and tulle exchanged for a tightly fitting suit, a pinched waist, found him and kissed him good-bye.

"You knew we were going to live in town? And Willis is taking me away in an automobile. Don't you hope it works? I'd simply die if we stayed stock-still in the middle of the street."

She hesitated a moment, with her gloved hands caught at the front of his coat. "We thought it was going to be very different, Uncle Andrew, didn't we? But I guess it's better like this. He—he would probably have made me very unhappy, with the drinking and all. Willis will take care of me, Uncle Andrew, and give me everything in the world. Then his father is one of your oldest friends. It's best as it is, and no nonsense——"

She was gone. Rosalee Rendell had vanished before Andrew could reply. She left him intent not so much upon her words as on her speculative —yes, her regretful tone.

"No nonsense!"

He supposed that under the circumstances his brief marriage was nonsense. His opportunity to give Caroline everything in the world had been so short. But what Caroline had given him! Immeasurable, endless! Rosalee was sensible—safety, as against Chester Lukens' drinking. But what part in life, in young life, did ecstasy play? Was, after all, anything but great love—he meant passion, but avoided that indelicate term—sensible in the end? So much faded, broke. Life became so quickly a thing of memories, and among them only love stayed undiminished, its gold forever bright. It wasn't to be talked about, shown publicly, but held inviolate at the heart. Love, the courts of law and a fragile shape in the doorway—that seemed to him the fullness of living. Yet to-day, he discerned, his vision of happiness was a little—well, old-fashioned. Homes were

no longer the abodes of privacy. There was a greater flowing from house to house, more entertaining all the while. When the clubhouse on the golf grounds was finished there were, he had heard, to be dances throughout the summer.

Willis Entrekin and his automobile—already there were a number around Eastlake. Andrew saw their owners grinding at them with cranks at the sides, shoving them up hills and having them dragged home by horses. Swift Hambletonians, matched pairs handsomely roading ten miles an hour, the years of his buggy riding were already obscured in the backward rolling dust; and in January, with a frozen snow over the ground, he stopped on Church Street to watch the cutters race to the town limits. The intensely cold air vibrated with the silvery ring of the bells on the shafts and looped on the horses' necks. Ten, fifteen years ago there would have been twenty or thirty drivers competing, the nigger stable boys in a group with gay ragged wool mufflers about their black throats, while their masters, crimson-faced under sealskin caps, held the reins with arms outstretched from swathing buffalo robes. Now scarcely ten cutters were present, with indifferent horses; and among them there was hardly a buffalo robe.

There were amateur theatricals, however, at a paid admission in the hall above the public library. Andrew Rendell didn't go—he had a habit of viewing the better light operas, and deprecated local efforts—but Samson, who had had them

from his wife, told Andrew some significant details.

"It was pretty broad," Samson concluded his account. "Ellen Pine took the part of the adventuress, and the paint was thick."

The elder studied him through the mingled smoke of their cigars. It was no longer possible to get prime Manila cheroots.

"An actress is an actress," Andrew declared, "and a lady is a lady. They are different, and they are bound to be. I don't believe in running the two together—spoils 'em both. You know that as well as I do, Samson. Put any girl on the stage and you take her out of the house. Even that is all right until you try to get her back again. There is something in a girl's nature, Samson, in most girls'"—the qualification was for Caroline—"they take publicity badly, like they do champagne."

"You'd be relegated out of sight now for an opinion like that," Samson replied.

The other had, Andrew thought, amazingly kept in touch with the changing generation. Golf had done it for him. The conversation shifted to Albert Genamon's drug store and Albert himself. Since Markley Watts' death, they concluded, it was different back of the partition among the bottles and smells. Albert was growing crabbed —there could be no doubt of that. His wit was sharpening, becoming almost ill-natured.

"They tell me," Samson went on, "that his

stock isn't so wide as that new fellow's; but nobody can say a word about Albert's prescriptions. Honest drugs."

"Prescriptions don't count to-day as much as tarradiddles," Andrew Rendell added.

The subject of the Miramichi, of flies for Northern waters, followed naturally; and between them it was accidentally discovered that no younger man of their acquaintance could tie a fly—could, in fact, tell a silver doctor from a dunghill, or repair a split-and-glue rod. This left them rather breathless with disapproval. Andrew Rendell accused golf of being in part if not wholly responsible for such a lamentable state, and Samson vigorously supported his pleasure.

"If you'd only try it!" he concluded vainly.

Instead of replying Andrew went into the dining room, where from a compartment of the sideboard he produced the bottle of Bourbon whisky. He returned with it and a blue-crockery pitcher of water and glasses.

"This doesn't change, anyway."

They drank with a silent, deliberate enjoyment. How gray Samson's beard was! The tendons of his thin hands, the hands of the Rendells, were sharp through the skin. He, Andrew, was nine years older than his brother.

"Rosalee's daughter is a month old," Samson proceeded. "I went in to see them to-day. I thought Rosalee was a little down in the mouth; but that's Nature, I expect."

Andrew considered Sara, Rosalee's daughter, through the door opening from his study to the scrap of lawn. He gazed at Sara, a child of eleven, in white skirts standing out like an inverted paper carnation from her bare legs, and then at her mother, seated beyond the table from him. Rosalee Entrekin was extremely handsome in widow's black, with a close-fitting hat and a long swinging crape veil. After a period of silence she asked Andrew, in a high-pitched voice with a note of impatience, what he was thinking about; and he answered dryly, abruptly, that his mind had been filled with the memory of that afternoon when, in blue, she had leaned across his table and begged him to take her to the Springs. She was palpably a shade disconcerted.

"Good heavens, the Springs! Does any one go there now? I haven't been for years. It was still thought quite bold to waltz in those days of the ark. What put that in your head, Uncle Andrew? If you're not careful you'll make me feel old."

But she said this with the indifference of a woman secure in what she considered the height of her charm. Her bearing, the brightness of a manner a shade too deferential to be flattering, annoyed Andrew Rendell, and he continued: "Well, you were almost where you are now, but you were standing; and it brought Chester Lukens back to my mind."

If he had hoped to reach here there, he had, he saw, totally failed.

She laughed.

"I thought the world had ended because he had had a drink, more or less, and was with that Jumel girl. She has been very successful, you know, and danced at Covent Garden. But who knows where Chester is? I saw him some years ago in Washington. He was rather out at elbows—not literally. You felt his jauntiness was an awful effort and wouldn't bear close examination, and he had the airs of a masher. What I ever saw in him——"

She finished the sentence with a newly acquired shrug of disdain. Andrew Rendell suggested that what she had discovered there was love.

Rosalee's clothes positively implored the closest inspection possible of their fine texture and draping. He couldn't decide whether her face was painted or not, but either way it was radiantly attractive. Yet—yet very strangely he saw something in her analogous to her description of the present Chester Lukens. There was about her, too, an aspect of loss. Chester apparently had grown soft; but she, Rosalee, who had once reminded him of a hovering butterfly, had hardened.

Sara entered with her hands filled with flowers she had dragged from his carefully tended borders. She wanted to take them home, and her mother was determined that they should be left. An argument, a strife, rose in which the two participants were incongruously equal in sound and anger. Serenely through the shrillness the delicate pungency of lemon verbena stole into Andrew Rendell's senses. The bruised informal bouquet had been cast upon the floor, and he stooped and

rescued the odorous green sprig. Rosalee gave him a fleet, perfunctory smile.

"I am sorry Sara has behaved so badly." Sara, contemptuous on the black haircloth sofa, said nothing.

"Will you see, Uncle Andrew, if Baynton is outside?"

Through a front window he discerned Rosalee's glittering, brass-trimmed, inclosed automobile. Her locomotive, he informed her, was waiting. When, she put in—obviously an afterthought—would he come to dinner? She'd ask some of his friends from the city bench.

"Pretty soon, pretty soon," he replied non-committally.

The truth was, he didn't much care for Rosalee's town house. During Willis' life that stolid man had complained to him too often of Rosalee's careless habits and inattention, and Rosalee had been too waspish for his, Andrew Rendell's, comfort. And now, with Willis Entrekin dead, she was too complacent; too—too consciously rich, smart socially. He had never found her alone with her daughter at dinner. He hardly ever, even in her mourning, found her home at all. She was constantly engaged in activities which in his mind lay in the sphere of the strictly young. He had accused her of crowding youth from the ballroom floor; and she had replied, with a galling care of explanation, almost in words of one syllable.

What she had informed him was that women were no longer sent to the wall at marriage; that

had all been improved upon. Marriage rather began a woman's pleasure now than ended it. The customs of Turkey had been pressed back within the boundaries of that detestable country. He had asked then what she meant by pleasure; and she had answered, enigmatically, life. Willis, at that time alive, had cleared his throat harshly. Life, he had declared, from Rosalee's point of view, meant clothes and admiration, admiration and clothes. A vicious circle. What, Rosalee demanded, incensed, was he accusing her of? And Willis had hastened to add, nothing. That was—he had broken out again, not confining his remarks to Rosalee this time, but to her world. By heaven, he wished he was back again in the old days in Eastlake! He regretted that, listening to her, he had come to the city. What had it all brought them? he cried. They lived in no better than a tavern, and spent—on people worse than nothing for him—every dollar he could get a finger on.

The horn of the limousine brayed loudly, and turning a corner disappeared, leaving Andrew Rendell still standing at the window. Another automobile, and a third passed. They were common in Eastlake now, and mounted the steepest hills with a noisy ease. They seldom had to be towed home. They had come, and the cutters racing in the winter afternoons on Church Street had gone. It wasn't to this Eastlake that Willis had wanted to return, but to the old. He smiled to think of how once he had thought that there

were too many strawberry festivals. The dances at the golf club succeeded each other at a giddy rate. The grown children of his friends, his generation, oddly reminiscent of their parents in gait and look, were a new race. The familiarity he had first objected to at Samson's daughter's wedding had grown into a universal disease. He was unable to see how the young men of the present found any mystery or charm or romance in the bare-armed, bold-looking girls with whom they smashed tennis balls across the nets.

Well, this wasn't his problem. He had no inclination to attempt the impossible in the correction of current life and tendencies. He was nothing more than an onlooker drawing near to the end of his service as judge. He had known love in its perfection and found it deathless. No, his interest, his skepticism in the day was only general. He questioned it from certain fundamental convictions drawn from his own life and experience. He had no new salvation to propound, no faith in moral or social nostrums. Andrew was simply established in the belief that it was more difficult and meritorious to land a four-pound trout from a swift Canadian river than to knock a ball round a lot. He had never recovered from his early impression of golf, and he thought that women not actresses were happier in the long run at home than anywhere else.

As well he was reminded from time to time of his increasing age. This principally irritated him, appeared as a specific assault on his stubborn will,

his resolutely upright carriage. His mind, his opinions, legal and general, were as vigorous, as trustworthy as ever; but his legs, unused to exercise, betrayed him occasionally. Andrew began to dread, privately, his retirement from the bench, which must come, he recognized, before the expiration of his long term of reëlection. But when that hour, which should have been dramatic, arrived it was overshadowed by the beginning of the war in Europe. The war, for the five years following, absorbed practically every other issue. At first he predicted that Germany would be crushed in a few months. With this opinion silenced by events, he was hotly for the immediate intervention of his country. Then, dismayed by the incompetence and dishonesty his clear vision uncovered, he said little. Weary of controversy, of cheaply partisan and lying newspapers, he returned to the pages of Thomas Huxley and to "The Descent of Man," a title which he found peculiarly appropriate to his view of the present. The strains of an impromptu band approaching over the street in the gray morning, salvos of shots and cheers informed him, sitting upright with throbbing pulses in bed, that another war, another epoch, was at an end.

His leisurely speculations became fixed more on the town, on Eastlake, than on individuals. The latter seemed of less and less substance. But that, Andrew Rendell realized, was one of the results of old age. It made the people and things of the present remote. The voices appeared thinned,

robbed of warm significance by distance. The hands he grasped, the gazes he met were not more actual to him than the eyes, the hands, of long ago. It was long ago since, with Caroline, he had stood outside the low stone face of Emery Carol's farmhouse, outside the rioting of undistinguished life. He carried in his mind, both because of the clarity of his memory and the simplicity of that early Eastlake, a complete colourful image of the place of his birth since he had first known it; and against that, what critically he saw about him now was, to his reserve, appalling.

Perhaps that was too strong a word. It implicated further than the truth warranted. Andrew had always been more of an onlooker than a participant in terrestrial existence. The years of his judgeship had fostered a remoteness, an impersonality, of justice severe rather than not. It was better to say that he had no faith, small liking for the present tendencies, the current town. It had appeared to grow worse, more feverish and disrupted since the war. The younger people, the nice people, whose affairs at times came before him, were specially ill at ease. To Andrew Rendell's mind they were hardly short of desperate. That spirit, at his end of Eastlake, dominated the very air. Everyone was in a hurry. The motor cars rushed screeching by; and though the physical aspect of the street remained unchanged, except for the disappearance of the bedded mignonette its life was different absolutely. Samson Rendell no more in the June evenings

watered and cut the grass by his porch. The mellow tin horn of the shad vender was silent. The church bells had a note of dismayed urgency in their morning clamour.

Sara Entrekin came at intervals to her grandfather's house, usually with a carful of strident friends; and, Andrew told himself, there was little evidence from them that prohibition was in force. He was on Samson's steps when such a small brilliant company arrived, and lingered with a subconscious interest in the mingled voices. In the back of the automobile bags of golf clubs were piled. Almost immediately the alert, confident figures were going to the club, but they were delayed by the vein of reminiscence opened for them by Andrew Rendell.

"I remember the first time golf was played in Eastlake. Chester Lukens—he left the town soon after—had been to London and brought back some clubs and balls. He was anxious for us to try it—Chester was a great fellow for new ideas—and we met in Albert Genamon's drug store. We used to sit there a good bit, Markley Watts and Albert and Samson and some others, with myself. But this time we walked out the Goshen Road with Chester. It was Sunday, too, and that upset Markley." He stopped to chuckle at the memory of Markley's timidity of bearing. "Albert had his setters with him, Spot and Dash, and they were making tracks in the wheat when we climbed a fence. Well, Chester put a ball down and prepared to knock it—he said a hundred and fifty yards. A hundred

and fifty inches would have been nearer. Then he hit a whaler and lost the ball. I don't recollect exactly what, but there was something the matter with the way he did it. But the first time Samson had a club in his hand he understood the whole thing. Yes, Samson was good from the beginning."

The perfunctory interest, the enforced courtesy shown him took advantage of the pause in his narrative to assure him that what he had said was a perfect scream, and then the automobile filled with its contentious load. The terms of an incidental gambling were hotly argued about the fact that everyone knew Gummery Fox couldn't see the ball.

This Gummery was once more called to Andrew Rendell's attention at Rosalee's house, at a gathering there for the rehearsal of Sara's wedding. The preparatory ceremony had been at the church. Andrew hadn't gone to that, and in Rosalee's stiff city drawing-room he was bewildered by the clamour of the returned wedding party. Sara was marrying a short, compact youth, with very bright blue eyes and a permanently browned, vigorously modelled face, who had distinguished himself at the forefront of the war in France. Andrew, in his remote way, approved of Mitchell Baker; and after dinner, when he saw Sara close beside a figure in black and white in a far corner, he went forward to make them his compliments and farewell.

But when, hastily, the man rose Andrew found that it was Gummery Fox, long and thin, with a

sharply interrogating, slightly wry expression. Sara was, if anything, too cordially sweet; and, with Samson, shifting in the Entrekin closed car through the dark countryside, he pondered again the course of Rosalee's affections. A touch of sciatica kept him from the wedding. His gift of expensive silver dispatched, he thought little of Sara, now a Baker, until, with Mitchell, early in the fall, she stood before him. Each said the conventional thing; and then, to Andrew Rendell's amazement, Sara produced not the cigarette for which he had been more or less prepared, but a small brier-wood pipe and a silk bag of tobacco. Andrew watched her fill the bowl, strike a match—no woman, cigarettes or not, could do that properly he reflected—and befog her countenance with smoke.

Mitchell Baker, seeing his surprise, laughed.

"She got it in England," he explained. "I think it's as funny as thunder. Even her mother can't quite rise to it."

The humour in that, Sara explained, lay in the fact that her mother regarded herself as quite modern.

"She isn't, of course," Sara commented. "She belongs to the day before yesterday."

If that were true, Andrew thought, where did he come in? Antediluvian! He heard later about a child of the Bakers—a boy to be called Andrew Rendell—who died. Sara was absent from Eastlake for a year or more, and then abruptly she appeared again. She came to see Andrew, with-

out Mitchell, this time; and he found her brilliant with the paint and spirit which he had grown to recognize as contemporary. He asked at once after the pipe, and she admitted that in the interest and care of her teeth she had given it up. Then with a flash of his satirical fun, his idea of a joke, he offered her the hospitality of the current—nearly last—bottle of Bourbon. Far from gathering his intent, she accepted at once; and slowly, almost painfully, he went into the dining room for the whisky, the glasses, and blue-pottery pitcher of ice water. She drank slowly, with obvious enjoyment; and for the first time he noticed that she had the true Rendell fingers, long, sensitive, and thin.

There was a scraping of feet outside and Sara rose.

"I suppose that's the Foxes," she said. "They drove up with me, and I told them they'd find me here."

Andrew hadn't known that Gummery Fox was married, nor should he have guessed it, he added silently, from the bearing of the young woman introduced as Delia Fox. More glasses were necessary; and when, once more, gladly, alone, he carried the bottle back to the compartment of the sideboard two-thirds of its contents had vanished. A jangling echo of the conversation remained with him, principally the details of a dance, in costume and masks, the attending dinners, to be given at the Eastlake Golf Club. This should, it had been agreed, from every indication, be a bear.

A bear, in the sense of the hugger-mugging, it would probably prove, he thought. What were the ridiculous names of the confounded ugly dances now? Jazz? That wasn't quite right. He had it—toddling! "Toddling!" he repeated it aloud with stiff lips. The master of ceremonies at Lennis Springs would never have permitted such a parody—he hadn't seen it, but the name was sufficiently descriptive—of grace and youth. Ceremony and its masters had gone. The Fox woman had worn some orchids and maidenhair fern, about which, to Gummery, Sara had made a pointed and challenging comment. Gummery hadn't bought them, that had emerged; and the strange exotic petals flared up in Andrew's vision and sank down like a dying flame as he made a gesture toward his coat. The buttonhole was empty, but the tang of lemon verbena refreshed all his age and weariness. When he was young, no other man could have given flowers to Caroline. Caroline would not have taken them!

The night on which—it was forcibly brought to Andrew's attention—the masked ball was to be held, Samson's wife, an invalid for the past five years, was weaker, and the elder sat with his brother in the latter's parlour. Andrew Rendell realized that the party was progressing from the presence on the street of a number of fantastic figures—pierrots in white satin, a pierrette with short draperies of scarlet. They seemed odd to him, to his familiarity with Eastlake, and extraordinarily characteristic of the new feeling abroad.

Once the town had been tranquil, pastoral, smooth like the course of the water by the Springs; but now it was broken into countless whirlpools, shot with the bright colours of troubled confusion; and the edge of each whirlpool interrupted the edges of others, so there was a constant turmoil everywhere. Samson appeared low vitally. It was Memorial Day. He had played golf—Samson, who, as well, was no longer exactly young—from morning until evening; and yet he was at a loss to account for his exhaustion.

"Sara and Mitchell and the Foxes dressed here," he told Andrew. "I suppose the girls' costumes are right enough to-day. In the days of our charades, Andrew, they'd have raised Cain."

The other suggested that precisely that might be in process now. "Cain," he repeated.

Other parties were passing. It was not yet dark, and he could see a slim-legged thing with red balloons attached to her shoulder straps. There were shouts, calls, running feet, unrestrained laughter—yes, kisses on the street. Then there was a sharp splintering of glass on the bricks, the smashing of a flung bottle, and a disturbing note of anger.

Samson went upstairs. It was time for Andrew to go, but he delayed, with his hands clasped on the old yellowed ivory knob of his stick. His thoughts were not, as customary, clear, sharply defined. They mingled and ran from one form, one memory, into another. His grip on his mind was slipping. For example, Caroline seemed so real that he al-

most imagined she was before him. The whisper of her skirt sounded at the door. It was a slender figure in white, however, glittering with points of silver, frosted with silver, her hair hidden in bands of metallic brocade and her feet in strapped sandals.

"Sara!" he exclaimed, startled.

She nodded, balanced before him; and then, wavering, recovered herself with difficulty.

"I wanted Grandmother to see me, but Grandfather said it was better not. She wasn't strong enough, he put it rather humorously. Uncle Andrew," she demanded, "you are very wise. Tell me—what's it all about?" He was blest if he knew!

"I mean," she continued, "there is such a tremendous preparation for everything, as if it were the greatest importance, and when it comes ——"

The remainder she waved airily away. He studied her through a clouded vision; then, "Where's Mitchell?" he demanded.

"Probably somewhere with Delia Fox," she replied.

"That is what it's about," he pronounced, and then kept a stubborn silence against her further questioning. One word, though, escaped him, pronounced more for himself than for her. "Love," he said.

She laughed mockingly. The number of people in the room multiplied—a pierrot in white, with a face of plaster, Mitchell; and a pierrot in black,

with a perverse lace mask. This, he slowly gathered, was Gummery Fox. Fox swayed and stumbled, but finally brought up before Sara and the shape in the scarlets of autumn maple leaves—Delia.

"Which," he demanded in a blurred and insistent voice, "is my wife?" Delia giggled. "I choose you," he cried, bowing precariously to Sara Baker.

Mitchell laughed harshly and slipped a hand under Delia Fox's arm.

They left as suddenly and tumultuously as they had come, but paused, evidently, on the porch, for Andrew Rendell heard near intense voices. Sara's urgent tones were clear, Delia's shrill; and then, distinct, sharp, Mitchell Baker cursed. That, Andrew Rendell told himself, before ladies, wouldn't do. He rose, securing his hat. There were some things which demanded correction. When he reached the porch Sara and Delia Fox were standing together, and below them, on the patch of lawn, the black figure and the white were fighting in an abandon of rage. That, he saw at once, could not be now prevented, stopped; and in a grave, even voice he insisted on the others going within. He accompanied them to the parlour, where Gummery Fox's wife collapsed in a storm of thin sobbing; but Sara was erect, hard, dry-eyed. Nothing, Andrew realized, could be done with, for, the men; here was where he belonged; and in an assumed calmness, through which he tried in vain to keep his lips from trembling, he

sat on the edge of a chair. A single light in the parlour gave an isolated glimmer, and through a window there was a trace, a promise of moonlight. He wondered how long the strife on the lawn could continue. It ought to be over now! The whirlpools, turning and clashing. A shimmering white figure, portentous in the gloom, entered and walked rigidly up to Sara. It was Mitchell Baker. She half put out a hand.

"Oh, your face! Where—where is Gummery?"

"Gone to the hospital," he replied, and then turning abruptly went to the window, against which he made no more than a sharp, sturdy silhouette.

Samson appeared, with a rattle of questions, and went hastily out. An intolerable silence, suspense, followed. Mitchell, Andrew Rendell reflected, was powerful; and how hardened, in a handsome way, his face had come from the war. How suddenly, with what immeasurable brutality, the undying past in men had lunged out from the tinsel of the present.

"Was he bad, Mitchell?" Sara asked finally.

"Go to the hospital and see," he answered briefly.

"I insist on your answering me."

"Why?"

"There's no real need for me to explain."

"—over the heart. He fell——"

Delia Fox rose, the scarlet of her dress purple-black in the darkness, and ran out. Mitchell again faced the window. The moonlight was

creeping in a beam into the room. It touched the silver of Sara's costume and shone there in minute coruscations of cold brilliancy.

"You had better go see, Mitchell," she told him in a steadied voice; and without a word he, too, left. His footfalls, in satin slippers, made no sound; but not long after the sound of shoes, shoes dragging, mounted the porch steps. Samson came into the parlour, but there stood undecided.

"Yes, Samson?" Andrew asked, going to his brother.

The former made a short, violent gesture toward Sara.

"Take her upstairs," he said. "Mitchell killed Gummery Fox. His heart couldn't be started again."

Andrew Rendell marched with traitorous knees to the girl and held out an arm. However, she made no effort to take it. In the moonlight she was a statue of ice. He could but wait, and he stood anxiously watching her.

"Do as I tell you, Andrew," Samson repeated. "I'll have to see about Mitchell at once."

"Why didn't someone tell me life was like this?" Sara demanded.

Everyone but the girl and Andrew Rendell had gone. Speaking, her words were separated by long pauses. For a moment he had been certain that she was about to faint; but as he regarded her he recognized that, miraculously, she was gathering courage. Say what he would of the present in Sara, no one might with justice call it cowardly.

"I haven't known it at all," she went on mechanically. "Why, living is terrible—and strong and dangerous! Mitchell! Mitchell!" she cried uncontrollably, in a voice that filled the room with the agony of a tearing emotion.

And then, for a reason that evaded him, Andrew Rendell breathed the cool pungency, the green scent of lemon verbena. It enveloped him in the magic, the love, which held him safe above life, beyond disaster. As ever, it recreated, brought back and back, Caroline; and for a second he plunged into the selfishness of his ecstasy and memory. But faced with duty, with an effort he came back to the present.

"You will come with me," he urged Sara Baker.

She shook her head negatively, and passed swiftly from a blanched sparkling radiance to the darkness of the hall. He was so shaken that in place of departing, as he had intended, Andrew Rendell sank into a chair.

He was a long while there, for when his confusion had subsided he noticed that the path of the moon across the rug had shifted. It used to be, on such nights, that the lamplighter made no rounds; but that had been when he was a boy, in the Eastlake that, whatever better or worse might follow, was eternally gone.

JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER.

FEBRUARY 16

THE SAYINGS OF CONFUCIUS

IV. (1) The Master said: "Love makes a spot beautiful: who chooses not to dwell in love, has he got wisdom?"

(2) The Master said: "Loveless men cannot bear need long, they cannot bear fortune long. Loving hearts find peace in love; clever heads find profit in it."

(3) The Master said: "Love can alone love others, or hate others."

(4) The Master said: "A heart set on love will do no wrong."

(8) The Master said: "To learn the truth at daybreak and die at eve were enough."

(9) The Master said: "A scholar in search of truth who is ashamed of poor clothes and poor food it is idle talking to."

(10) The Master said: "A gentleman has no likes and dislikes below heaven. He follows right."

(13) The Master said: "What is it to sway a kingdom by courteous yielding? Who cannot by courteous yielding sway a kingdom, what can he know of courtesy?"

XII. (1) Yen Yüan asked, What is love?
The Master said: "Love is to conquer self and turn to courtesy. Could we conquer self and turn to courtesy for but one day, all mankind would turn to love. Does love flow from within, or does it flow from others?"
Yen Yüan said: "May I ask what are its signs?"
The Master said: "To be ever courteous of eye and ever courteous of ear; to be ever courteous in word, and ever courteous in deed."
Yen Yüan said: "Dull as I am, I hope to live by these words."
(2) Chung-kung asked, What is love?
The Master said: "Without the door to behave as though a great guest were come; to treat the people as though we tendered the high sacrifice; not to do unto others what we would not they should do unto us; to breed no wrongs in the state and breed no wrongs in the home."
Chung-kung said: "Dull as I am, I hope to live by these words."

. . . . . .

XIII. (25) The Master said: "A gentleman is easy to serve, and hard to please. Nought but what is right pleases him; he fits his behests to the man. The vulgar are hard to serve, and easy to please. What is

wrong may yet please them: but of their men they expect all things."

(27) The Master said: "Strength and courage, simplicity and meekness, are akin to love."

(28) Tzu-lu asked, When can a man be called educated?

The Master said: "A man who is earnest, encouraging, and kind may be called educated. Earnest with friends and encouraging; kind towards his brothers."

. . . . . .

XVI. (10) Confucius said: "A gentleman has nine aims. To see clearly; to understand what he hears; to be warm in manner; dignified in bearing, faithful of speech, painstaking at work; to ask when in doubt; in anger to think of difficulties; in sight of gain to remember right."

. . . . . .

XX. (3) The Master said: "A man who is blind to doom can be no gentleman. Without a knowledge of courtesy we must want foothold. Without a knowledge of words there is no understanding men."

THE FALCON

SOMETIME there lived in Florence a young gentleman named Federigo, son to Signor Filippo Alberighi, who was held and reputed, both for arms and all other actions beseeming a gentleman, hardly to have his equal through all Tuscany.

This Federigo, as it is no rare matter in young gentlemen, became enamored of a gentlewoman named Monna Giovanna, who was esteemed in her time to be the fairest lady in all Florence; in which respect, and to reach to the height of his desire, he made many sumptuous feasts and banquets, jousts, tilts, tournaments, and all other noble actions of arms, besides sending her infinitely rich and costly presents, making spare of nothing, but lashing all out in lavish expense. Notwithstanding, she being no less honest than fair, made no reckoning of whatsoever he did for her sake, or the least respect of his own person; so that Federigo, spending thus daily more than his means and ability could maintain, and no supplies anyway redounding to him, his faculties, as very easily they might, diminished in such sort that he became so poor as he had nothing left him but a small farm to live upon, the slender revenues whereof were so mean as scarcely allowed him meat and drink. Yet had he a fair hawk, or falcon, hardly anywhere to be followed, so expeditious and sure she was of flight. His low ebb and

poverty no way diminishing his love to the lady, but rather setting a keener edge thereon, he saw the city could no longer contain him, where he most coveted to abide, and therefore betook himself to his poor country farm, to let his falcon get his dinner and supper, patiently supporting his penurious estate without suit or means making to one for help or relief in any such necessity.

While thus he continued in this extremity, it came to pass that the husband to Giovanna fell sick, and his debility of body being such as little or no hope of life remained, he made his last will and testament, ordaining thereby that his son (already grown to indifferent stature) should be heir to all his lands and riches, wherein he abounded very greatly. Next unto him, if he chanced to die without a lawful heir, he substituted his wife, whom most dearly he affected, and so departed out of this life. Giovanna being thus left a widow, as commonly it is the custom of our city dames during the summer season she went to a house of her own in the country, which was somewhat near to poor Federigo's farm, and where he lived in such an honest kind of contented poverty.

Hereupon the young gentleman, her son, taking delight in hounds and hawks, grew into familiarity with poor Federigo, and, having seen many fair flights of his falcon, they pleased him so extraordinarily that he earnestly desired to enjoy her as his own, yet durst not move the motion for her, because he saw how choicely Federigo esteemed her.

Within a short while after the young gentleman became very sick, whereat his mother grieved exceedingly, as having no more but he, and never parting from him either night or day, comforting him so kindly as she could, demanding if he had a desire to anything, urging him to reveal it, and assuring him withal that, if it were within the compass of possibility, he should have it. The youth, hearing how many times she had made him these offers and with such vehement protestations of performance, at last spake thus:

"Mother," quoth he, "if you can do so much for me as that I may have Federigo's falcon, I am persuaded that my sickness soon will cease." The lady hearing this, sate some short while musing to herself, and began to consider what she might best do tc compass her son's desire, for well she knew how long a time Federigo had most lovingly kept it, not suffering it ever to be out of his sight. Moreover, she remembered how earnest in affection he had been to her, never thinking himself happy but only when he was in her company; wherefore she entered into private advice with her own thoughts: "Shall I send or go myself in person to request the falcon of him, it being the best that ever flew? It is his only jewel of delight, and, that taken from him, no longer can he wish to live in this world. How far, then, void of understanding, shall I show myself to rob a gentleman of his felicity, having no other joy or comfort left him." These and the like considerations wheeled about her troubled brain, only in tender love to her son,

persuading herself assuredly that the falcon were her own if she would but request it, yet not knowing whereon it were best to resolve, she returned no answer to her son, but sate still in her silent meditation. At length, love to the youth so prevailed with her that she concluded on his satisfaction, and come of it what could, she would not send for the falcon, but go herself in person to request her, and then return home again with her, whereupon thus she spake: "Son, comfort thyself, and let languishing thoughts no longer offend thee; for here I promise thee that the first thing I do to-morrow morning shall be my journey for the falcon, and assure thyself that I will bring her with me." Whereat the youth was so joyed that he imagined his sickness began instantly a little to leave him, and promised him a speedy recovery.

Somewhat early the next morning the lady, in care of her sick son's health, was up and ready betimes, and taking another gentlewoman with her, only as a morning recreation, she walked to Federigo's poor country farm, knowing that it would not a little glad him to see her. At the time of his arrival there he was by chance in a poor garden on the back of the house, because as yet it was not convenient time for flight; but when he heard that Giovanna was come thither, and desired to have some conference with him, as one almost confounded with admiration, in all haste he ran to her and saluted her with most humble reverence. She, in all modest and gracious manner, requited him with the like salutations, thus speak-

ing to him: "Signor Federigo, your own best wishes befriend you. I am now come hither to recompense some part of your past travails, which heretofore you pretended to suffer for my sake, when your love was more to me than did well become you to offer or myself to accept; and such is the nature of my recompense that I make myself your guest, and mean this day to dine with you, as also this gentlewoman, making no doubt of our welcome." Whereto, with lowly reverence, thus he replied:

"Madam, I do not remember that ever I sustained any loss or hindrance by you, but rather so much good, as, if I was worth anything, it proceeded from your deservings, and by the service in which I did stand engaged to you. But my present happiness can no way be equalled, derived from your superabounding gracious favor and more than common course of kindness, vouchsafing of your own liberal nature, to come and visit so poor a servant. Oh, that I had as much to spend again as heretofore I have riotously run through, what a welcome would your poor host bestow on you for gracing this homely house with your divine presence!" With these words he conducted her into his house and then into his simple garden, where, having no convenient company for her, he said: "Madam, the poverty of this place is such that it affordeth none fit for your conversation. This poor woman, wife to an honest husbandman, will attend on you while that I with some speed shall make dinner ready."

Poor Federigo, although his necessity was extreme and his grief great, remembering his former inordinate expenses, a moiety whereof would now have stood him in some stead, yet he had a heart as free and forward as ever, not a jot dejected in his mind, though utterly overthrown by fortune. Alas! how was his good soul afflicted that he had nothing to honor his lady with! Up and down he ran, one while this way, then again another, exclaiming on his disastrous fate like a man enraged or bereft of his senses, for he had not one penny of money, neither pawn nor pledge, wherewith to procure any. The time hasted on, and he would gladly, though in mean measure, express his honorable respect to the lady. To beg of any his nature denied it, and to borrow he could not, because his neighbors were as needy as himself. At last, looking round about, and seeing his falcon standing on her perch which he felt to be very plump and fat, being void of all other helps in his need, and thinking her to be a fowl fit for so noble a lady to feed on, without any further demurring or delay he plucked off her neck, and caused the poor woman presently to pull her feathers; which being done, he put her on the spit, and in a short time she was daintily roasted. Himself covered the table, set bread and salt on, and laid the napkins, whereof he had but a few left. Going then with cheerful looks into the garden, he told the lady that dinner was ready, and nothing now wanted but her presence. She and the gentlewoman went in, and being seated

at the table, not knowing what they fed on, the falcon was all their food, and Federigo not a little joyful that his credit was so well saved. When they were risen from the table, and had spent some small time in familiar conference, the lady thought it fit to acquaint him with the reason of her coming thither, and, therefore, in very kind manner, thus began:

"Federigo, if you do yet remember your former carriage toward me, as also my many modest and chaste denials, which, perhaps, you thought to savor of a harsh, cruel, and unwomanly nature, I make no doubt but you will wonder at my present presumption, when you understand the occasion which expressly moved me to come hither. But if you were possessed of children, or ever had any, whereby you might comprehend what love in nature is due unto them, then I durst assure myself you would partly hold me excused. Now, in regard that you never had any, and myself for my part only but one, I stand not exempted from those laws which are in common to other mothers; and being compelled to obey the power of those laws contrary to mine own will and those duties which reason ought to maintain, I am to request such a gift of you, which I am certain that you do make most precious account of, as in manly equity you can do no less. For Fortune hath been extremely adverse to you, that she hath robbed you of many other pleasures, allowing you no comfort or delight but only that poor one, which is your fair falcon, of which bird my son is become so

strangely desirous as, if I do not bring her to him at my coming home, I fear so much the extremity of his sickness as nothing can ensue thereon but his loss of life. Wherefore I beseech you, not in regard of the love you have borne me—for thereby you stand no way obliged—but in your own gentle nature (which hath always declared itself ready in you to do more kind offices generally than any other gentleman that I know), you will be pleased to give her me, or, at the least, let me buy her of you, which if you do, I shall freely then confess that only by your means my son's life is saved, and we both shall forever remain engaged to you."

When Federigo had heard the lady's request, which was quite out of his power to grant because the bird had been her service at dinner, he stood like a man merely dulled in his senses, the tears trickling amain down his cheeks, and he was not able to utter one word, which she perceiving, began to conjecture immediately that these tears and passions proceeded rather from grief of mind, as being more loth to part with his falcon than any kind of manner which made her ready to say that she would not have it. Nevertheless, she did not speak, but rather attended his answer, which, after some small respite, he returned in this manner:

"Madam, since the hour when first my affection became solely devoted to your service, Fortune hath been cross and contrary to me in many occasions, as justly and in good reason I may complain of her, yet all seemed light and easy to be

endured in comparison of her present malicious contradictions, to my utter overthrow and perpetual molestation. Considering that you are come hither to my poor house, which, while I was rich and able, you would not so much as vouchsafe to look on. And now you have requested a small matter of me, wherein she hath also most crookedly thwarted me, because she hath disabled me in bestowing so mean a gift, as yourself will confess when it shall be related to you in few words.

"So soon as I heard that it was your gracious pleasure to dine with me, having regard to your excellency, and what, by merit, is justly due unto you, I thought it a part of my bounden duty to entertain you with such excellent viands as my poor power could any way compass, and far beyond respect or welcome to other common and ordinary persons. Whereupon, remembering my falcon, which you now ask for, and her goodness excelling all other of her kind, I supposed that she would make a dainty dish for your diet, and having dressed her so well as I could devise to do, you have fed heartily on her, and I am proud that I have so well bestown her. But perceiving now that you would have her for your sick son, it is no mean affliction to me that I am disabled of yielding you contentment, which all my lifetime I have desired to do."

To prove his words, the feathers, claws, and beak were brought in, which when she saw, she greatly blamed him for killing so rare a falcon to content the appetite of any woman. Yet she

commended his spirit which poverty had no power to abase. Lastly, her hopes being frustrate for enjoying the falcon, and fearing the health of her son, she thanked Federigo for his kindness, returning home very melancholy. Shortly after, her son, either grieving that he could not have the falcon, or by extremity of his disease, chanced to die, leaving his mother a woful lady. After so much time was expired as might agree with mourning, her brethren made motions to her to marry again, because she was very rich, and yet but young. Now although she was well contented to remain a widow, yet being continually importuned by them, and remembering the honorable generosity of Federigo, his last poor yet magnificent dinner, in killing his falcon for her sake, said to her brethren: "This kind of life doth like me so well, as willingly I would not leave it, but seeing you are so earnest, let me plainly tell you that I will never accept of any other husband but only Federigo degli Alberighi."

Her brethren in scornful manner reproved her, telling her he was a beggar, and had nothing left. "I know it well," quoth she, "and am heartily sorry for it. But give me a man that hath need of wealth, rather than wealth that hath need of a man." The brethren hearing how she stood addicted, and knowing Federigo to be a worthy gentleman, though poor, consented thereto, so she bestowed herself and her riches on him. He, on the other side, having so noble a lady to his wife, and the same whom he had so long dearly loved,

submitting all his fairest fortunes unto her, became a better husband for the world than before, and they lived and loved in equal joy and happiness.

GIOVANNI BOCCACCIO.

FEBRUARY 17

HARBORS OF MEMORY*

AS I follow my old friend and shipmate along the dockside and across the narrow gangway to the deck, someone pulls the lanyard on the bridge, and the whistle, clearing its throat with a gurgle of condensation and covering us in a fine spray, bursts into a hoarse bellow that reverberates against the tall, stark warehouses, with their wet roofs, dingy windows, and projecting cranes, and seems to vocalize, in a very epigrammatic manner, the clean, cold sharpness of the spring day, the brisk bustle of business, and the energy of the easterly wind that is drying up the puddles between the tracks on the quay and sending the exhaust steam from the winches in feathery swirls round the flapping red ensign on the poop. The carpenter is hammering home the wedges that batten down the hatch tarpaulins, and the second officer, an old badge-cap on his head and dilapidated double-breasted uniform coat buttoned up to his chin, is superintending the lowering of the cargo-derricks.

Laden with heavy portmanteaus and followed

*From the book of the same title by permission of the author.

by a ragged, knock-kneed, shifty-eyed gentleman bearing a large canvas sea-bag on his shoulder, we pass along a narrow alleyway and enter a small cabin over the door of which is a shining brass plate marked CHIEF ENGINEER. We deposit our burdens, and the shifty-eyed one, who takes one or two swift and all-embracing glances about the room, with a view to some possible future enterprise, is paid off and escorted out on deck. My friend murmurs something about "seeing the Old Man" and goes out, leaving me in the semi-darkness of the cabin. There is no electric light on this ship, for she is one of the old tramps which plowed the ocean in the days before dynamos were cheap or wireless compulsory. A sturdy, two-decked, schooner-rigged, single-screw contraption, with wide hatches, accommodation amidships, and no patents. A comfortable ship. I can feel the railway-rep upholstery of the settee, and the walls gleam white as the enamel reflects the light that eludes the green silk curtains of the ten-inch window. I get up and strike a match to light the shining brass lamp that swings on its gimbals by the bunkside. Many a mess-room boy has rubbed industriously at that lamp as he looked curiously at the books on the shelf just above it. Now the lamp is alight, I can see them, a double row of heterogeneous volumes from "Breakdowns at Sea," to Robert Browning's "Pippa Passes"; from naïve sensuality to naked wisdom. I take down a book—neither sensual nor wise—and, sitting again on the settee, wedged

between the sea-bag and a portmanteau, I open the book and for a short while lose myself in its pages.

And it is not very long before we are outside, going down the Estuary in the sunlight, pass the low-lying shores with churches and mansions and factories in the dim distance, past the ruddy-sailed wherries tacking up toward Gravesend, past the tall liners from Australia and China coming in on the tide, past dingy colliers from the North and long black meat-ships from the Argentine. Past all these, until the shores fall away and leave us alone on the gray-green tumbling water and we begin to feel the motion of the ship, and we go in to arrange our dunnage in the drawers, and write up our logs and plan the work of the coming days. And among the dunnage there will be books, to while away the long hours of the watch below, which isn't "below" at all nowadays, only we keep to the phrase for the sake of the days of sail gone by. There is a pleasure unknown to the landsman in reading at sea, and you may know the experienced seafarer by the stock he purchases in the store where they sell chronometers, sextants, and nautical almanacs, besides books and pencils and writing-blocks and tag-labels for baggage. Such stores cater for all of us, from the skipper who likes fiction which is certainly not meat for babes, to the mess-room boy who follows Nick Carter through thick and thin, volume after volume of thrilling adventure. They cater for the grave-eyed, ruddy-faced apprentice who



WILLIAM McFEE

desires greatly to improve himself; who feels inarticulately enough, that he is missing something his brother at college is getting, and buys serious books in a pathetic endeavor to fit himself for that splendid command with which his boyish fancy is occasionally preoccupied.

Midway between the earnest student who uses books to rise in the world, and the blasé patron of debilitating fiction, to whom reading is a narcotic, you find most of us who take books to sea. As the ship plows her way southward toward Gibraltar—for we passed St. Catherine's Point some time ago—so I plow my way, horizontal in the bunk, the silk curtains drawn over the little scuttle, the bright, brass gimbal-lamp swaying to the gentle motion of the ship, through Gibbon's majestic volumes. The very uselessness of so huge a mass of magnificent information gives an added charm to a jaded seaman. One reads only to enjoy, as one imagines men of vast wealth and ancient lineage adding luster to their names by a dignified patronage of the arts. For we are, after all, wealthy in experience and the tradition of our calling, and the literature of politics and sociology and commerce makes no appeal to us. The somber realism of modern human documents leaves us cold. What we desire above all is color and a grandiose conception of human life. We want barbaric splendor portrayed against backgrounds and amid scenes of ravishing beauty. It is true we often do not know where to find all this. We go astray, led into trivial blind alleys

of deleterious sensualism by some lurid wrapper or pinchbeck reputation. But Gibbon is the real thing. Day after day, chapter by chapter, the narrative rolls on, the orderly rhythm of the day's toil and repose weaving harmoniously into the complex texture of the story, until the Ligurian mountains above the marble city of Genoa stand sharp against the dawn, and the tall lighthouse guides us into our berth against the breakwater, to which a ladder is let down from the poop, and along which in due course we shall go ashore.

For once in harbor, of course, Gibbon is put away. There is a time for everything, and it is emphatically not time for grandiose historians when one can go ashore. The mood changes. Ada, for instance, would not harmonize with the "Decline and Fall." No one can imagine Ada either declining or falling. She comes aboard with her little leatherette case of sample bottles of Ligurian wine on her arm, seats herself beside me on the settee, and regales us with a joyous version of the gossip of the port. Ada was a very pretty girl in her teens, which was not so long ago. Her deep-blue eyes, tawny hair, pink cheeks, and voluptuous modeling remind one of the colored illustrations in a Christmas supplement. Her nose is delicious, and when she throws her head back to laugh, showing two rows of big white teeth, it is infectious. She is a formidable example of virtue vociferously triumphant. She invites us all to go up to her little place and have supper before coming on board. We accept with

enthusiasm, and Ada, repacking her absurd sample bottles of wine, which looks like red ink and probably is, announces her intention of going up to say "chin-chin" to the Captain before stepping ashore.

We meet her again later in the Galleria Mazzini, where is a bookstore and a shop where you can buy the pipes and tobacco Englishmen love. She suggests a drink in the Orpheum, and into the Orpheum we go—a long room lined with little tables, waiters hurrying about with miraculously balanced trays of drinks, and an orchestra of young girls perched high up halfway along. The tables are crowded; but Ada, magnificently attired in blue velvet and nodding plumes, leads us to a corner, where a waiter produces additional chairs, apparently from his sleeves, and sweeps a score or so of empty glasses into oblivion. Ada, seated with her back to the wall, beams upon us and takes my book to examine it. She says it is good. She had read and likes it, which is probable enough, it being D'Annunzio's "Contessa di Amalfi." Ada comes from the country near Pescara. She tells me to get "The Sea-Doctor" as well. Over "The Kneading Trough," which seems to be untranslatable, she says she has cried. It was from Rimini, sun-dried relic of the past, that she went to Bologna, and under the dusky arches of that old town met her dear Settimo, who traveled in wines. Settimo had ambitions toward ship-chandlering and settled in Genoa, which suits Ada, who likes life. By life Ada

means, I fancy, happiness, for she is a joyous soul. If she could only have a baby her cup would be full. So far that is denied her. The last time I was here there was much talk of Ada having a baby, but just before we sailed Ada herself, accompanied by Settimo and her inevitable sample-case, came on board and told us it was all a mistake and they hoped for better luck next time. Of course Settimo does travel in wines, and makes a fair living without ship-chandlering, which requires more capital than he can command yet. He is a dried-up little man with black eyes twinkling on either side of his sharp nose, and he wears a small tuft between chin and lip that imparts dignity and which he is always disturbing with his thumb and finger. He has a striking resemblance to the foreign count in a film drama. He says things, too, which I cannot catch, but which send Ada into shouts of laughter. After a drink or two we go up there, high up among mysterious streets which defy any charting in one's mind. We only know that if we keep on going down-hill we shall eventually reach the harbor. As we leave the Orpheum, Ada waves her glove amiably to one or two of the *habituées* and they wave back. She is sorry for them. I wish the phrase "easy virtue" had not been assigned so sinister a particularity of meaning, for it would otherwise describe Ada exactly. She is virtuous and it sits easily upon her. Without being at ease in Zion, she has a delightful charity and breadth of view. As we go out into the Piazza di Ferrari we pass a

horrible old bag of bones who apparently has been flung in a corner of an archway with one cadaverous claw extended. Ada demands a lira from one of us, and, on receiving it, puts it in the cadaverous claw, which is thus galvanized into movement, for it withdraws into the bag of bones and protrudes again slowly, empty.

If there are no babies, Ada's home is full of compensation. Most of them have four legs, and include two cats, black and white, four kittens highly camouflaged, and a poodle of imposing presence and advanced age. Other compensations have two legs and live in cages—the canaries by the window; the parrot, who immediately asks us if we want a cigar, want a cigar, want a cigar, by the sewing-machine behind the door. Others, again, have no legs at all, and swim round and round in a large bowl upon which the canaries drop seeds and pieces of cake. All save the last—and, whatever naturalists may say, goldfish are not demonstrative in their affections—are made much of; and the parrot, on being offered a cigarette, alludes to his grandmother and utters a piercing shriek. Ada's furniture is very Victorian and is particularly rich in antimacassars, wool mats, fretwork brackets with satin backs, plush frames, and tinsel balls on elastic strings. As the Second Engineer remarks, it is a home from home, for your seafaring man appreciates snugness. If there were any doubt about Ada's virtue, one look into her parlor would dispel it forever. One look at Settimo, sitting by the table with the poodle at

his knee and a long, thin cigar in his fingers, would make one wonder how it had ever been entertained. On the walls are Settimo's parents, life-size, in gilt frames. Opposite are the inevitable Garibaldi and Vittorio Emmanuele. On the mantel is the inevitable model of a ship in a bottle, the ebony elephants with celluloid tusks, and a money box in the form of a wine-cask. Ada bustles out and helps a diminutive daughter of Italy in a black apron to bring in the supper, which consists of fried mullet, spaghetti served in oval dishes, a sort of pudding made of rice, dried fruit, hard-boiled eggs, minced veal and curry, artichokes served with olive oil, and one or two other things none of us shows any desire to investigate. Ada makes coffee, and the big flask of Asti on its plated swing-bracket is well patronized. We all take a gallon or two away with us when we leave Genoa. Settimo has a joke about his wine, which, he says, does not travel far. He means we never give it a chance. A copy of the *Corriere della Sera* is spread on the rug and the cats forgather radially round the mullet bones. The poodle, somewhat too large for the crowded room, insinuates his weirdly tonsured person among our knees.

Ada regales us with items of interest in her world. So-and-so is dead. So-and-so, junior, has married and gone to America. A friend of hers, a domestic in a big house in the Via Carlo Dolci, has just won a thousand lire in the lottery. She is going to Ventimiglia to visit her aunt. The

Second wants to know if she is good-looking. "*Sì, sì!*" responds Ada, and the parrot adds with deafening corroboration, "*Sì, sì, Maria!*" and gives the poodle a look of piercing inquiry. Yes, indeed, asserts Ada, flapping her napkin at the bird, as we might have seen had we been up the previous evening. The Second, much agitated, desires an introduction if the lady is yet unengaged.

"Oh, go on with you!" says Ada, throwing her head back to laugh, and the parrot, with a perfect torrent of shrieks, hangs upside down on his perch until, finding no one taking the slightest notice of him, he readjusts himself and attends to his neglected toilet. What, go after a poor girl's money in that shameless manner! Ada is shocked at the calculating villainy of the Second. Besides, she has a sweetheart. The Second slumps back in his chair and assumes a look of despondency. He says that ever thus from childhood's hour he'd seen his fairest hopes decay. Settimo, examining his long, thin cigar, as is his way when about to enunciate something in English, remarks that the Second has a tender heart. The Second sighs with his eyes turned toward the ceiling, and admits the soft impeachment. Always had, from a child. The first time he met Ada he was smitten on the spot. Took to drink when he found she was married. Tried to drown dull care in three litres of the best chianti. Care still coming to the surface, was finally disposed of in a pint of rum.

So the talk goes on, and I fall to wondering how

it is that, in the literature of the Latin nations, the Englishman is always cast for the part of a rather passionless stick, a dullard, an unobservant fool. I suppose it is because we have been chiefly represented abroad by those embodiments of dignity and self-conscious smugness—the governing classes. Young milord, doing the grand tour, taking with him his servants and horses and carriages and a clerical governor, for ever reminded of his majestic destiny as a ruler of England, fresh from one of those intellectual cold-storages, the English public schools, is largely responsible for this tragic misconception of our character. To read a novel of France or Italy with an Englishman in it, one would imagine us destitute not only of wit, but of humor and all human kindliness. In that *Corriere della Sera* on the floor is a serial in which one of the characters is an Englishman in Rome, a most lugubrious Englishman. He is, of course, the conventional heavy Englishman, just as in England we have the conventional frog-eating French schoolmaster and the conventional Italian waiter and drawing-master. The Second, in common with most of the other young seamen I knew, belies this character. Without much culture, he takes the world of sentiment gaily. The Chief and Second officers, who are married, are very much the same. The Third Engineer, not long at sea, listens and joins in the laughter, which is continuous. This foreign atmosphere is novel to him. Once he had rid himself of the funny English suspicion that every

well-dressed foreign woman is lax in her morals, he will lose his shyness and carry on with the best of us. He comes of the happiest class in England—the lower-middle—the class with the most adaptability for either good or evil fortune, the keenest brains and most dexterous hands, the only genuinely democratic class in England. If Ada were to live in England, you would find her in this category. And perhaps, if she does eventually have that baby, he may turn out to be the genius for whom Italy is waiting, who will do for Genoa what Dickens did for London, and reveal to us the teeming life, the tears and laughter, of that city by the sea.

Not that Italy is without geniuses as yet. I know one in particular, and, sure enough, he is down to the ship the next day. While I am in the engine-room, discussing a job of work with the Second, who is extremely dirty and cheerful in spite of his sentimental misfortunes, the Mate calls down from the top grating.

"Are you there, Chief?"

"Aye. What's the trouble?"

"One of these Eyetalians wants to see you. That young fellow who was aboard last time, you remember?"

"Oh, all right. Tell him to go into my room."

When I go up, a short young gentleman with a sallow complexion and large, black eyes jumps up from the settee and bows. This is Mr. Ricardo Bertola, the genius aforesaid.

"Good morning, Mr. Chief. I saw in the news-

paper your ship was in and I have come to ask you a question."

"Why certainly! What is it this time? Sit down."

As usual with Mr. Bertola, it is a word in a book. He produces the book, which is an edition of Beowulf. Not satisfied with a good working knowledge of every language in Europe, including (as the copyrights say) the Scandinavian; not even happy in his familiarity with Greek, Latin, Arabic, Turkish, Persian, and Sanscrit, Mr. Bertola craves a diploma in English literature. Gifted with an exquisite ear, he learns most of these tongues by conversation. Our carpenter cannot understand a Dago talking Norwegian without ever going to Norway. "He spicks better Norwegian dan me!" he admits, in wonderment. He does, no doubt, for he speaks better English than most of us. He has that amazing gift of tongues which leaves the rest of us dumb. But when it comes to Old English, Mr. Bertola is occasionally at a loss. He points out the word "thegns" and observes that it is not in the dictionary. And it so happens that by a miracle of good fortune I am able to help him. I take down a pocket Shakespeare and show him a speech announcing that "the thane of Cawdor lives, a prosperous gentleman." Mr. Bertola seizes it with avidity.

"The same word? How simple! And what is a thane?"

"Why, see what it says," I answer, pointing:

"'a prosperous gentleman.' A wealthy yeoman, a rich farmer."

Oh yes. He is relieved. And how am I getting on with my Italian? Not very fast, I admit, not having Mr. Bertola's aptitude in that direction.

"But Italian is easy," he protests, smiling.

"Possibly, but I am rather thick."

"Thick"? Out comes note-book and pencil. Thick, applied to brains, is a novel word to him, and he makes a neat note. That is his way. At lunch, which he shares with us in the messroom, he is confounded by substantives like mulligatawny, piccalilli, and chow-chow, as indeed he is by the substances; but they go into the note-book all the same. He begs me to come to his home in the evening and he will give me a lesson in Italian. Which is very charming of him; but I know those Italian lessons. The pages of Metastasio or Pascoli lie open before us, but we talk continually, in English, of English literature. There has been nothing like it since the days of Aristophanes, he asserts, and he ought to know. He picks up a translation of "The Day's Work," and reads me the story of "The Ship That Found Herself" and says no other nation could produce anything like it. He opens a translation of "A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur" and calls it "something new in literature," a *tour de force.* He confirms my long-cherished suspicion that Fitzgerald's "Omar" is a much greater poem than the Persian original. He tells me that to study the Oriental languages he must obtain the grammars in

English. He has written in English an essay on Persian literature for his diploma. And when he goes to Naples to study Chinese he proposes to write in English a thesis on Buddhism. As I sit in the little room, looking out across the roofs and domes toward the blue Mediterranean, I wonder what will be the future of this railroad conductor's son who talks with critical judgment of Dryden, Gray, and Shelley, who has read Hamlin Garland and the plays of Rostand. I wonder, too, what will be the future of this young Italy who is knocking at our old gates, the Italy of D'Annunzio, of Pascoli and Croce, the renascent Italy of Ferranti, Rubatino, and Marconi. A young doctor comes in as we sit by the window. He is going later to Tripoli, and is taking lessons in Arabic in the meantime. His father, I am informed, was a lifelong friend of Pascoli, a fellow-professor at the University of Bologna. He speaks in a gentle voice of the great man whose poetry he seems to know almost by heart. Quite forgetting the Arabic, he repeats that strange, haunting ballad "*O Cavalla storna,*" and they tell me the story of its origin. They tell me, too, tales of court intrigue that sound incredible to Western ears, tales told in a whisper, in confidence, and which lie, they say, at the back of Pascoli's somber history.

And so the days go by until the ship is discharged and we say farewell once more. Heading south, we drop our empty chianti flasks over the

side and take up the orderly flow and return of watch-keeping and repose; Gibbon comes into his own again. Nick Carter is to the fore in the galley after supper. The Skipper brings down a few of his shilling novels with their striking paper covers —strong meat for strong men, indeed—and inquires if I can give him something to read. I look over the shelves in some perplexity. I know what he wants; or rather, I know what he doesn't want. He is a tall, thin man with an expression of placid authority, the result of ten years' successful command. He regards seafaring as "a wasted life" and seeks forgetfulness of his mournful lot in tales of flaming passion and spectacular contests with fortune. It must not be supposed, however, that he is an uneducated man. He can express himself with forceful propriety upon most subjects, and his acquaintance with modern fiction, like Sam Weller's knowledge of London, is extensive and peculiar. The pity of it is that he stops at fiction. To get him to read anything else is like putting a balky horse at a fence. He is afflicted with the modern Englishman's illusion that non-fiction is uninteresting. He is ironical at the expense of novelists, too, who, according to him, hand him the same old stuff in every book he buys. Here's the hero, here the heroine, he says, setting a can of tobacco and a bottle of ink on opposite sides of my chest of drawers. Here in between (taking a mass of cigar- and cigarette-boxes, hair-brushes, and a col-

lar or two) are the complications of the plot. The problem is to get these two together with the complications behind them.

"Gosh!" he remarks, lighting a cigar, "I could do it myself!"

I suggest he try it.

"Easy as falling off a log," he continues. Try it? Why, he did have a try—long voyage across the Indian Ocean—nothing to do but take the sun—fine weather—got an idea. In reply to my inquiry about the idea, he smokes hard for a moment, laughs, and finally admits he didn't strike out anything very brilliant in ideas, but of course he didn't try very hard.

"There was a man—and a girl . . . in love, you know."

"A can of tobacco and an ink-bottle—yes?" I murmur.

The Skipper laughs. "Gosh! I don't believe there's anything else to write a story about," he declares, at length.

I give him "The Nigger of the Narcissus," and he goes back to his bridge-cabin, to a new experience.

We make good speed now, being in ballast, and it is only a matter of two or three days before we tie up alongside the jib-cranes and the iron-ore dumps of Goletta, which is by Tunis, with Carthage a mile or so to the northward. Here Gibbon might have a reasonable chance of holding a student, supposing we had any students in the ship's company. But for most of us the present is too

fantastically unfamiliar, the blaze of color is too insistent, for us to bother much about ruins. In the evening, when the cranes have ceased to tumble the red ironstone into the holds, and the Arab night watchman, with his big yellow dog and heavily knobbed staff, spreads his little carpet on the quay to make his two-bow prayer, we cross the entrance to the Lake of Tunis and climb aboard the electric trolley-car that runs into the city. We wander round, looking at the shops where wealthy French tourists are purchasing curios and Moorish furniture; we peer doubtfully through the enormous gates which lead into the Arab quarter and decide that we are safer in the wide boulevards; we even discover a bookstore and pause in the hope of finding a stray English volume to read. I call the Second's attention to a cheap line of French classics, for he has sometimes incautiously owned to a knowledge of French.

"Not to read it," he parries, looking alarmed—"not to read what you call well."

So I purchase for half a franc a paper-bound edition of the "Barber of Seville" and a copy of *La Vie Parisienne*, and we go on to dine at one of the little open-air cafés near the Military Club, where there is a band playing Waldteufel and Mascagni. Here we take a table, and the proprietress, a handsome young Frenchwoman, noting new arrivals, hastens to put us at our ease with a burst of unintelligible welcome. And what is it that we wish? I hand the menu, in French and Arabic—the French handwriting being about as

easy to decipher as the Arabic—to the Second, who gives me a long and menacing look before clearing his throat and attempting a selection. The proprietress looks keenly at our grinning faces, and then at the Second, who is extremely warm and worried. He puts his finger on a line of hieroglyphics and seems to signify that we will have some of that. The proprietress utters an exclamation. I look over and note that he is asking for *plats du jour*. Ah! she comprehends. But which? We do not spick French? Then she will essay.

"See!" She points. "Feesh, rosbif, poulet, pouding, yes? Which is it? An' wine? *Vin blanc ou rouge?*" Eventually, to the great relief of the Second, who is understood to remark, *sotto voce* that he doesn't know French, "to speak it very well," we consummate an intelligible order, and Madame makes a descent upon another table.

It is a very good dinner. When one considers that the total cost per head, including wine, coffee and cognac, is three and a half francs, it is an astoundingly good dinner. The military band plays with enthusiasm, which leads one to hope that they, too, have either had a similar good dinner or are trumpeting their way toward it. Officers with clanking swords and pretty women; majestically bearded old *sherifs* in wonderful robes of silk with gold needlework and turbans with precious stones; Arab women so closely veiled that the Third pauses open-mouthed with his fork raised, to stare; lemonade merchants with clinking brass cups; fezzed peanut-sellers; larky Arab newsboys;

and an interminable procession of incredibly maimed and misshapen beggars—pass before us as we sit under the awning and eat our meal. We dally with the coffee and cognac and light cigarettes, and I notice the Second stealthily loosening a button of his vest. The Third, pushing his chair back a little, looks at me with an expression in his cheerful young eyes that I imagine to mean, "Say, life's not so bad, after all." As I return his smile his face grows indistinct in the cigarette smoke, the brilliant coloring of the striped awning fades, and the clash and jingle of the music die away. Some one is shaking me, and I sit up with a start.

"Come on," says my old friend and shipmate. "They will haul the gangway in in a minute. Just one before you go. Here's luck."

We drink, and I hastily thrust back in its place the book I had taken down for a little while, a book which must have been, alas! only a Book of Dreams . . .

And the gangway being about to be hauled in, I stepped aboard.

WILLIAM MCFEE.

FEBRUARY 18

THE CASK OF AMONTILLADO

(ROME)

THE thousand injuries of Fortunato I had borne as I best could; but when he ventured upon insult, I vowed revenge. You, who so well know the nature of my soul, will not suppose, however, that I gave utterance to a threat. *At length* I would be avenged; this was a point definitively settled—but the very definitiveness with which it was resolved precluded the idea of risk. I must not only punish, but punish with impunity. A wrong is unredressed when retribution overtakes its redresser. It is equally unredressed when the avenger fails to make himself felt as such to him who has done the wrong.

It must be understood that neither by word nor deed had I given Fortunato cause to doubt my good-will. I continued, as was my wont, to smile in his face, and he did not perceive that my smile *now* was at the thought of his immolation.

He had a weak point—this Fortunato—although in other regards he was a man to be respected and even feared. He prided himself on his connoisseurship in wine. Few Italians have the true virtuoso spirit. For the most part their en-

thusiasm is adopted to suit the time and opportunity—to practise imposture upon the British and Austrian millionaires. In painting and gemmary, Fortunato, like his countrymen, was a quack—but in the matter of old wines he was sincere. In this respect I did not differ from him materially: I was skilful in the Italian vintages myself, and bought largely whenever I could.

It was about dusk, one evening during the supreme madness of the carnival season, that I encountered my friend. He accosted me with excessive warmth, for he had been drinking much. The man wore motley. He had on a tight-fitting parti-striped dress, and his head was surmounted by the conical cap and bells. I was so pleased to see him that I thought I should never have done wringing his hand.

I said to him, "My dear Fortunato, you are luckily met. How remarkably well you are looking to-day! But I have received a pipe of what passes for Amontillado, and I have my doubts."

"How?" said he. "Amontillado? A pipe? Impossible! And in the middle of the carnival!"

"I have my doubts," I replied; "and I was silly enough to pay the full Amontillado price without consulting you in the matter. You were not to be found, and I was fearful of losing a bargain."

"Amontillado!"

"I have my doubts."

"Amontillado!"

"And I must satisfy them."

"Amontillado!"

"As you are engaged, I am on my way to Luchesi. If any one has a critical turn, it is he. He will tell me——"

"Luchesi cannot tell Amontillado from Sherry."

"And yet some fools will have it that his taste is a match for your own."

"Come, let us go."

"Whither?"

"To your vaults."

"My friend, no; I will not impose upon your good-nature. I perceive you have an engagement. Luchesi——"

"I have no engagement—come."

"My friend, no. It is not the engagement, but the severe cold with which I perceive you are afflicted. The vaults are insufferably damp. They are encrusted with nitre."

"Let us go, nevertheless. The cold is merely nothing. Amontillado! You have been imposed upon. And as for Luchesi, he cannot distinguish Sherry from Amontillado."

Thus speaking, Fortunato possessed himself of my arm. Putting on a mask of black silk, and drawing a roquelaire closely about my person, I suffered him to hurry me to my palazzo.

There were no attendants at home; they had absconded to make merry in honor of the time. I had told them that I should not return until the morning, and had given them explicit orders not to stir from the house. These orders were sufficient, I well knew, to insure their immediate dis-

appearance, one and all, as soon as my back was turned.

I took from their sconces two flambeaus, and giving one to Fortunato, bowed him through several suites of rooms to the archway that led into the vaults. I passed down a long and winding staircase, requesting him to be cautious as he followed. We came at length to the foot of the dèscent, and stood together on the damp ground of the catacombs of the Montresors.

The gait of my friend was unsteady, and the bells upon his cap jingled as he strode.

"The pipe," said he.

"It is farther on," said I; "but observe the white web-work which gleams from these cavern walls."

He turned toward me, and looked into my eyes with two filmy orbs that distilled the rheum of intoxication.

"Nitre?" he asked, at length.

"Nitre," I replied. "How long have you had that cough?"

"Ugh! ugh! ugh!—ugh! ugh! ugh!—ugh! ugh! ugh!—ugh! ugh! ugh!—ugh! ugh! ugh!"

My poor friend found it impossible to reply for many minutes.

"It is nothing," he said, at last.

"Come," I said, with decision, "we will go back; your health is precious. You are rich, respected, admired, beloved; you are happy, as once I was. You are a man to be missed. For me it is no matter. We will go back; you will be ill, and I

cannot be responsible. Besides, there is Luchesi——"

"Enough," he said; "the cough is a mere nothing; it will not kill me. I shall not die of a cough."

"True—true," I replied; "and, indeed, I had no intention of alarming you unnecessarily—but you should use all proper caution. A draught of this Medoc will defend us from the damps."

Here I knocked off the neck of a bottle which I drew from a long row of its fellows that lay upon the mould.

"Drink," I said, presenting him the wine.

He raised it to his lips with a leer. He paused and nodded to me familiarly, while his bells jingled.

"I drink," he said, "to the buried that repose around us."

"And I to your long life."

He again took my arm, and we proceeded.

"These vaults," he said, "are extensive."

"The Montresors," I replied, "were a great and numerous family."

"I forget your arms."

"A huge human foot d'or, in a field azure; the foot crushes a serpent rampant whose fangs are imbedded in the heel."

"And the motto?"

"*Nemo me impune lacessit.*"

"Good!" he said.

The wine sparkled in his eyes and the bells jingled. My own fancy grew warm with the Medoc. We had passed through walls of piled

bones, with casks and puncheons intermingling into the inmost recesses of the catacombs. I paused again, and this time I made bold to seize Fortunato by an arm above the elbow.

"The nitre!" I said; "see, it increases. It hangs like moss upon the vaults. We are below the river's bed. The drops of moisture trickle among the bones. Come, we will go back ere it is too late. Your cough——"

"It is nothing," he said; "let us go on. But first, another draught of the Medoc."

I broke and reached him a flagon of De Grâve. He emptied it at a breath. His eyes flashed with a fierce light. He laughed and threw the bottle upward with a gesticulation I did not understand.

I looked at him in surprise. He repeated the movement—a grotesque one.

"You do not comprehend?" he said.

"Not I," I replied.

"Then you are not of the brotherhood."

"How?"

"You are not of the masons."

"Yes, yes," I said, "yes, yes."

"You? Impossible! A mason?"

"A mason," I replied.

"A sign," he said.

"It is this," I answered, producing a trowel from beneath the folds of my roquelaire.

"You jest," he exclaimed, recoiling a few paces. "But let us proceed to the Amontillado."

"Be it so," I said, replacing the tool beneath the cloak, and again offering him my arm. He

leaned upon it heavily. We continued our route in search of the Amontillado. We passed through a range of low arches, descended, passed on, and, descending again, arrived at a deep crypt, in which the foulness of the air caused our flambeaus rather to glow than flame.

At the most remote end of the crypt there appeared another less spacious. Its walls had been lined with human remains, piled to the vault overhead, in the fashion of the great catacombs of Paris. Three sides of this interior crypt were still ornamented in this manner. From the fourth the bones had been thrown down, and lay promiscuously upon the earth, forming at one point a mound of some size. Within the wall thus exposed by the displacing of the bones, we perceived a still interior recess, in depth about four feet, in width three, in height six or seven. It seemed to have been constructed for no especial use within itself, but formed merely the interval between two of the colossal supports of the roof of the catacombs, and was backed by one of their circumscribing walls of solid granite.

It was in vain that Fortunato, uplifting his dull torch, endeavored to pry into the depth of the recess. Its termination the feeble light did not enable us to see.

"Proceed," I said; "herein is the Amontillado. As for Luchesi——"

"He is an ignoramus," interrupted my friend, as he stepped unsteadily forward, while I followed immediately at his heels. In an instant he had

reached the extremity of the niche, and finding his progress arrested by the rock, stood stupidly bewildered. A moment more and I had fettered him to the granite. In its surface were two iron staples, distant from each other about two feet, horizontally. From one of these depended a short chain, from the other a padlock. Throwing the links about his waist, it was but the work of a few seconds to secure it. He was too much astounded to resist. Withdrawing the key, I stepped back from the recess.

"Pass your hand," I said, "over the wall; you cannot help feeling the nitre. Indeed it is *very* damp. Once more let me *implore* you to return. No? Then I must positively leave you. But I must first render you all the little attentions in my power."

"The Amontillado!" ejaculated my friend, not yet recovered from his astonishment.

"True," I replied; "the Amontillado."

As I said these words I busied myself among the pile of bones of which I have before spoken. Throwing them aside, I soon uncovered a quantity of building stone and mortar. With these materials and with the aid of my trowel, I began vigorously to wall up the entrance of the niche.

I had scarcely laid the first tier of the masonry when I discovered that the intoxication of Fortunato had in a great measure worn off. The earliest indication I had of this was a low moaning cry from the depth of the recess. It was *not* the cry of a drunken man. There was then a long and

obstinate silence. I laid the second tier, and the third, and the fourth; and then I heard the furious vibrations of the chain. The noise lasted for several minutes, during which, that I might hearken to it with the more satisfaction, I ceased my labors and sat down upon the bones. When at last the clanking subsided, I resumed the trowel, and finished without interruption the fifth, the sixth, and the seventh tier. The wall was now nearly upon a level with my breast. I again paused, and holding the flambeaus over the masonwork, threw a few feeble rays upon the figure within.

A succession of loud and shrill screams, bursting suddenly from the throat of the chained form, seemed to thrust me violently back. For a brief moment I hesitated—I trembled. Unsheathing my rapier, I began to grope with it about the recess; but the thought of an instant reassured me. I placed my hand upon the solid fabric of the catacombs, and felt satisfied. I reapproached the wall. I replied to the yells of him who clamored. I re-echoed—I aided—I surpassed them in volume and in strength. I did this, and the clamorer grew still.

It was now midnight, and my task was drawing to a close. I had completed the eighth, the ninth, and the tenth tier. I had finished a portion of the last and the eleventh; there remained but a single stone to be fitted and plastered in. I struggled with its weight; I placed it partially in its destined position. But now there came from out the niche

a low laugh that erected the hairs upon my head. It was succeeded by a sad voice, which I had difficulty in recognizing as that of the noble Fortunato. The voice said—

"Ha! ha! ha!—he! he! he!—a very good joke indeed—an excellent jest. We will have many a rich laugh about it at the palazzo—he! he! he!—over our wine—he! he! he!"

"The Amontillado!" I said.

"He! he! he!—he! he! he!—yes, the Amontillado. But is it not getting late? Will not they be awaiting us at the palazzo—the Lady Fortunato and the rest? Let us be gone."

"Yes," I said, "let us be gone."

"*For the love of God, Montresor!*"

"Yes," I said, "for the love of God!"

But to these words I hearkened in vain for a reply. I grew impatient. I called aloud—

"Fortunato!"

No answer. I called again—

"Fortunato!"

No answer still. I thrust a torch through the remaining aperture and let it fall within. There came forth in return only a jingling of the bells. My heart grew sick—on account of the dampness of the catacombs. I hastened to make an end of my labor. I forced the last stone into its position; I plastered it up. Against the new masonry I re-erected the old rampart of bones. For the half of a century no mortal had disturbed them. *In pace requiescat.*

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

FEBRUARY 19

CREATION

IN THE beginning, there was nought
But heaven, one Majesty of Light,
Beyond all speech, beyond all thought,
Beyond all depth, beyond all height,
Consummate heaven, the first and last,
Enfolding in its perfect prime
No future rushing to the past,
But one rapt Now, that knew not Space or Time.

Formless it was, being gold on gold,
And void—but with that complete Life
Where music could no wings unfold
Till lo, God smote the strings of strife!
"Myself unto Myself am Throne,
Myself unto Myself am Thrall
I that am All am all alone,"
He said, "Yea, I have nothing, having all."

And, gathering round His mount of bliss
The angel-squadrons of His will,
He said, "One battle yet there is
To win, one vision to fulfil!
Since heaven where'er I gaze expands,
And power that knows no strife or cry,
Weakness shall bind and pierce My hands
And make a world for Me wherein to die.

All might, all vastness and all glory
  Being Mine, I must descend and make
Out of My heart a song, a story
  Of little hearts that burn and break;
Out of My passion without end
  I will make little azure seas,
And into small sad fields descend
  And make green grass, white daisies, rustling
    trees."

Then shrank His angels, knowing He thrust
  His arms out East and West and gave
For every little dream of dust
  Part of His Life as to a grave!
"*Enough, O Father, for Thy words*
  Have pierced Thy hands!" But, low and sweet,
He said "Sunsets and streams and birds,
  And drifting clouds!"—The purple stained His
    feet.—

"*Enough!*" His angels moaned in fear,
  "*Father, Thy words have pierced Thy side!*"
He whispered, "Roses shall grow there,
  And there must be a hawthorn-tide,
And ferns, dewy at dawn," and still
  They moaned—"*Enough, the red drops bleed!*"
"And," sweet and low, "on every hill,"
  He said, "I will have flocks and lambs to
    lead."

His angels bowed their heads beneath
Their wings till that great pang was gone:
"*Pour not Thy soul out unto Death!*"
They moaned, and still His Love flowed on,
"There shall be small white wings to stray
From bliss to bliss, from bloom to bloom,
And blue flowers in the wheat; and——" "*Stay!*
Speak not," they cried, "*the word that seals Thy tomb!*"

He spake—"I have thought of a little child
That I will have there to embark
On small adventures in the wild,
And front slight perils in the dark;
And I will hide from him and lure
His laughing eyes with suns and moons,
And rainbows that shall not endure;
And—when he is weary sing him drowsy tunes."

His angels fell before Him weeping
"*Enough! Tempt not the Gates of Hell!*"
He said "His soul is in his keeping
That we may love each other well,
And lest the dark too much affright him,
I will strow countless little stars
Across his childish skies to light him
That he may wage in peace his mimic wars;

And oft forget Me as he plays
With swords and childish merchandise,
Or with his elfin balance weighs,
Or with his foot-rule metes, the skies;

Or builds his castles by the deep,
Or tunnels through the rocks, and then—
Turn to Me as he falls asleep,
And, in his dreams, feel for My hand again.

And when he is older he shall be
My friend and walk here at My side;
Or—when he wills—grow young with Me,
And, to that happy world where once we died
Descending through the calm blue weather,
Buy life once more with our immortal breath,
And wander through the little fields together,
And taste of Love and Death."

ALFRED NOYES.

RESURGAM*

NOW is a great and shining company,
Choired like stars before the break of day,
So radiant, their silence is like singing,
Like mist of music down the Milky Way;
And they who wake, hearing the dawn wind bringing
Comfort of voices, are content and stay
A little while their tears, forbear the clinging
Of hands that hinder youth at last made free.

*From "Songs and Portraits," by Maxwell Struthers Burt, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1920.

There is no death, nor change, nor any ending,
Only a journey, and so many go,
That we who stay at length discern the blending
Of the two roads, two breaths, two lives, and so
Come to the high and quiet knowledge that the dead
Are but ourselves made beautiful instead.

II

And you, O best beloved of them all,
How is it with you? Is it well indeed?
Or is there in the vivid quiet need
Of some familiar task; yet does the call
Of the warm earth, the rise and fall
Of accents you held dear, when in the night
They talk of you, trouble the wingèd light?
O foolish question wisdom should forestall!
Now are you most immediate: so near,
That there is left no thing between us; no,
Nor veil of life. Ah dear, my very dear,
Only the dead are close and never apart,
Speaking in lucid sentences, and so,
Can find their way unhampered to a heart.

III

There is a wind that blows from earth when dusk is coming,
Laden with richness of the stored up day;
The secret warmth of hidden paths; the humming
Of pollened bees; the sweetness of damp hay;

And mist along a shining valley stream;
And green cool reaches where the bending trees,
After the hot noon, listen for the breeze:
All this, I know, is part of your new dream.
And when I wake, and death seems most unfair,
Even then is some new mystery on the air,
Of scent, or sound, or loveliness of hue,
Stirring my heart and making me aware
I cannot grasp the rapture now of you,
Who were so close to dawn, and trees, and dew.

MAXWELL STRUTHERS BURT.

PRAYER

I

THERE is an awful quiet in the air,
And the sad earth, with moist imploring eye,
Looks wide and wakeful at the pondering sky,
Like Patience slow subsiding to Despair.
But see, the blue smoke as a voiceless prayer,
Sole witness of a secret sacrifice,
Unfolds its tardy wreaths, and multiplies
Its soft chameleon breathings in the rare

Capacious ether,—so it fades away,
And nought is seen beneath the pendent blue,
The undistinguishable waste of day.
So have I dreamed! oh may the dream be true!
That praying souls are purged from Mortal hue,
And grow as pure as He to whom they pray.

II

Be not afraid to pray—to pray is right.
Pray, if thou canst, with hope; but ever pray,
Though hope be weak, or sick with long delay;
Pray in the darkness, if there be no light.
Far is the time, remote from human sight,
When war and discord on the earth shall cease,
Yet every prayer for universal peace
Avails the blessed time to expedite.

Whate'er is good to wish, ask that of Heaven,
Though it be what thou canst not hope to see;
Pray to be perfect, though material leaven
Forbid the spirit so on earth to be;
But if for any wish thou darest not pray,
Then pray to God to cast that wish away.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

IN HARBOR*

I THINK it is over, over,
I think it is over at last:
Voices of foeman and lover,
The sweet and the bitter have passed:
Life, like a tempest of ocean
Hath outblown its ultimate blast:
There's but a faint sobbing seaward
While the calm of the tide deepens leeward,

*Copyright, 1882, D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.

And behold! like the welcoming quiver
Of heart-pulses throbbed through the river,
  Those lights in the harbor at last,
  The heavenly harbor at last!

I feel it is over! over!
  For the winds and the waters surcease;
Ah, few were the days of the rover
  That smiled in the beauty of peace,
And distant and dim was the omen
That hinted redress or release!
From the ravage of life, and its riot,
What marvel I yearn for the quiet
  Which bides in the harbor at last,—
For the lights, with their welcoming quiver
That throbs through the sanctified river,
  Which girdle the harbor at last,
  This heavenly harbor at last?

I know it is over, over,
  I know it is over at last!
Down sail! the sheathed anchor uncover,
For the stress of the voyage has passed:
Life, like a tempest of ocean,
  Hath outbreathed its ultimate blast:
There's but a faint sobbing seaward,
While the calm of the tide deepens leeward;
And behold! like the welcoming quiver
Of heart-pulses throbbed through the river,
  Those lights in the harbor at last,
  The heavenly harbor at last!

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

ONE CERTAINTY

VANITY of vanities, the Preacher saith,
All things are vanity. The eye and ear
Cannot be filled with what they see and hear.
Like early dew, or like the sudden breath
Of wind, or like the grass that withereth,
Is man, tossed to and fro by hope and fear:
So little joy hath he, so little cheer,
Till all things end in the long dust of death.

To-day is still the same as yesterday,
To-morrow also even as one of them;
And there is nothing new under the sun:
Until the ancient race of Time be run,
The old thorns shall grow out of the old stem,
And morning shall be cold and twilight grey.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

RICHARD CORY*

WHENEVER Richard Cory went down town,
We people on the pavement looked at him:
He was a gentleman from sole to crown,
Clean favored, and imperially slim.

And he was always quietly arrayed,
And he was always human when he talked;
But still he fluttered pulses when he said,
"Good-morning," and he glittered when he walked.

*From "The Children of the Night"; copyright, 1896, 1897, by Edwin Arlington Robinson; published by Charles Scribner's Sons. By permission of the publishers.

And he was rich,—yes, richer than a king,—
And admirably schooled in every grace:
In fine, we thought that he was everything
To make us wish that we were in his place.

So on we worked, and waited for the light,
And went without the meat, and cursed the bread;
And Richard Cory, one calm summer night,
Went home and put a bullet through his head.

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON.

PARTING

IF THOU dost bid thy friend farewell,
But for one night though that farewell may be,
Press thou his hand in thine.
How canst thou tell how far from thee
Fate or caprice may lead his steps ere that to-morrow comes?
Men have been known to lightly turn the corner of a street,
And days have grown to months, and months to lagging years,
Ere they have looked in loving eyes again.
Parting, at best, is underlaid
With tears and pain.
Therefore, lest sudden death should come between,
Or time, or distance, clasp with pressure firm
The hand of him who goeth forth;
Unseen, Fate goeth too.

Yes, find thou always time to say some earnest
word
Between the idle talk,
Lest with thee henceforth,
Night and day, regret should walk.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

SIC VITA*

HEART free, hand free,
Blue above, brown under,
All the world to me
Is a place of wonder.
Sun shine, moon shine,
Stars, and winds a-blowing,
All into this heart of mine
Flowing, flowing, flowing!

Mind free, step free,
Days to follow after,
Joys of life sold to me
For the price of laughter.
Girl's love, man's love,
Love of work and duty,
Just a will of God's to prove
Beauty, beauty, beauty!

WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE.

*Reprinted, with the author's permission, from his "House of Falling Leaves," 1908.

"AS IN THE MIDST OF BATTLE THERE IS ROOM"*

AS IN the midst of battle there is room
For thoughts of love, and in foul sin for mirth;
As gossips whisper of a trinket's worth
Spied by the death-bed's flickering candle gloom;
As in the crevices of Cæsar's tomb
The sweet herbs flourish on a little earth:
So in this great disaster of our birth
We can be happy, and forget our doom.

For morning, with a ray of tenderest joy
Gilding the iron heaven, hides the truth,
And evening gently woos us to employ
Our grief in idle catches. Such is youth;
Till from that summer's trance we wake, to find
Despair before us, vanity behind.

GEORGE SANTAYANA.

A WISH

MINE be a cot beside the hill;
A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear;
A willowy brook, that turns a mill,
With many a fall shall linger near.

The swallow, oft, beneath my thatch,
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest;
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
And share my meal, a welcome guest.

*Reprinted by permission of Duffield and Company, publishers of Mr. Santayana's "Sonnets."

Around my ivied porch shall spring
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew;
And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing
In russet gown and apron blue.

The village-church, among the trees,
Where first our marriage-vows were given,
With merry peals shall swell the breeze,
And point with taper spire to heaven.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

BRAHMA

IF THE red slayer think he slays,
Or if the slain think he is slain,
They know not well the subtle ways
I keep, and pass, and turn again.

Far or forgot to me is near;
Shadow and sunlight are the same;
The vanished gods to me appear;
And one to me are shame and fame.

They reckon ill who leave me out;
When me they fly, I am the wings;
I am the doubter and the doubt,
And I the hymn the Brahmin sings.

The strong gods pine for my abode,
And pine in vain the sacred Seven;
But thou, meek lover of the good!
Find me, and turn thy back on heaven.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

"SAY NOT THE STRUGGLE NOUGHT AVAILETH"

SAY not the struggle nought availeth,
The labour and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light,
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

FEBRUARY 20

Joseph Jefferson, born February 20, 1829)

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOSEPH JEFFERSON*

THE hope of entering the race for dramatic fame as an individual and single attraction never came into my head until, in 1858, I acted Asa Trenchard in "Our American Cousin"; but as the curtain descended the first night on that remarkably successful play, visions of large type, foreign countries, and increased remuneration floated before me, and I resolved to be a star if I could. A resolution to this effect is easily made, its accomplishment is quite another matter.

Art has always been my sweetheart, and I have loved her for herself alone. I had fancied that our affection was mutual, so that when I failed as a star, which I certainly did, I thought she had jilted me. Not so. I wronged her. She only reminded me that I had taken too great a liberty, and that if I expected to win her I must press my suit with more patience. Checked, but undaunted in the resolve, my mind dwelt upon

*The "Autobiography of Joseph Jefferson," copyright, 1889, 1890, by the Century Company, New York, was published 1891. From its chapters, by permission, have been taken these pages.

my vision, and I still indulged in day-dreams of the future.

During these delightful reveries it came up before me that in acting Asa Trenchard I had, for the first time in my life on the stage, spoken a pathetic speech; and though I did not look at the audience during the time I was acting —for that is dreadful—I felt that they both laughed and cried. I had before this often made my audience smile, but never until now had I moved them to tears. This to me novel accomplishment was delightful, and in casting about for a new character my mind was ever dwelling on reproducing an effect where humor would be so closely allied to pathos that smiles and tears should mingle with each other. Where could I get one? There had been many written, and as I looked back into the dramatic history of the past a long line of lovely ghosts loomed up before me, passing as in a procession: Job Thornberry, Bob Tyke, Frank Ostland, Zekiel Homespun, and a host of departed heroes "with martial stalk went by my watch." Charming fellows all, but not for me. I felt I could not do them justice. Besides, they were too human. I was looking for a myth—something intangible and impossible. But he would not come. Time went on, and still with no result.

During the summer of 1859 I arranged to board with my family at a queer old Dutch farmhouse in Paradise Valley, at the foot of Pocono Mountain, in Pennsylvania. A ridge

of hills covered with tall hemlocks surrounds the vale, and numerous trout-streams wind through the meadows and tumble over the rocks. Stray farms are scattered through the valley, and the few old Dutchmen and their families who till the soil were born upon it; there and only there they have ever lived. The valley harmonized with me and our resources. The scene was wild, the air was fresh, and the board was cheap. What could the light heart and purse of a poor actor ask for more than this?

On one of those long rainy days that always render the country so dull I had climbed to the loft of the barn, and lying upon the hay was reading that delightful book "The Life and Letters of Washington Irving." I had gotten well into the volume, and was much interested in it, when to my surprise I came upon a passage which said that he had seen me at Laura Keene's theater as Goldfinch in Holcroft's comedy of "The Road to Ruin," and that I reminded him of my father "in look, gesture, size, and make." Till then I was not aware that he had ever seen me. I was comparatively obscure, and to find myself remembered and written of by such a man gave me a thrill of pleasure I can never forget. I put down the book, and lay there thinking how proud I was, and ought to be, at the revelation of this compliment. What an incentive to a youngster like me to go on.

And so I thought to myself, "Washington

Irving, the author of 'The Sketch-Book,' in which is the quaint story of Rip Van Winkle." Rip Van Winkle! There was to me magic in the sound of the name as I repeated it. Why, was not this the very character I wanted? An American story by an American author was surely just the theme suited to an American actor.

In ten minutes I had gone to the house and returned to the barn with "The Sketch-Book." I had not read the story since I was a boy. I was disappointed with it; not as a story, of course, but the tale was purely a narrative. The theme was interesting, but not dramatic. The silver Hudson stretches out before you as you read, the quaint red roofs and queer gables of the old Dutch cottages stand out against the mist upon the mountains; but all this is descriptive. The character of Rip does not speak ten lines. What could be done dramatically with so simple a sketch? How could it be turned into an effective play?

Three or four bad dramatizations of the story had already been acted, but without marked success. Yates of London had given one in which the hero dies, one had been acted by my father, one by Hackett, and another by Burke. Some of these versions I had remembered when I was a boy, and I should say that Burke's play and performance were the best, but nothing that I remembered gave me the slightest encouragement that I could get a good play out of any of the existing materials. Still I

was so bent upon acting the part that I started for the city, and in less than a week, by industriously ransacking the theatrical wardrobe establishments for old leather and mildewed cloth and by personally superintending the making of the wigs, each article of my costume was completed; and all this, too, before I had written a line of the play or studied a word of the part.

This is working in an opposite direction from all the conventional methods in the study and elaboration of a dramatic character, and certainly not following the course I would advise any one to pursue. I merely mention the out-of the-way, upside-down manner of going to work as an illustration of the impatience and enthusiasm with which I entered upon the task. I can only account for my getting the dress ready before I studied the part to the vain desire I had of witnessing myself in the glass, decked out and equipped as the hero of the Catskills.

I got together the three old printed versions of the drama and the story itself. The plays were all in two acts. I thought it would be an improvement in the drama to arrange it in three, making the scene with the specter crew an act by itself. This would separate the poetical from the domestic side of the story. But by far the most important alteration was in the interview with the spirits. In the old versions they spoke and sang. I remember that the effect of this ghostly dialogue was dreadfully human, so I arranged that no voice but Rip's

should be heard. This is the only act on the stage in which but one person speaks while all the others merely gesticulate, and I was quite sure that the silence of the crew would give a lonely and desolate character to the scene and add to its supernatural weirdness. By this means, too, a strong contrast with the single voice of Rip was obtained by the deathlike stillness of the "demons" as they glided about the stage in solemn silence. It required some thought to hit upon just the best questions that could be answered by a nod and shake of the head, and to arrange that at times even Rip should propound a query to himself and answer it; but I had availed myself of so much of the old material that in a few days after I had begun my work it was finished.

In the seclusion of the barn I studied and rehearsed the part, and by the end of summer I was prepared to transplant it from the rustic realms of an old farmhouse to a cosmopolitan audience in the city of Washington, where I opened at Carusi's Hall under the management of John T. Raymond. I had gone over the play so thoroughly that each situation was fairly engraved on my mind. The rehearsals were therefore not tedious to the actors; no one was delayed that I might consider how he or she should be disposed in the scene. I had by repeated experiments so saturated myself with the action of the play that a few days seemed to perfect the rehearsals. I acted on

these occasions with all the point and feeling that I could muster. This answered the double purpose of giving me freedom and of observing the effect of what I was doing on the actors. They seemed to be watching me closely, and I could tell by little nods of approval where and when the points hit.

I became each day more and more interested in the work; there was in the subject and the part much scope for novel and fanciful treatment. If the sleep of twenty years was merely incongruous, there would be room for argument pro and con; but as it is an impossibility, I felt that the audience would accept it at once, not because it was an impossibility, but from a desire to know in what condition a man's mind would be if such an event could happen. Would he be thus changed? His identity being denied both by strangers, friends, and family, would he at last almost accept the verdict and exclaim, "Then I am dead, and that is a fact"? This was the strange and original attitude of the character that attracted me.

In acting such a part what to do was simple enough, but what not to do was the important and difficult point to determine. As the earlier scenes of the play were of a natural and domestic character, I had only to draw upon my experience for their effect, or employ such conventional methods as myself and others had used before in characters of that ilk. But from the moment Rip meets the spirits of Hendrik

Hudson and his crew I felt that all colloquial dialogue and commonplace pantomime should cease. It is at this point in the story that the supernatural element begins, and henceforth the character must be raised from the domestic plane and lifted into the realms of the ideal.

To be brief, the play was acted with a result that was to me both satisfactory and disappointing. I was quite sure that the character was what I had been seeking, and I was equally satisfied that the play was not. The action had neither the body nor the strength to carry the hero; the spiritual quality was there, but the human interest was wanting. The final alterations and additions were made five years later by Dion Boucicault.

"Rip Van Winkle" was not a sudden success. It did not burst upon the public like a torrent. Its flow was gradual, and its source sprang from the Hartz Mountains, an old German legend, called "Carl the Shepherd," being the name of the original story. The genius of Washington Irving transplanted the tale to our own Catskills. The grace with which he paints the scene, and, still more, the quaintness of the story, placed it far above the original. Yates, Hackett, and Burke had separate dramas written upon this scene and acted the hero, leaving their traditions one to the other. I now came forth, and saying, "Give me leave," set to work, using some of the before-mentioned tradition, mark you. Added to this, Dion Boucicault brought

his dramatic skill to bear, and by important additions made a better play and a more interesting character of the hero than had as yet been reached. This adaptation, in my turn, I interpreted and enlarged upon. It is thus evident that while I may have done much to render the character and the play popular, it has not been the work of one mind, but both as to its narrative and its dramatic form has been often moulded, and by many skilful hands. So it would seem that those dramatic successes that "come like shadows, so depart," and those that are lasting have ability for their foundation and industry for their superstructure. I speak now of the former and the present condition of the drama. What the future may bring forth it is difficult to determine. The histrionic kaleidoscope revolves more rapidly than of yore and the fantastic shapes that it exhibits are brilliant and confusing; but under all circumstances I should be loath to believe that any conditions will render the appearance of frivolous novices more potent than the earnest design of legitimate professors.

Acting has been so much a part of my life that my autobiography could scarcely be written without jotting down my reflections upon it, and I merely make this little preparatory explanation to apologize for any dogmatic tone that they may possess, and to say that I present them merely as a seeker after truth in the domain of art.

In admitting the analogy that undoubtedly exists between the arts of painting, poetry, music,

and acting, it should be remembered that the first three are opposed to the last, in at least the one quality of permanence. The picture, oratorio, or book must bear the test of calculating criticism, whereas the work of an actor is fleeting: it not only dies with him, but, through his different moods, may vary from night to night. If the performance be indifferent it is no consolation for the audience to hear that the player acted well last night, or to be told that he will act better to-morrow night; it is this night that the public has to deal with, and the impression the actor has made, good or bad, remains as such upon the mind of that particular audience.

The author, painter, or musician, if he be dissatisfied with his work, may alter and perfect it before giving it publicity, but an actor cannot rub out; he ought, therefore, in justice to his audience, to be sure of what he is going to place before it. Should a picture in an art gallery be carelessly painted we can pass on to another, or if a book fails to please us we can put it down. An escape from this kind of dulness is easily made, but in a theater the auditor is imprisoned. If the acting be indifferent, he must endure it, at least for a time. He cannot withdraw without making himself conspicuous; so he remains, hoping that there may be some improvement as the play proceeds, or perhaps from consideration for the company he is in. It is this helpless condition that renders careless acting so offensive.

I have seen impulsive actors who were so confident of their power that they left all to chance. This is a dangerous course, especially when acting a new character. I will admit that there are many instances where great effects have been produced that were entirely spontaneous, and were as much a surprise to the actors who made them as they were to the audience who witnessed them; but just as individuals who have exuberant spirits are at times dreadfully depressed, so when an impulsive actor fails to receive his inspiration he is dull indeed, and is the more disappointing because of his former brilliant achievements.

In the stage management of a play, or in the acting of a part, nothing should be left to chance, and for the reason that spontaneity, inspiration, or whatever the strange and delightful quality may be called, is not to be commanded, or we should give it some other name. It is, therefore, better that a clear and unmistakable outline of a character should be drawn before an actor undertakes a new part. If he has a well-ordered and an artistic mind it is likely that he will give at least a symmetrical and effective performance; but should he make no definite arrangement, and depend upon our ghostly friends Spontaneity and Inspiration to pay him a visit, and should they decline to call, the actor will be in a maze and his audience in a muddle.

Besides, why not prepare to receive our mysterious friends whether they come or not? If they fail on such an invitation, we can at least

entertain our other guests without them, and if they do appear, our preconceived arrangements will give them a better welcome and put them more at ease.

Acting under these purely artificial conditions will necessarily be cold, but the care with which the part is given will at least render it inoffensive; they are, therefore, primary considerations, and not to be despised. The exhibition, however, of artistic care does not alone constitute great acting. The inspired warmth of passion in tragedy and the sudden glow of humour in comedy cover the artificial framework with an impenetrable veil: this is the very climax of great art, for which there seems to be no other name but genius. It is then, and then only, that an audience feels that it is in the presence of a reality rather than a fiction. To an audience an ounce of genius has more weight than a ton of talent; for though it respects the latter, it reverences the former. But the creative power, divine as it may be, should in common gratitude pay due regard to the reflective; for Art is the handmaid of Genius, and only asks the modest wages of respectful consideration in payment for her valuable services. A splendid torrent of genius ought never to be checked, but it should be wisely guided into the deep channel of the stream, from whose surface it will then reflect Nature without a ripple. Genius dyes the hues that resemble those of the rainbow; Art fixes the colors that they may stand. In the race for fame purely artificial actors cannot

hope to win against those whose genius is guided by their art; and, on the other hand, Intuition must not complain if, unbridled or with too loose a rein, it stumbles on the course, and so allows a well-ridden hack to distance it.

Much has been written upon the question as to whether an actor ought to feel the character he acts, or be dead to any sensations in this direction. Excellent artists differ in their opinions on this important point. In discussing it I must refer to some words I wrote in one of my early chapters:

"The methods by which actors arrive at great effects vary according to their own natures; this renders the teaching of the art by any strictly defined lines a difficult matter."

There has lately been a discussion on the subject, in which many have taken part, and one quite notable debate between two distinguished actors, one of the English and the other of the French stage [Henry Irving and Mons. Coquelin]. These gentlemen, though they differ entirely in their ideas, are, nevertheless, equally right. The method of one, I have no doubt, is the best he could possibly devise for himself; and the same may be said of the rules of the other as applied to himself. But they must work with their own tools; if they had to adopt each other's they would be as much confused as if compelled to exchange languages. One believes that he must feel the character he plays, even to the shedding of real tears, while the other prefers never to lose himself for an instant, and there is no doubt that they both

act with more effect by adhering to their own dogmas.

For myself, I know that I act best when the heart is warm and the head is cool. In observing the works of great painters I find that they have no conventionalities except their own; hence they are masters, and each is at the head of his own school. They are original, and could not imitate even if they would.

So with acting, no master-hand can prescribe rules for the head of another school. If, then, I appear bold in putting forth my suggestions, I desire it to be clearly understood that I do not present them to original or experienced artists who have formed their school, but to the student who may have a temperament akin to my own, and who could, therefore, blend my methods with his preconceived ideas.

Many instructors in the dramatic art fall into the error of teaching too much. The pupil should first be allowed to exhibit his quality, and so teach the teacher what to teach. This course would answer the double purpose of first revealing how much the pupil is capable of learning, and, what is still more important, of permitting him to display his powers untrammeled. Whereas, if the master begins by pounding his dogmas into the student, the latter becomes environed by a foreign influence which, if repugnant to his nature, may smother his ability.

It is necessary to be cautious in studying elocution and gesticulation, lest they become our

masters instead of our servants. These necessary but dangerous ingredients must be administered and taken in homeopathic doses, or the patient may die by being overstimulated. But, even at the risk of being artificial, it is better to have studied these arbitrary rules than to enter a profession with no knowledge whatever of its mechanism. Dramatic instinct is so implanted in humanity that it sometimes misleads us, fostering the idea that because we have the natural talent within we are equally endowed with the power of bringing it out. This is the common error, the rock on which the histrionic aspirant is oftenest wrecked. Very few actors succeed who crawl into the service through the "cabin windows"; and if they do it is a lifelong regret with them that they did not exert their courage and sail at first "before the mast."

Many of the shining lights who now occupy the highest positions on the stage, and whom the public voice delights to praise, have often appeared in the dreaded character of omnes, marched in processions, sung out of tune in choruses, and shouted themselves hoarse for Brutus and Mark Antony.

If necessity is the mother of invention, she is the foster-mother of art, for the greatest actors that ever lived have drawn their early nourishment from her breast. We learn our profession by the mortifications we are compelled to go through in order to get a living. The sons and daughters of wealthy parents who have money at their command, and can settle their weekly expenses



JOSEPH JEFFERSON

without the assistance of the box office, indignantly refuse to lower themselves by assuming some subordinate character for which they are cast, and march home because their fathers and mothers will take care of them. Well, they had better stay there!

But whether you are rich or poor, if you would be an actor begin at the beginning. This is the old conventional advice, and is as good now in its old age as it was in its youth. All actors will agree in this, and as Puff says, in the *Critic*, "When they do agree on the stage the unanimity is wonderful." Enroll yourself as a "super" in some first-class theater, where there is a stock company and likely to be a periodical change of programme, so that even in your low degree the practice will be varied. After having posed a month as an innocent English rustic, you may, in the next play, have an opportunity of being a noble Roman. Do the little you have to do as well as you can; if you are in earnest the stage-manager will soon notice it and your advancement will begin at once. You have now made the plunge, the ice is broken; there is no more degradation for you; every step you take is forward.

A great American statesman said, "There is always plenty of room at the top." So there is, Mr. Webster, after you get there. But we must climb, and climb slowly, too, so that we can look back without any unpleasant sensations; for if we are cast suddenly upon the giddy height our heads will swim and down we shall go. Look

also at the difficulties that will beset you by beginning "at the top." In the first place, no manager in his senses will permit it; and if he did, your failure—which is almost inevitable—not only will mortify you, but your future course for some time to come will be on the downward path. Then, in disgust, sore and disheartened, you will retire from the profession which perhaps your talents might have ornamented if they had been properly developed.

FEBRUARY 21

THE MUMMY'S FOOT*

I HAD entered, in an idle mood, the shop of one of those curiosity-venders who are called *marchands de bric-à-brac* in that Parisian *argot* which is so perfectly unintelligible elsewhere in France.

You have doubtless glanced occasionally through the windows of some of these shops, which have become so numerous now that it is fashionable to buy antiquated furniture, and that every petty stockbroker thinks he must have his *chambre au moyen âge.*

There is one thing there which clings alike to the shop of the dealer in old iron, the wareroom of the tapestry-maker, the laboratory of the chemist, and the studio of the painter: in all those gloomy dens where a furtive daylight filters in through the window-shutters, the most manifestly ancient thing is dust; the cobwebs are more authentic than the guimp laces; and the old pear-tree furniture on exhibition is actually younger than the mahogany which arrived but yesterday from America.

The warehouse of my *bric-à-brac* dealer was a

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veritable Capharnaum; all ages and all nations seemed to have made their rendezvous there; an Etruscan lamp of red clay stood upon a Boule cabinet, with ebony panels, brightly striped by lines of inlaid brass; a duchess of the court of Louis XV nonchalantly extended her fawn-like feet under a massive table of the time of Louis XIII with heavy spiral supports of oak and carven designs of chimeras and foliage intermingled.

Upon the denticulated shelves of several sideboards glittered immense Japanese dishes with red and blue designs relieved by gilded hatching, side by side with enameled works by Bernard Palissy, representing serpents, frogs, and lizards in relief.

From disemboweled cabinets escaped cascades of silver-lustrous Chinese silks and waves of tinsel, which an oblique sunbeam shot through with luminous beads; while portraits of every era, in frames more or less tarnished, smiled through their yellow varnish.

The striped breastplate of a damascened suit of Milanese armor glittered in one corner; Loves and Nymphs of porcelain; Chinese grotesques, vases of *céladon* and crackle-ware; Saxon and old Sèvres cups, encumbered the shelves and nooks of the apartment.

The dealer followed me closely through the tortuous way contrived between the piles of furniture; warding off with his hand the hazardous sweep of my coat-skirts; watching my elbows

with the uneasy attention of an antiquarian and a usurer.

It was a singular face, that of the merchant—an immense skull, polished like a knee, and surrounded by a thin aureole of white hair, which brought out the clear salmon tint of his complexion all the more strikingly, lent him a false aspect of patriarchal *bonhomie*, counteracted, however, by the scintillation of two little yellow eyes which trembled in their orbits like two *louis d'or* upon quicksilver. The curve of his nose presented an aquiline silhouette, which suggested the Oriental or Jewish type. His hands—thin, slender, full of nerves which projected like strings upon the finger-board of a violin, and armed with claws like those on the terminations of bats' wings—shook with senile trembling; but those convulsively agitated hands became firmer than steel pincers or lobsters' claws when they lifted any precious article—an onyx cup, a Venetian glass, or a dish of Bohemian crystal. This strange old man had an aspect so thoroughly rabbinical and cabalistic that he would have been burnt on the mere testimony of his face three centuries ago.

"Will you not buy something from me to-day, sir? Here is a Malay kreese with a blade undulating like flame: look at those grooves contrived for the blood to run along, those teeth set backward so as to tear out the entrails in withdrawing the weapon; it is a fine character of ferocious arm, and will look well in your collection: this two-

handed sword is very beautiful—it is the work of Josepe de la Hera; and this *colichemarde*, with its fenestrated guard—what a superb specimen of handicraft!"

"No; I have quite enough weapons and instruments of carnage; I want a small figure—something which will suit me as a paper-weight; for I cannot endure those trumpery bronzes which the stationers sell, and which may be found on everybody's desk."

The old gnome foraged among his ancient wares and finally arranged before me some antique bronzes—so-called, at least; fragments of malachite; little Hindoo or Chinese idols—a kind of poussah toys in jade-stone, representing the incarnations of Brahma or Vishnoo, and wonderfully appropriate as stays for papers or letters.

I was hesitating between a porcelain dragon, all constellated with warts—its mouth formidable with bristling tusks and ranges of teeth—and an abominable little Mexican fetish, representing the god Vitziliputzili *au naturel*, when I caught sight of a charming foot, which I at first took for a fragment of some antique Venus.

It had those beautiful ruddy and tawny tints that lend to Florentine bronze that warm, living look so much preferable to the gray-green aspect of common bronzes, which might easily be mistaken for statues in a state of putrefaction: satiny gleams played over its rounded forms, doubtless polished by the amorous kisses of twenty centuries; for it seemed a Corinthian bronze, a work of the

best era of art—perhaps moulded by Lysippus himself.

"That foot will be my choice," I said to the merchant, who regarded me with an ironical and saturnine air, and held out the object desired that I might examine it more fully.

I was surprised at its lightness; it was not a foot of metal, but in sooth a foot of flesh—an embalmed foot—a mummy's foot: on examining it still more closely the very grain of the skin, and the almost imperceptible lines impressed upon it by the texture of the bandages, became perceptible. The toes were slender and delicate, and terminated by perfectly formed nails, pure and transparent as agates; the great toe, slightly separated from the rest, afforded a happy contrast, in the antique style, to the position of the other toes, and lent it an aerial lightness—the grace of a bird's foot; the sole, scarcely streaked by a few almost imperceptible cross lines, afforded evidence that it had never touched the bare ground, and had only come in contact with the finest matting of Nile rushes and the softest carpets of panther skin.

"Ha, ha! You want the foot of the Princess Hermonthis," exclaimed the merchant, with a strange giggle, fixing his owlish eyes upon me. "Ha, ha, ha!—for a paper-weight!—an original idea!—artistic idea! Old Pharaoh would certainly have been surprised had someone told him that the foot of his adored daughter would be used for a paper-weight after he had had a mountain of

granite hollowed out as a receptacle for the triple coffin, painted and gilded, covered with hieroglyphics and beautiful paintings of the Judgment of Souls," continued the queer little merchant, half audibly, as though talking to himself!

"How much will you charge me for this mummy fragment?"

"Ah, the highest price I can get; for it is a superb piece: if I had the match of it you could not have it for less than five hundred francs—the daughter of a Pharaoh! nothing is more rare."

"Assuredly that is not a common article; but still, how much do you want? In the first place, let me warn you that all my wealth consists of just five louis; I can buy anything that costs five louis, but nothing dearer. You might search my vest pockets and most secret drawers without even finding one poor five-franc piece more."

"Five louis for the foot of the Princess Hermonthis! that is very little, very little indeed; it is an authentic foot," muttered the merchant, shaking his head, and imparting a peculiar rotary motion to his eyes. "Well, take it, and I will give you the bandages into the bargain," he added, wrapping the foot in an ancient damask rag—"very fine! real damask—Indian damask which has never been redyed; it is strong, and yet it is soft," he mumbled, stroking the frayed tissue with his fingers, through the trade-acquired habit which moved him to praise even an object of so little value that he himself deemed it only worth the giving away.

He poured the gold coins into a sort of mediæval alms-purse hanging at his belt, repeating:

"The foot of the Princess Hermonthis, to be used for a paper-weight!"

Then turning his phosphorescent eyes upon me, he exclaimed in a voice strident as the crying of a cat which has swallowed a fish-bone:

"Old Pharaoh will not be well pleased; he loved his daughter—the dear man!"

"You speak as if you were a contemporary of his: you are old enough, goodness knows! but you do not date back to the Pyramids of Egypt," I answered, laughingly, from the threshold.

I went home, delighted with my acquisition.

With the idea of putting it to profitable use as soon as possible, I placed the foot of the divine Princess Hermonthis upon a heap of papers scribbled over with verses, in themselves an undecipherable mosaic work of erasures; articles freshly begun; letters forgotten, and posted in the table-drawer instead of the letter-box—an error to which absent-minded people are peculiarly liable. The effect was charming, *bizarre*, and romantic.

Well satisfied with this embellishment, I went out with the gravity and pride becoming one who feels that he has the ineffable advantage over all the passers-by whom he elbows, of possessing a piece of the Princess Hermonthis, daughter of Pharaoh.

I looked upon all who did not possess, like myself, a paper-weight so authentically Egyptian,

as very ridiculous people; and it seemed to me that the proper occupation of every sensible man should consist in the mere fact of having a mummy's foot upon his desk.

Happily I met some friends, whose presence distracted me in my infatuation with this new acquisition: I went to dinner with them; for I could not very well have dined with myself.

When I came back that evening, with my brain slightly confused by a few glasses of wine, a vague whiff of Oriental perfume delicately titillated my olfactory nerves; the heat of the room had warmed the natron, bitumen, and myrrh in which the *paraschistes*, who cut open the bodies of the dead, had bathed the corpse of the princess; it was a perfume at once sweet and penetrating—a perfume that four thousand years had not been able to dissipate.

The Dream of Egypt was Eternity: her odors have the solidity of granite, and endure as long.

I soon drank deeply from the black cup of sleep: for a few hours all remained opaque to me; Oblivion and Nothingness inundated me with their somber waves.

Yet light gradually dawned upon the darkness of my mind; dreams commenced to touch me softly in their silent flight.

The eyes of my soul were opened; and I beheld my chamber as it actually was; I might have believed myself awake, but for a vague consciousness which assured me that I slept, and that something fantastic was about to take place.

The odor of the myrrh had augmented in intensity: and I felt a slight headache, which I very naturally attributed to several glasses of champagne that we had drunk to the unknown gods and our future fortunes.

I peered through my room with a feeling of expectation which I saw nothing to justify: every article of furniture was in its proper place; the lamp, softly shaded by its globe of ground crystal, burned upon its bracket; the water-color sketches shone under their Bohemian glass; the curtains hung down languidly; everything wore an aspect of tranquil slumber.

After a few moments, however, all this calm interior appeared to become disturbed; the woodwork cracked stealthily; the ash-covered log suddenly emitted a jet of blue flame; and the disks of the pateras seemed like great metallic eyes, watching, like myself, for the things which were about to happen.

My eyes accidentally fell upon the desk where I had placed the foot of the Princess Hermonthis.

Instead of remaining quiet, as behooved a foot which had been embalmed for four thousand years, it commenced to act in a nervous manner; contracted itself, and leaped over the papers like a startled frog; one would have imagined that it had suddenly been brought into contact with a galvanic battery: I could distinctly hear the dry sound made by its little heel, hard as the hoof of a gazelle.

I became rather discontented with my acquisi-

tion, inasmuch as I wished my paper-weights to be of a sedentary disposition, and thought it very unnatural that feet should walk about without legs; and I commenced to experience a feeling closely akin to fear.

Suddenly I saw the folds of my bed-curtain stir; and heard a bumping sound, like that caused by some person hopping on one foot across the floor. I must confess I became alternately hot and cold; that I felt a strange wind chill my back; and that my suddenly rising hair caused my nightcap to execute a leap of several yards.

The bed-curtains opened and I beheld the strangest figure imaginable before me.

It was a young girl of a very deep coffee-brown complexion, like the bayadere Amani, and possessing the purest Egyptian type of perfect beauty: her eyes were almond-shaped and oblique, with eyebrows so black that they seemed blue; her nose was exquisitely chiseled, almost Greek in its delicacy of outline; and she might indeed have been taken for a Corinthian statue of bronze but for the prominence of her cheek-bones and the slightly African fulness of her lips, which compelled one to recognize her as belonging beyond all doubt to the hieroglyphic race which dwelt upon the banks of the Nile.

Her arms, slender and spindle-shaped, like those of very young girls, were encircled by a peculiar kind of metal bands and bracelets of glass beads; her hair was all twisted into little

cords; and she wore upon her bosom a little idol-figure of green paste, bearing a whip with seven lashes, which proved it to be an image of Isis; her brow was adorned with a shining plate of gold, and a few traces of paint relieved the coppery tint of her cheeks.

As for her costume, it was very odd indeed.

Fancy a *pagne* or skirt all formed of little strips of material bedizened with red and black hieroglyphics, stiffened with bitumen, and apparently belonging to a freshly unbandaged mummy.

In one of those sudden flights of thought so common in dreams I heard the hoarse falsetto of the *bric-à-brac* dealer, repeating like a monotonous refrain the phrase he had uttered in his shop with so enigmatical an intonation:

"Old Pharaoh will not be well pleased: he loved his daughter, the dear man!"

One strange circumstance, which was not at all calculated to restore my equanimity, was that the apparition had but one foot; the other was broken off at the ankle!

She approached the table where the foot was starting and fidgeting about more than ever, and there supported herself upon the edge of the desk. I saw her eyes fill with pearly gleaming tears.

Although she had not as yet spoken, I fully comprehended the thoughts which agitated her; she looked at her foot—for it was indeed her own—with an exquisitely graceful expression of

coquettish sadness; but the foot leaped and ran hither and thither, as though impelled on steel springs.

Twice or thrice she extended her hand to seize it, but could not succeed.

Then commenced between the Princess Hermonthis and her foot—which appeared to be endowed with a special life of its own—a very fantastic dialogue in a most ancient Coptic tongue, such as might have been spoken thirty centuries ago in the syrinxes of the land of Ser: luckily, I understood Coptic perfectly well that night.

The Princess Hermonthis cried, in a voice sweet and vibrant as the tones of a crystal bell:

"Well, my dear little foot, you always flee from me; yet I always took good care of you. I bathed you with perfumed water in a bowl of alabaster; I smoothed your heel with pumice-stone mixed with palm oil; your nails were cut with golden scissors and polished with a hippopotamus tooth; I was careful to select *tatbebs* for you, painted and embroidered and turned up at the toes, which were the envy of all the young girls in Egypt: you wore on your great toe rings bearing the device of the sacred Scarabæus; and you supported one of the lightest bodies that a lazy foot could sustain."

The foot replied, in a pouting and chagrined tone:

"You know well that I do not belong to myself any longer; I have been bought and paid for;

the old merchant knew what he was about; he bore you a grudge for having refused to espouse him; this is an ill turn which he has done you. The Arab who violated your royal coffin in the subterranean pits of the necropolis of Thebes was sent thither by him: he desired to prevent you from being present at the reunion of the shadowy nations in the cities below. Have you five pieces of gold for my ransom?"

"Alas, no! My jewels, my rings, my purses of gold and silver, were all stolen from me," answered the Princess Hermonthis, with a sob.

"Princess," I then exclaimed, "I never retained anybody's foot unjustly; even though you have not got the five louis which it cost me, I present it to you gladly: I should feel unutterably wretched to think that I were the cause of so amiable a person as the Princess Hermonthis being lame."

I delivered this discourse in a royally gallant troubadour tone, which must have astonished the beautiful Egyptian girl.

She turned a look of deepest gratitude upon me; and her eyes shone with bluish gleams of light.

She took her foot—which surrendered itself willingly this time—like a woman about to put on her little shoe, and adjusted it to her leg with much skill.

This operation over, she took a few steps about the room, as though to assure herself that she was really no longer lame.

"Ah, how pleased my father will be!—he who was so unhappy because of my mutilation, and who from the moment of my birth set a whole nation at work to hollow me out a tomb so deep that he might preserve me intact until that last day, when souls must be weighed in the balance of Amenthi! Come with me to my father; he will receive you kindly; for you have given me back my foot."

I thought this proposition natural enough. I arrayed myself in a dressing-gown of large-flowered pattern, which lent me a very Pharaonic aspect; hurriedly put on a pair of Turkish slippers, and informed the Princess Hermonthis that I was ready to follow her.

Before starting, Hermonthis took from her neck the scattered sheets of paper which covered the table.

"It is only fair," she observed smilingly, "that I should replace your paper-weight."

She gave me her hand, which felt soft and cold, like the skin of a serpent; and we departed.

We passed for some time with the velocity of an arrow through a fluid of grayish expanse, in which half-formed silhouettes flitted swiftly by us, to right and left.

For an instant we saw only sky and sea.

A few moments later obelisks commenced to tower in the distance: pylons and vast flights of steps guarded by sphinxes became clearly outlined against the horizon.

We had reached our destination.

The princess conducted me to the mountain of rose-colored granite, in the face of which appeared an opening so narrow and low that it would have been difficult to distinguish it from the fissures in the rock, had not its location been marked by two stelæ wrought with sculptures.

Hermonthis kindled a torch and led the way before me.

We traversed corridors hewn through the living rock; their walls, covered with hieroglyphics and paintings of allegorical processions, might well have occupied thousands of arms for thousands of years in their formation; these corridors, of interminable length, opened into square chambers, in the midst of which pits had been contrived, through which we descended by cramp-irons or spiral stairways; these pits again conducted us into other chambers, opening into other corridors, likewise decorated with painted sparrow-hawks, serpents coiled in circles, the symbols of the *tau* and *pedum*—prodigious works of art which no living eye can ever examine; interminable legends of granite which only the dead have time to read through all eternity.

At last we found ourselves in a hall so vast, so enormous, so immeasurable, that the eye could not reach the limits; files of monstrous columns stretched far out of sight on every side, between which twinkled livid stars of yellowish flame—points of light which revealed further depths incalculable in the darkness beyond.

The Princess Hermonthis still held my hand,

and graciously saluted the mummies of her acquaintance.

My eyes became accustomed to the dim twilight, and objects became discernible.

I beheld the kings of the subterranean races seated upon thrones—grand old men, though dry, withered, wrinkled like parchment, and blackened with naphtha and bitumen—all wearing *pshents* of gold, and breastplates and gorgets glittering with precious stones; their eyes immovably fixed like the eyes of sphinxes, and their long beards whitened by the snow of centuries. Behind them stood their peoples, in the stiff and constrained posture enjoined by Egyptian art, all eternally preserving the attitude prescribed by the hieratic code. Behind these nations, the cats, ibises, and crocodiles contemporary with them—rendered monstrous of aspect by their swathing bands—mewed, flapped their wings, or extended their jaws in a saurian giggle.

All the Pharaohs were there—Cheops, Chephrenes, Psammetichus, Sesostris, Amenotaph—all the dark rulers of the pyramids and syrinxes: on yet higher thrones sat Chronos and Xixouthros, the latter contemporary with the deluge; and Tubal Cain, who reigned before it.

The beard of King Xixouthros had grown seven times around the granite table, upon which he leaned, lost in deep reverie, and buried in dreams.

Farther back, through a dusty cloud, I beheld dimly the seventy-two Pre-adamite Kings, with their seventy-two peoples—forever passed away.

After permitting me to gaze upon this bewildering spectacle a few moments, the Princess Hermonthis presented me to her father Pharaoh, who favored me with a most gracious nod.

"I have found my foot again! I have found my foot!" cried the Princess, clapping her little hands together with every sign of frantic joy: "it was this gentleman who restored it to me."

The races of Kemi, the races of Nahasi—all the black, bronzed, and copper-colored nations repeated in chorus:

"The Princess Hermonthis has found her foot again!"

Even Xixouthros himself was visibly affected. He raised his heavy eyelids, stroked his moustache with his fingers, and turned upon me a glance weighty with centuries.

"By Oms, the dog of Hell, and Tmei, daughter of the Sun and of Truth! this is a brave and worthy lad!" exclaimed Pharaoh, pointing to me with his scepter, which was terminated with a lotus-flower.

"What recompense do you desire?"

Filled with that daring inspired by dreams in which nothing seems impossible, I asked him for the hand of the Princess Hermonthis—the hand seemed to me a very proper antithetic recompense for the foot.

Pharaoh opened wide his great eyes of glass in astonishment at my witty request.

"What country do you come from? and what is your age?"

"I am a Frenchman; and I am twenty-seven years old, venerable Pharaoh."

"Twenty-seven years old! and he wishes to espouse the Princess Hermonthis, who is thirty centuries old!" cried out at once all the Thrones and all the Circles of Nations.

Only Hermonthis herself did not seem to think my request unreasonable.

"If you were even only two thousand years old," replied the ancient King, "I would willingly give you the Princess; but the disproportion is too great; and, besides, we must give our daughters husbands who will last well: you do not know how to preserve yourselves any longer; even those who died only fifteen centuries ago are already no more than a handful of dust. Behold! my flesh is solid as basalt; my bones are bars of steel!

"I shall be present on the last day of the world, with the same body and the same features which I had during my lifetime: my daughter Hermonthis will last longer than a statue of bronze.

"Then the last particles of your dust will have been scattered abroad by the winds; and even Isis herself, who was able to find the atoms of Osiris, would scarce be able to recompose your being.

"See how vigorous I yet remain, and how mighty is my grasp," he added, shaking my hand in the English fashion with a strength that buried my rings in the flesh of my fingers.

He squeezed me so hard that I awoke, and found my friend Alfred shaking me by the arm to make me get up.

"O you everlasting sleeper! Must I have you carried out into the middle of the street, and fireworks exploded in your ears? It is after noon; don't you recollect your promise to take me with you to see M. Aguado's Spanish pictures?"

"God! I forgot all, all about it," I answered, dressing myself hurriedly; "we will go there at once; I have the permit lying there on my desk."

I started to find it; but fancy my astonishment when I beheld, instead of the mummy's foot I had purchased the evening before, the little green paste idol left in its place by the Princess Hermonthis!

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER.

FEBRUARY 22

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF GEORGE WASHINGTON

(George Washington, born February 22, 1732)

Appointed Commander-in-Chief

[On the 18th of June, 1775, Washington received from the President of Congress his commission as commander-in-chief of the army. He writes to his wife, the only letter from him to her extant:]

Philadelphia, June 18, 1775.

MY DEAREST:

I am now set down to write you on a subject which fills me with inexpressible concern, and this concern is greatly aggravated and increased, when I reflect upon the uneasiness I know it will give you. It has been determined in Congress, that the whole army raised for the defence of the American cause shall be put under my care, and that it is necessary for me to proceed immediately to Boston to take upon me the command of it.

You may believe me my dear Patsy, when I assure you, in the most solemn manner, that, so far from seeking this appointment, I have used every endeavor in my power to avoid it, not only

from my unwillingness to part with you and the family, but from a consciousness of its being a trust too great for my capacity; and that I should enjoy more real happiness in one month with you at home, than I have the most distant prospect of finding abroad, if my stay were to be seven times seven years. But as it has been a kind of destiny that has thrown me upon this service, I shall hope that my undertaking it is designed to answer some good purpose. . . .

You might, and I suppose did perceive, from the tenor of my letters, that I was apprehensive I could not avoid this appointment, as I did not pretend to intimate when I should return. That was the case. It was utterly out of my power to refuse this appointment, without exposing my character to such censures as would reflect dishonor upon myself, and give pain to my friends. This, I am sure, could not, and ought not, to be pleasing to you, and must have lessened me considerably in my own esteem. . . .

I shall rely confidently on that Providence which has heretofore preserved and been bountiful to me, not doubting but that I shall return safe to you in the fall. I shall feel no pain from the toil or danger of the campaign; my unhappiness will flow from the uneasiness I know you will feel from being left alone. I therefore beg that you will summon your whole fortitude, and pass your time as agreeably as possible. Nothing will give me so much sincere satisfaction as to hear this, and to hear it from your own pen.

TAKES COMMAND OF THE ARMY

[To his brother, John Augustine Washington, he writes:]

Philadelphia, June 20, 1775.

. . . I am now to bid adieu to you, and to every kind of domestic ease, for a while. I am embarked on a wide ocean, boundless in its prospect, and in which, perhaps, no safe harbor is to be found. I have been called upon by the unanimous voice of the Colonies to take the command of the Continental Army; an honor I neither sought after, nor desired, as I am thoroughly convinced that it requires great abilities, and much more experience, than I am master of, to conduct a business so extensive in its nature, and arduous in the execution. [And referring to his wife] I shall hope that my friends will visit, and endeavor to keep up the spirits of my wife, as much as they can, for my departure will, I know, be a cutting stroke upon her; and on this account alone I have many disagreeable sensations.

Asks For Aid

[Again and again throughout his campaigns, Washington had to deplore the denial of sorely needed aid. No trait in his character was more severely tested than his patience with the apathy —and worse—of men who should have sprung to his standard. He writes to Colonel Joseph Reed:]

Cambridge, November 28, 1775.

. . . Such a dearth of public spirit, and want of virtue; such stock-jobbing, and fertility

in all the low arts to obtain advantage of one kind or another in this great change of military arrangement, I never saw before, and I pray God I may never be witness to again. What will be the end of these maneuvers is beyond my scan. I tremble at the prospect. We have been till this time enlisting about three thousand five hundred men. To engage these, I have been obliged to allow furloughs as far as fifty men a regiment, and the officers I am persuaded indulge as many more. The Connecticut troops will not be prevailed upon to stay longer than their term (saving those who have enlisted for the next campaign, and are mostly on furlough); and such a dirty mercenary spirit pervades the whole that I should not be surprised at any disaster that may happen. In short, after the last of this month our lines will be so weakened that the minute-men and militia must be called in for their defence; these, being under no kind of government themselves, will destroy the little subordination I have been laboring to establish, and run me into one evil while I am trying to avoid another; but the lesser must be chosen.

. . . Could I have foreseen what I have experienced and am likely to experience, no consideration upon earth should have induced me to accept this command. A regiment or any subordinate department would have been accompanied with ten times the satisfaction, and perhaps the honor.

A Plea for Ethan Allen

[Colonel Ethan Allen, at the head of the Green Mountain Boys, invaded Canada and was captured by British troops. He was so badly treated as to call forth from Washington this note to General William Howe:]

Headquarters, Cambridge,
December 18, 1777.

We have just been informed of a circumstance which, were it not so well authenticated, I should scarcely think credible. It is that Colonel Allen, who, with his small party, was defeated and made prisoner near Montreal, has been treated without regard to decency, humanity, or the rules of war; that he has been thrown into irons, and suffers all the hardships inflicted upon common felons.

I think it my duty, sir, to demand, and do expect from you, an éclaircissement [enlightenment] on this subject. At the same time, I flatter myself, from the character which Mr. Howe bears as a man of honor, gentleman and soldier, that my demand will meet with his approbation. I must take the liberty, also, of informing you that I shall consider your silence as a confirmation of the report; and further assuring you, that whatever treatment Colonel Allen receives, whatever fate he undergoes, such exactly shall be the treatment and fate of Brigadier Prescott, now in our hands. The law of retaliation is not only justifiable in the eyes of God and man, but absolutely a duty, which, in our

present circumstances, we owe to our relations, friends and fellow-citizens.

Permit me to add, sir, that we have all here the highest regard and reverence for your great personal qualities and attainments, and the Americans in general esteem it as not the least of their misfortunes, that the name of Howe, a name so dear to them, should appear at the head of the catalogue of the instruments employed by a wicked ministry for their destruction.

Anxiety in the Field

[On New Year's Day, 1776, Washington's army numbered fewer than ten thousand men. They lacked arms, ammunition and proper clothing. On January 4, he thus expresses his anxiety to Colonel Joseph Reed:]

. . . It is easier to conceive than to describe the situation of my mind for some time past, and my feelings under our present circumstances. Search the vast volumes of history through, and I much question whether a case similar to ours is to be found; namely, to maintain a post against the flower of the British troops for six months together, without power, and at the end of them to have one army disbanded and another raised within the same distance (musket shot) of a reinforced enemy. It is too much to attempt. What may be the issue of the last maneuver, time only can unfold. I wish this month were well over our head. . . . We are now left with a good deal less than half-raised regiments, and about five

thousand militia, who only stand engaged to the middle of this month; when, according to custom, they will depart, let the necessity of their stay be never so urgent. Thus it is, for more than two months past, I have scarcely emerged from one difficulty before I have been plunged in another. How it will end, God, in His great goodness, will direct. I am thankful for His protection to this time. We are told that we shall soon get the army completed, but I have been told so many things which have never come to pass, that I distrust everything.

As to Criticisms of His Generalship

[Colonel Joseph Reed, a friend of Washington, wrote him freely regarding the censures passed upon his generalship. Washington responded:]

Headquarters, Cambridge,
January 14, 1776.

. . . The hints you have communicated from time to time not only deserve, but do most sincerely and cordially meet with my thanks. You cannot render a more acceptable service, nor in my estimation give a more convincing proof of your friendship, than by a free, open, and undisguised account of every matter relative to myself or conduct. The man who wishes to stand well in the opinion of others must do this: because he is thereby enabled to correct his faults, or remove prejudices which are imbibed against him. For this reason, I shall thank you for giving me the opinion of the world upon such points as

you know me to be interested in; for, as I have but one capital object in view, I could wish to make my conduct coincide with the wishes of mankind, as far as I can consistently, I mean without departing from that great line of duty, which though hid under a cloud for some time, from a peculiarity of circumstances, may nevertheless bear a scrutiny. My constant attention to the great and perplexing objects which continually rise to my view, absorbs all lesser considerations, and indeed scarcely allows me time to reflect that there is such a body in existence as the General Court of this colony, but when I am reminded of it by a committee; nor can I, upon recollection, discover in what instances (I wish they would be more explicit) I have been inattentive to, or slighted them. They could not, surely, conceive that there was a propriety in unbosoming the secrets of an army to them; that it was necessary to ask their opinion of throwing up an intrenchment, forming a battalion, etc. . . .

Courage in Defeat

[In the summer of 1777, the American troops met with defeat on Lake Champlain. Washington faces the situation with an unfaltering heart. He writes to General Schuyler:]

Clove, July 15, 1777.

. . . Amid the unfortunate reverse that has taken place in our affairs, I am happy to hear that General St. Clair and his army are not in the hands of the enemy. I really feared they

had become prisoners. The evacuation of Ti conderoga and Mount Independence is an event of chagrin and surprise not apprehended, nor within the compass of my reasoning. . . . This stroke is severe indeed, and has distressed us much.

Notwithstanding things at present have a dark and gloomy aspect, I hope a spirited opposition will check the progress of General Burgoyne's Arms, and that the confidence derived from his success, will hurry him into measures, that will in their consequences be favorable to us. We should never despair. Our situation before has been unpromising and has changed for the better, so I trust it will again. If new difficulties arise, we must only put forth new exertions, and proportion our efforts to the exigency of the times.

Without Jealousy

[General Horatio Gates, in command of the northern troops, was in 1777 making a better record than Washington, so far as his own soldiers were concerned. The outspoken comparisons by the friends of Gates, drew this letter from Washington to Governor Patrick Henry of Virginia:]

Whitemarsh (12 miles from Philadelphia)
November 13, 1777.

. . . The design of this is only to inform you, and with great truth I can do it, strange as it may seem, that the army which I have had under my immediate command, has not, at any one time, since General Howe's landing at the Head of Elk,

been equal in point of numbers to his. In ascertaining this I do not confine myself to Continental troops, but comprehend militia.

The disaffected and lukewarm in this state, in whom unhappily it too much abounds, taking advantage of the distraction in the government, prevented those vigorous exertions, which an invaded State ought to have yielded. . . I was left to fight two battles, in order, if possible, to save Philadelphia, with less numbers than composed the army of my antagonist, whilst the world has given us at least double. This impression, though mortifying in some points of view, I have been obliged to encourage; because, next to being strong, it is best to be thought so by the enemy; and to this cause, principally I think is to be attributed the slow movements of General Howe.

How different the case in the Northern Department! There the states of New York and New England, resolving to crush Burgoyne, continued pouring in their troops, till the surrender of that army; at which time not less than fourteen thousand militia, as I have been informed, were actually in General Gates's camp, and those composed, for the most part, of the best yeomanry in the country, well armed, and in many instances supplied with provisions of their own carrying. Had the same spirit pervaded the people of this and the neighboring states, we might before this time have had General Howe nearly in the situation of General Burgoyne. . . .

My own difficulties, in the course of the cam-

paign, have been not a little increased by the extra aid of Continental troops, which the gloomy prospect of our affairs in the North, immediately after the reduction of Ticonderoga, induced me to spare from this army. But it is to be hoped that all will yet end well. If the cause is advanced, indifferent is it to me where or in what quarter it happens.

The Dreadful Winter at Valley Forge

[During the winter of 1777-78, the sufferings of Washington and his army at Valley Forge, Pennsylvania, are thus pictured in a memorable appeal to Governor George Clinton, of New York:]

Valley Forge, February 16, 1778.

It is with great reluctance I trouble you on a subject that does not properly fall within your province; but it is a subject that occasions me more distress than I have felt since the commencement of the war; and which loudly demands most zealous exertions of every person of weight and authority who is interested in the success of our affairs. I mean the miserable prospects before us with respect to futurity. It is more alarming than you will probably conceive; for, to form a just idea, it were necessary to be on the spot. For some days past there has been little less than a famine in camp. A part of the army has been a week without any kind of flesh, and the rest three or four days. Naked and starving as they are, we cannot enough admire the incomparable patience and

fidelity of the soldiery, that they have not been ere this excited by their suffering to a general mutiny and dispersion. Strong symptoms, however, of discontent have appeared in particular instances; and nothing but the most active efforts everywhere can long avert so shocking a catastrophe.

Our present sufferings are not all. There is no foundation laid for any adequate relief hereafter. All the magazines provided in the states of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Maryland, and all the immediate additional supplies they seem capable of affording, will not be sufficient to support the army more than a month longer, if so long. Very little has been done at the eastward, and as little to the southward; and whatever we have a right to expect from those quarters must necessarily be very remote, and is, indeed, more precarious than could be wished. When the before-mentioned supplies are exhausted, what a terrible crisis must ensue, unless all the energy of the continent shall be exerted to provide a timely remedy!

Impressed with this idea, I am, on my part, putting every engine at work that I can possibly think of to prevent the fatal consequences which we have so much reason to apprehend. I am calling upon all those whose stations and influence enable them to contribute their aid upon so important an occasion; and, from your well-known zeal, I expect everything within the compass of your power, and that the abilities and resources

of the state over which you preside will admit. I am sensible of the disadvantages it labors under from having so long been the scene of war, and that it must be exceedingly drained by the great demands to which it has been subject. But, though you may not be able to contribute materially to our relief, you can perhaps do something toward it; and any assistance, however trifling in itself, will be of great moment in so critical a juncture and will conduce to the keeping the army together, till the commissary's department can be put upon a better footing, and effectual measures concerted to secure a permanent and competent supply. What measures you can take, you will be the best judge of; but if you can devise any means to procure a quantity of cattle, or other kind of flesh, for the use of this army to be at the camp in the course of a month, you will render a most essential service to the common cause.

Respect For Convictions Opposed To His Own

[Bryan Fairfax, a friend and neighbor of Washington, remained a supporter of the British connection. He continued residing in Virginia, where he died in 1802, at seventy-five years of age. He wrote Washington a grateful acknowledgment for acts of friendship continued despite their differences in political conviction. Washington replied, in the midst of the distresses of his camp:]

Valley Forge, March 1, 1778.

. . . The friendship which I ever professed and felt for you, met with no diminution from the difference in our political sentiments. I know the

rectitude of my own intentions, and believing in the sincerity of yours, lamented, though I did not condemn, your renunciation of the creed I had adopted. Nor do I think any person or power ought to do it, whilst your conduct is not opposed to the general interest of the people and the measures they are pursuing; the latter, that is our actions, depending upon ourselves, may be controlled; while the powers of thinking, originating in higher causes cannot always be moulded to our wishes.

Magnanimity To A Captured Foe

[General Burgoyne, when taken prisoner, addressed himself to Washington in terms of profound personal respect. Washington responded:]

Headquarters, March 11, 1778.

I was only two days since honored with your very obliging letter of the 11th of February. Your indulgent opinion of my character, and the polite terms in which you are pleased to express it, are peculiarly flattering; and I take pleasure in the opportunity you have afforded me of assuring you that, far from suffering the views of national opposition to be embittered and debased by personal animosity, I am ever ready to do justice to the man and soldier, and to esteem where esteem is due, however the idea of a public enemy may interpose. You will not think it the language of unmeaning ceremony, if I add, that sentiments of personal respect, in the present instance are reciprocal.

Viewing you in the light of an officer, contending against what I conceive to be the rights of my country, the reverses of fortune you experienced in the field cannot be unacceptable to me; but, abstracted from considerations of national advantage, I can sincerely sympathize with your feelings as a soldier, the unavoidable difficulties of whose situation forbid his success; and as a man, whose lot combines the calamity of ill health, the anxieties of captivity, and the painful sensibility for a reputation exposed, where he most values it, to the assaults of malice and detraction. . . .[1]

Let Only The Truth About Himself Be Told

[The severest critic of Washington was the valiant and eccentric General Charles Lee, who died in October, 1782. After his death it was proposed that his manuscripts be published. Mr. William Goddard asked Washington if any of these manuscripts which might be displeasing to him should be withheld from publication. He received this reply:]

Mount Vernon, June, 11, 1785.

. . . Your own good judgment must direct you in the publication of the manuscript papers of General Lee. I can have no request to make concerning the work. I never had a difference with that gentleman but on public grounds; and my conduct toward him on this occasion was

[1]General Burgoyne at once acknowledged this note, concluding: "I should have few greater private gratifications in seeing our melancholy contest at an end, than in cultivating your friendship."

such, only, as I felt myself indispensably bound to adopt in discharge of the public trust reposed in me. If this produced in him unfavorable sentiments of me, I can never consider the conduct I pursued, with respect to him, either wrong or improper, however I may regret that it may have been differently viewed by him, and that it excited his anger and animadversions. Should there appear in General Lee's writings anything injurious or unfriendly to me, the impartial and dispassionate world must decide how far I deserved it from the general tenor of my conduct.

I am gliding down the stream of life, and wish, as is natural, that my remaining days may be undisturbed and tranquil; and, conscious of my integrity, I would willingly hope that nothing would occur tending to give me anxiety; but should anything present itself in this or any other publication, I shall never undertake the painful task of recrimination, nor do I know that I should even enter upon my justification. I consider the communication you have made as a mark of great attention, and the whole letter as a proof of esteem.

On His Nomination as First President of the United States

[In 1786, on the adoption of the Federal Constitution, it became necessary to elect a President of the United States. The nation strongly felt that Washington was the one man for this great office. Before the machinery of nomination and election

could be set in motion, Colonel Lee, "Light Horse Harry Lee" of Virginia, a warm friend of Washington, urged him to accept the post which would certainly be offered to him. Washington responded:]

Mount Vernon, September 22, 1786.

. . . The event to which you allude may never happen, among other reasons, because if the partiality of my fellow-citizens conceive it to be a means by which the sinews of the new government would be strengthened, it will of consequence be obnoxious to those who are in opposition to it, many of whom will unquestionably be placed among the electors. This consideration alone would supersede the expediency of announcing any definitive and irrevocable resolution. You are among the small number of those who know my invincible attachment to domestic life, and that my sincerest wish is to continue in the enjoyment of it solely until my final hour. But the world would be neither so well instructed, nor so candidly disposed as to believe me uninfluenced by sinister motives, in case any circumstance should render a deviation from the line of conduct I had prescribed to myself indispensable.

Should the contingency you suggest take place, and (for argument's sake alone let me say it) should my unfeigned reluctance to accept the office be overcome by a deference for the reason and opinions of my friends; might I not, after the declarations I have made (and heaven knows

they were made in the sincerity of my heart), in the judgment of the impartial world and of posterity, be chargeable with levity and inconsistency, if not with rashness and ambition? Nay, further, would there not be some apparent foundation for the two former charges? Now justice to myself, and tranquillity of conscience require, that I should act a part, if not above imputation, at least capable of vindication. Nor will you conceive me to be too solicitous for reputation. Though I prize as I ought the good opinion of my fellow citizens, yet, if I know myself, I would not seek popularity at the expense of one social duty or moral virtue.

While doing what my conscience informed me was right, as it respected my God, my country and myself, I should despise all the party clamor and unjust censure, which must be expected from some, whose personal enmity might be occasioned by their hostility to the Government. I am conscious, that I fear alone to give any real occasion for obloquy, and that I do not dread to meet with unmerited reproach. And certain I am, whensoever I shall be convinced the good of my country requires my reputation to be put in risk, regard for my own fame will not come in competition with an object of so much magnitude.

If I declined the task, it would lie upon quite another principle. Notwithstanding my advanced season of life, my increasing fondness for agricultural amusements, and my growing

love of retirement, augment and confirm my decided predilection for the character of a private citizen, yet it would be no one of these motives, nor the hazard to which my former reputation might be exposed, nor the terror of encountering new fatigues and troubles, that would deter me from an acceptance; but a belief that some other person, who had less pretence and less inclination to be excused, could execute all the duties full as satisfactorily as myself.

Had No Wish To Be President

[There was a delay in forming a quorum of Congress, so that the votes for President by the Electoral College could not be counted until early in April. The vote proved to be unanimous for Washington. A few days before the count he wrote to General Knox:]

Mount Vernon, April 1, 1787.

. . . The delay may be compared to a reprievé; for in confidence I tell you (with the world it would obtain little credit), that my movements to the chair of government will be accompanied by feelings not unlike those of a culprit who is going to the place of his execution; so unwilling am I, in the evening of a life nearly consumed in public cares, to quit a peaceful abode for an ocean of difficulties, without that competency of political skill, abilities and inclination, which are necessary to manage the helm. I am sensible that I am embarking the voice of the people, and a good name of my own, on this voyage; but what returns

will be made for them, heaven alone can foretell. Integrity and firmness are all I can promise. These, be the voyage long or short, shall never forsake me, although I may be deserted by all men; for of the consolations, which are to be derived from these, under any circumstances, the world cannot deprive me.

His Delight in Agriculture

[Washington was happiest at home, on his plantation, sowing and reaping, building and road-making. He was well abreast of the agricultural science of his day, and one of his correspondents was Arthur Young, the famous English writer on tillage. He sent him a note:]

Mount Vernon, December 4, 1788.

. . . The more I am acquainted with agricultural affairs, the better I am pleased with them; insomuch that I can nowhere find so much satisfaction as in those innocent and useful pursuits. In indulging these feelings, I am led to reflect how much more delightful to an unde-bauched mind is the task of making improvements on the earth, than all the vainglory that can be acquired from ravaging it by the most uninter-rupted career of conquest. I design this obser-vation only to show how much, as a member of human society, I feel myself obliged by your labors to render respectable and advantageous, an employment which is more congenial to the natural disposition of mankind than any other.

On Retiring From Office

[On the second last day of his official career, Washington thus addressed his friend, General Henry Knox, Secretary of War:]

Philadelphia, March 2, 1797.

. . . To the wearied traveler, who sees a resting-place, and is bending his body to lean thereon, I now compare myself; but to be suffered to do this in peace, is too much to be endured by some. To misrepresent my motives, to reprobate my politics, and to weaken the confidence which has been reposed in my administration, are objects which cannot be relinquished by those who will be satisfied with nothing short of a change in our political system. The consolation, however, which results from conscious rectitude, and the approving voice of my country, unequivocally expressed by its representatives, deprive their sting of its poison, and place in the same point of view, both the weakness and malignity of their efforts.

Although the prospect of retirement is most grateful to my soul, and I have not a wish to mix again in the great world, or to partake in its politics, yet I am not without my regrets at parting with (perhaps never more to meet) the few intimates whom I love, and among these, be assured, you are one. . . . The remainder of my life (which in the course of nature cannot be long) will be occupied in rural amusements; and though I shall seclude myself as much as possible from the noisy and bustling crowd, none would, more than

myself, be regaled by the company of those I esteem, at Mount Vernon; more than twenty miles from which, after I arrive there, it is not likely that I shall ever be.

Love and Marriage

[Thus far we have had glimpses of Washington as the commander and the statesman. Let us take a parting glance at him as a man who knew the might of love, who had known many years of happy married life. He writes to his wife's granddaughter, Eleanor Parke Custis:]

Philadelphia, January 16, 1795.

. . . Men and women feel the same inclination toward each other now that they always have done, and which they will continue to do, until there is a new order of things; and you, as others have done, may find that the passions of your sex are easier raised than allayed. Do not, therefore, boast too soon, nor too strongly of your insensibility to, or a resistance of, its powers. In the composition of the human frame there is a good deal of inflammable material, however dormant it may be for a time, and like an intimate acquaintance of yours, when the torch is put to it that which is within you may burst into a blaze.

Love is said to be an involuntary passion, and it is therefore contended that it cannot be resisted. This is true in part only, for like all things else, when nourished and supplied plentifully with aliment, it is rapid in its progress; but let these be withdrawn, and it may be stifled in its birth, or

much stinted in its growth. For example (the same may be said of the other sex) a young woman, beautiful and accomplished, will, while her hand and heart are undisposed of, turn the heads and set the circle in which she moves on fire. Let her marry and what is the consequence? The madness ceases, and all is quiet again. Why? Not because there is any diminution in the charms of the lady, but because there is an end of hope. Hence it follows that love may be and therefore ought to be under the guidance of reason for although we cannot avoid first impressions, we may assuredly place them under guard; and my motives for troubling you are to show you, while you remain Eleanor Parke Custis, spinster, and retain the resolution to love with moderation, at least until you have secured your game, the way by which it may be accomplished.

When the fire is beginning to kindle and your heart growing warm, propound these questions to it. Who is this invader? Have I a competent knowledge of him? Is he a man of good character? A man of sense? For, be assured, a sensible woman can never be happy with a fool. What has been his walk in life? . . . Is his fortune sufficient to maintain me in the manner I have been accustomed to live, and my sisters do live? And is he one to whom my friends can have no reasonable objection? If all these interrogatories can be satisfactorily answered, there will remain but one more to be asked; that, however, is an important one. Have I sufficient ground to con-

clude that his affections are engaged by me? Without this the heart of sensibility will struggle against a passion that is not reciprocated—delicacy, custom, or call it by what epithet you will, have precluded all advances on your part. The declaration, without the most indirect invitation of yours, must proceed from the man, to render it permanent and valuable, and nothing short of good sense and an easy, unaffected conduct can draw the line between prudery and coquetry. . . .

ODE TO NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE

"Expende Annibalem:—quot libras in duce summo Invenies?"—Juvenal, *Sat.* x.

'TIS done—but yesterday a King!
And arm'd with Kings to strive—
And now thou art a nameless thing:
So abject—yet alive!
Is this the man of thousand thrones,
Who strew'd our earth with hostile bones,
And can he thus survive?
Since he, miscalled the Morning Star,
Nor man nor fiend hath fallen so far.

Ill-minded man! why scourge thy kind
Who bow'd so low the knee?
By gazing on thyself grown blind,
Thou taught'st the rest to see.
With might unquestion'd,—power to save,—
Thine only gift hath been the grave,
To those that worshipp'd thee;

Nor till thy fall could mortals guess
Ambition's less than littleness!

Thanks for that lesson—It will teach
To after-warriors more
Than high Philosophy can preach,
And vainly preach'd before.
That spell upon the minds of men
Breaks never to unite again,
That led them to adore
Those Pagod things of sabre sway
With fronts of brass, and feet of clay.

The triumph and the vanity,
The rapture of the strife—
The earthquake voice of Victory,
To thee the breath of life;
The sword, the sceptre, and that sway
Which man seem'd made but to obey,
Wherewith renown was rife—
All quell'd!—Dark Spirit! what must be
The madness of thy memory!

The Desolator desolate!
The Victor overthrown!
The Arbiter of others' fate
A Suppliant for his own!
Is it some yet imperial hope
That with such change can calmly cope?
Or dread of death alone?

To die a prince—or live a slave—
Thy choice is most ignobly brave!

He who of old would rend the oak,
  Dream'd not of the rebound:
Chain'd by the trunk he vainly broke—
  Alone—how look'd he round?
Thou, in the sternness of thy strength,
An equal deed hast done at length,
  And darker fate hast found:
He fell, the forest prowlers' prey;
But thou must eat thy heart away!

The Roman, when his burning heart
  Was slaked with blood of Rome,
Threw down the dagger—dared depart,
  In savage grandeur, home—
He dared depart in utter scorn
Of men that such a yoke had borne,
  Yet left him such a doom!
His only glory was that hour
Of self-upheld abandon'd power.

The Spaniard, when the lust of sway
  Had lost its quickening spell,
Cast crowns for rosaries away,
  An empire for a cell;
A strict accountant of his beads,
A subtle disputant on creeds,
  His dotage trifled well:

Yet better had he neither known
A bigot's shrine, nor despot's throne.

But thou—from thy reluctant hand
The thunderbolt is wrung—
Too late thou leav'st the high command
To which thy weakness clung;
All Evil Spirit as thou art,
It is enough to grieve the heart
To see thine own unstrung;
To think that God's fair world hath been
The footstool of a thing so mean;

And Earth hath spilt her blood for him,
Who thus can hoard his own!
And Monarchs bow'd the trembling limb,
And thank'd him for a throne!
Fair Freedom! we may hold thee dear,
When thus thy mightiest foes their fear
In humblest guise have shown.
Oh! ne'er may tyrant leave behind
A brighter name to lure mankind!

Thine evil deeds are writ in gore,
Nor written thus in vain—
Thy triumphs tell of fame no more,
Or deepen every stain:
If thou hadst died as honor dies,
Some new Napoleon might arise,
To shame the world again—

But who would soar the solar height,
To set in such a starless night?

Weigh'd in the balance, hero dust
Is vile as vulgar clay;
Thy scales, Mortality! are just
To all that pass away:
But yet methought the living great
Some higher sparks should animate,
To dazzle and dismay:
Nor deem'd Contempt could thus make mirth
Of these, the Conquerors of the earth.

And she, proud Austria's mournful flower,
Thy still imperial bride;
How bears her breast the torturing hour?
Still clings she to thy side?
Must she too bend, must she too share
Thy late repentance, long despair
Thou throneless Homicide?
If still she loves thee, hoard that gem,—
'Tis worth thy vanish'd diadem!

Then haste thee to thy sullen Isle,
And gaze upon the sea;
That element may meet thy smile—
It ne'er was ruled by thee!
Or trace with thine all idle hand
In loitering mood upon the sand
That Earth is now as free!

That Corinth's pedagogue hath now
Transferr'd his by-word to thy brow.

Thou Timour! in his captive's cage
What thoughts will there be thine,
While brooding in thy prison'd rage?
But one—"The world *was* mine!"
Unless, like he of Babylon,
All sense is with thy sceptre gone,
Life will not long confine
That spirit pour'd so widely forth—
So long obey'd—so little worth!

Or, like the thief of fire from heaven,
Wilt thou withstand the shock?
And share with him, the unforgiven,
His vulture and his rock!
Foredoom'd by God—by man accurst,
And that last act, though not thy worst,
The very Fiend's arch mock;
He in his fall preserved his pride,
And, if a mortal, had as proudly died!

There was a day—there was an hour,
While earth was Gaul's—Gaul thine—
When that immeasurable power
Unsated to resign
Had been an act of purer fame
Than gathers round Marengo's name,
And gilded thy decline,

Through the long twilight of all time,
Despite some passing clouds of crime.

But thou forsooth must be a king,
  And don the purple vest,
As if that foolish robe could wring
  Remembrance from thy breast.
Where is that faded garment? where
The gewgaws thou wert fond to wear,
  The star, the string, the crest?
Vain froward child of empire! say,
Are all thy playthings snatched away?

Where may the wearied eye repose
  When gazing on the Great;
Where neither guilty glory glows,
  Nor despicable state?
Yes—one—the first—the last—the best—
The Cincinnatus of the West,
  Whom envy dared not hate,
Bequeath'd the name of Washington,
To make man blush there was but one!

LORD BYRON.

FEBRUARY 23

(Samuel Pepys, born February 23, 1633)

THE DIARY OF SAMUEL PEPYS
THE RETURN OF CHARLES STEWART

MAY 23rd [1660]. The Doctor and I waked very merry. In the morning came infinity of people on board from the King to go along with him. My Lord, Mr. Crew, and others, go on shore to meet the King as he comes off from shore, where Sir R. Stayner bringing His Majesty into the boat, I hear that His Majesty did with a great deal of affection kiss my Lord upon his first meeting. The King, with the two Dukes and Queen of Bohemia, Princess Royal, and Prince of Orange, came on board, where I in their coming in kissed the King's, Queen's, and Princess's hands, having done the other before. Infinite shooting off of the guns, and that in a disorder on purpose, which was better than if it had been otherwise. All day nothing but Lords and persons of honour on board, that we were exceeding full. Dined in a great deal of state, the Royall company by themselves in the coach, which was a blessed sight to see. After dinner the King and Duke altered the name

of some of the ships viz. the Nazeby into Charles; the Richard, James; the Speaker, Mary; the Dunbar (which was not in company with us), the Henry; Winsly, Happy Return; Wakefield, Richmond; Lambert, the Henrietta; Cheriton, the Speedwell; Bradford, the Success. That done, the Queen, Princess Royal, and Prince of Orange, took leave of the King, and the Duke of York went on board the London, and the Duke of Gloucester, the Swiftsure. Which done, we weighed anchor, and with a fresh gale and most happy weather we set sail for England. All the afternoon the King walked here and there, up and down (quite contrary to what I thought him to have been), very active and stirring. Upon the quarter-deck he fell into discourse of his escape from Worcester, where it made me ready to weep to hear the stories that he told of his difficulties that he had passed through, as his travelling four days and three nights on foot, every step up to his knees in dirt, with nothing but a green coat and a pair of country breeches on, and a pair of country shoes that made him so sore all over his feet, that he could scarce stir. Yet he was forced to run away from a miller and other company, that took them for rogues. His sitting at table at one place, where the master of the house, that had not seen him in eight years, did know him, but kept it private; when at the same table there was one that had been of his own regiment at Worcester, could not know him, but made him drink the King's health, and said that

the King was at least four fingers higher than he. At another place he was by some servants of the house made to drink, that they might know him not to be a Roundhead, which they swore he was. In another place at his inn, the master of the house, as the King was standing with his hands upon the back of a chair by the fireside, kneeled down and kissed his hand, privately, saying, that he would not ask who he was, but bid God bless him whither he was going. Then the difficulty of getting a boat to get into France, where he was fain to plot with the master thereof to keep his design from the four men and a boy (which was all his ship's company), and so go to Fécamp in France. At Rouin he looked so poorly, that the people went into the rooms before he went away to see whether he had not stolen something or other. The King supped alone in the coach; after that I got a dish, and we four supped in my cabin, as at noon. So to my cabin again, where the company still was, and were talking more of the King's difficulties; as how he was fain to eat a piece of bread and cheese out of a poor boy's pocket; how, at a Catholique house he was fain to lie in the priest's hole a good while in the house for his privacy. Under sail all night, and most glorious weather.

24th. Up, and make myself as fine as I could, with the linning stockings on and wide canons that I bought the other day at Hague. Extraordinary press of noble company, and great mirth all the day. Walking upon the decks, where persons of

honour all the afternoon, among others, Thomas Killigrew (a merry droll, but a gentleman of great esteem with the King), who told us many merry stories. After this discourse I was called to write a pass for my Lord Mandeville to take up horses to London, which I wrote in the King's name, and carried it to him to sign, which was the first and only one that ever he signed in the ship Charles. To bed, coming in sight of land a little before night.

25th. By the morning we were come close to the land, and every body made ready to get on shore. The King and the two Dukes did eat their breakfast before they went, and there being set some ship's diet before them, only to show them the manner of the ship's diet, they eat of nothing else but pease and pork, and boiled beef. I spoke with the Duke of York about business, who called me Pepys by name, and upon my desire did promise me his future favour. Great expectation of the King's making some Knights, but there was none. About noon (though the brigantine that Beale made was there ready to carry him) yet he would go in my Lord's barge with the two Dukes. Our Captain steered, and my Lord went along bare with him. I went, and Mr. Mansell, and one of the King's footmen, with a dog that the King loved, (which [dirtied] the boat, which made us laugh, and methink that a King and all that belong to him are but just as others are), in a boat by ourselves, and so got on shore when the King did, who was received by General Monk with all

imaginable love and respect at his entrance upon the land of Dover. Infinite the crowd of people and the horsemen, citizens, and noblemen of all sorts. The Mayor of the town came and gave him his white staff, the badge of his place, which the King did give him again. The Mayor also presented him from the town a very rich Bible, which he took and said it was the thing that he loved above all things in the world. A canopy was provided for him to stand under, which he did, and talked awhile with General Monk and others, and so into a stately coach there set for him, and so away through the town towards Canterbury, without making any stay at Dover. The shouting and joy expressed by all is past imagination. My Lord returned late, and at his coming did give me order to cause the marke to be gilded, and a Crown and C. R. to be made at the head of the coach table, where the King to-day with his own hand did mark his height, which accordingly I caused the painter to do, and is now done as is to be seen.

26th. This night the Captain told me that my Lord had appointed me £30 out of the 1000 ducats which the King had given to the ship, at which my heart was very much joyed. To bed.

July 1st [1660]. This morning came home my fine Camlett cloak, with gold buttons, and a silk suit, which cost me much money, and I pray God to make me able to pay for it.

Nov. 22nd [1660]. Mr. Fox came in presently and did receive us with a great deal of respect; and then did take my wife and I to the Queen's presence-chamber, where he got my wife placed behind the Queen's chair, and I got into the crowd, and by and by the Queen and the two Princesses came to dinner. The Queen a very little plain old woman, and nothing more in her presence in any respect nor garb than any ordinary woman. The Princess of Orange I had often seen before. The Princess Henrietta is very pretty, but much below my expectation; and her dressing of herself with her hair frized short up to her ears, did make her seem so much the less to me. But my wife standing near her with two or three black patches on, and well dressed, did seem to me much handsomer than she.

Sept. 5th [1660]. In the evening my wife being a little impatient I went along with her to buy her a necklace of pearl, which will cost £4 10s., which I am willing to comply with her in for her encouragement, and because I have lately got money, having now above £200 in cash beforehand in the world. Home, and having in our way bought a rabbit and two little lobsters, my wife and I did sup late, and so to bed.

Sept. 25th. And afterwards I did send for a cup of tea (a China drink) of which I never had drank before, and went away.

Oct. 13th [1660]. To my Lord's in the morning, where I met with Captain Cuttance, but my Lord not being up I went out to Charing Cross, to see Major-general Harrison, hanged, drawn, and quartered; which was done there, he looking as cheerful as any man could do in that condition. He was presently cut down, and his head and heart shown to the people, at which there was great shouts of joy. It is said, that he said that he was sure to come shortly at the right hand of Christ to judge them that now had judged him; and that his wife do expect his coming again. Thus it was my chance to see the King beheaded at White Hall, and to see the first blood shed in revenge for the blood of the King at Charing Cross. From thence to my Lord's, and took Captain Cuttance and Mr. Sheply to the Sun Tavern, and did give them some oysters. After that I went by water home, where I was angry with my wife for her things lying about, and in my passion kicked the little fine basket which I bought her in Holland, and broke it, which troubled me after I had done it. Within all the afternoon setting up shelves in my study. At night to bed.

Feb. 14th (Valentine's day) [1661]. Up early and to Sir W. Batten's, but would not go in till I asked whether they that opened the door was a man or a woman, and Mingo, who was there, answered a woman, which, with his tone, made me laugh; so up I went and took Mrs. Martha for my Valentine (which I do only for complacency), and

Sir W. Batten he go in the same manner to my wife, and so we were very merry.

17th (Lord's day). A most tedious, unreasonable, and impertinent sermon, by an Irish Doctor. His text was "Scatter them, O Lord, that delight in war." Sir Wm. Batten and I very much angry with the parson.

18th. In the afternoon my wife and I and Mrs. Martha Batten, my Valentine, to the Exchange, and there upon a payre of embroydered and six payre of plain white gloves I laid out 40s. upon her. Then we went to a mercer's at the end of Lombard Street, and there she bought a suit of Lutestring for herself, and so home.

21st. To Westminster by coach with Sir W. Pen, and in our way saw the city begin to build scaffolds against the Coronacion.

22nd. Then my wife to Sir W. Batten's, and there sat awhile; he having yesterday sent my wife half-a-dozen pairs of gloves, and a pair of silk stockings and garters, for her Valentine's gift. Then home and to bed.

23rd. This my birthday, 28 years. By water to Whitefriars to the Play house, and there saw "The Changeling," the first time it hath been acted these twenty years, and it takes exceedingly. Besides, I see the gallants do begin to be tyred with the vanity and pride of the theatre actors who are indeed grown very proud and rich. Then by link home, and there to my book awhile and to bed. This is now 28 years that I am born. And blessed be God, in a state of full content, and

great hopes to be a happy man in all respects, both to myself and friends.

28th. After dinner we went to Captain Bodilaw's, and there made sale of many old stores by the candle, and a good sport it was to see how from a small matter bid at first they would come to double and treble the price of things.

Coronacon Day

April 23rd [1661]. About 4 I rose and got to the Abbey, where I followed Sir J. Denham, the Surveyor, with some company that he was leading in. And with much ado, by the favour of Mr. Cooper, his man, did get up into a great scaffold across the North end of the Abbey, where with a great deal of patience I sat from past 4 till 11 before the King came in. And a great pleasure it was to see the Abbey raised in the middle, all covered with red, and a throne (that is a chair) and footstool on the top of it; and all the officers of all kinds, so much as the very fidlers, in red vests. At last comes in the Dean and Prebends of Westminster, with the Bishops (many of them in cloth of gold copes), and after them the Nobility, all in their Parliament robes, which was a most magnificent sight. Then the Duke, and the King with a scepter (carried by my Lord Sandwich) and sword and mond before him, and the crown too. The King in his robes, bare-headed, which was very fine. And after all had placed themselves, there was a sermon and the service; and then in the Quire at the high

altar, the King passed through all the ceremonies of the Coronacon, which to my great grief I and most in the Abbey could not see. The crown being put upon his head, a great shout begun, and he came forth to the throne, and there passed more ceremonies: as taking the oath, and having things read to him by the Bishop; and his lords (who put on their caps as soon as the King put on his crown) and bishops come, and kneeled before him. And three times the King at Arms went to the three open places on the scaffold, and proclaimed, that if any one could show any reason why Charles Stewart should not be King of England, that now he should come and speak. And a Generall Pardon also was read by the Lord Chancellor, and meddalls flung up and down by my Lord Cornwallis, of silver, but I could not come by any. And the King came in with his crown on, and his sceptre in his hand, under a canopy borne up by six silver staves, carried by Barons of the Cinque Ports, and little bells at every end. After a long time, he got up to the farther end, and all set themselves down at their several tables; and that was also a brave sight: and the King's first course carried up by the Knights of the Bath. And many fine ceremonies there was of the Heralds leading up people before him, and bowing; and my Lord of Albemarle's going to the kitchen and eat a bit of the first dish that was to go to the King's table. But, above all, was these three Lords, Northumberland, and Suffold, and the Duke of Ormond, coming before the courses on horseback,

and staying so all dinner-time, and at last to bring up [Dymock] the King's Champion, all in armour on horseback, with his spear and targett carried before him. And a Herald proclaims "That if any dare deny Charles Stewart to be lawful King of England, here was a Champion that would fight with him"; and with these words, the Champion flings down his gauntlet, and all this he do three times in his going up towards the King's table. At last when he is come, the King drinks to him, and then sends him the cup which is of gold, and he drinks it off, and then rides back again with the cup in his hand. I went from table to table to see the Bishops and all others at their dinner, and was infinitely pleased with it. At Mr. Bowyer's; a great deal of company, some I knew, others I did not. Here we staid upon the leads and below till it was late, expecting to see the fire-works, but they were not performed to-night: only the City had a light like a glory round about it with bonfires. And after a little stay more I took my wife and Mrs. Frankleyn (who I proffered the civility of lying with my wife at Mrs. Hunt's to-night) to Axe-yard, in which at the further end there were three great bonfires, and a great many great gallants, men and women; and they laid hold of us, and would have us drink the King's health upon our knees, kneeling upon a faggot, which we all did, they drinking to us one after another. Which we thought a strange frolique; but these gallants continued thus a great while, and I wondered to see how the ladies did

tipple. Thus did the day end with joy everywhere. Now, after all this, I can say that, besides the pleasure of the sight of these glorious things, I may now shut my eyes against any other objects, nor for the future trouble myself to see things of state and show, as being sure never to see the like again in this world.

July 24th [1661]. To the Opera, and there saw "Hamlet, Prince of Denmark," done with scenes very well, but above all, Betterton did the prince's part beyond imagination.

Nov. 4th [1663]. By and by the dancing-master came, whom standing by, seeing him instructing my wife, when he had done with her, he would needs have me try the steps of a coranto, and what with his desire and my wife's importunity, I did begin, and then was obliged to give him entry-money 10s., and am become his scholler. The truth is, I think it a thing very useful for a gentleman, and sometimes I may have occasion of using it.

Dec. 21st [1663]. I to my Lord's, but he not being within, took coach, and, being directed by sight of bills upon the walls, I did go to Shoe Lane to see a cocke-fighting at a new pit there, a sport I was never at in my life; but, Lord! to see the strange variety of people, from Parliament-man (by name of Wildes, that was Deputy Governor of the Tower when Robinson was Lord Mayor) to the poorest 'prentices, bakers, brewers, butchers,

draymen, and what not; and all these fellows one with another in swearing, cursing, and betting. I soon had enough of it, and yet I would not but have seen it once, it being strange to observe the nature of these poor creatures, how they will fight till they drop down dead upon the table, and strike after they are ready to give up the ghost, not offering to run away when they are weary or wounded past doing further, whereas where a dunghill brood comes he will, after a sharp stroke that pricks him, run off the stage, and then they wring off his neck without more ado, whereas the other they preserve, though their eyes be both out, for breed only of a true cock of the game. Sometimes a cock that has had ten to one against him will by chance give an unlucky blow, will strike the other starke dead in a moment, that he never stirs more; but the common rule is, that though a cock neither runs nor dies, yet if any man will bet £10 to a crowne, and nobody take the bet, the game is given over, and not sooner. One thing more it is strange to see how people of this poor rank, that look as if they had not bread to put in their mouths, shall bet three or four pounds at one bet, and lose it, and yet bet as much the next battle (so they call every match of two cocks), so that one of them will lose £10 or £20 at a meeting. Thence, having enough of it, by coach to my Lord Sandwich's.

Dec. 31st [1664]. At the office all the morning, and after dinner there again, dispatched first my

letters, and then to my accounts, not of the month but of the whole year also, and was at it till past twelve at night, it being bitter cold; but yet I was well satisfied with my worke, and, above all, to find myself, by the great blessing of God, worth £1,349, by which, as I have spent very largely, so I have laid up above £500 this yeare above what I was worth this day twelvemonth. The Lord make me for ever thankful to his holy name for it! Thence home to eat a little and to bed. Soon as ever the clock struck one, I kissed my wife in the kitchen by the fireside, wishing her a merry new yeare, observing that I believe I was the first proper wisher of it this year, for I did it as soon as ever the clock struck one.

I bless God I never have been in so good plight as to my health. But I am at a great losse to know whether it be my hare's foote, or taking every morning of a pill of turpentine, or my having left off the wearing of a gowne. This Christmas I judged it fit to look over all my papers and books; and to tear all that I found either boyish or not to be worth keeping, or fit to be seen, if it should please God to take me away suddenly. Among others, I found these two or three notes, which I thought fit to keep—

CHARMES

1. FOR STENCHING OF BLOOD

Sanguis mane in te,
Sicut Christus fuit in se;

Sanguis mane in tuâ venâ
Sicut Christus in suâ pœnâ;
Sanguis mane fixus,
Sicut Christus quando fuit crucifixus.

2. A THORNE

Jesus, that was of a Virgin born,
Was pricked both with nail and thorn;
It neither wealed nor belled, rankled, nor boned;
In the name of Jesus no more shall this.

Or, thus:—

Christ was of a Virgin born,
And he was pricked with a thorn;
And it did neither bell, nor swell;
And I trust in Jesus this never will.

3. A CRAMP

Cramp be thou faintless,
As our Lady was sinless,
When she bare Jesus.

3. A BURNING

There came three Angells out of the East;
The one brought fire, the other brought frost—
Out fire; in frost.
In the name of the Father, and Son, and Holy Ghost.

AMEN.

. . . May 28th (Lord's day) [1665]. By water to the Duke of Albemarle, where I hear that Nixon is condemned to be shot to death for his cowardice,

by a Council of War. Thence to my Lady Sandwich's, where, to my shame, I had not been a great while before. Here, upon my telling her a story of my Lord Rochester's running away on Friday night last with Mrs. Mallett, the great beauty and fortune of the North, who had supped at White Hall with Mrs. Stewart, and was going home to her lodgings with her grandfather, my Lord Haly, by coach; and was at Charing Cross seized on by both horse and foot men, and forcibly taken from him, and put into a coach with six horses, and two women, provided to receive her, and carried away. Upon immediate pursuit, my Lord of Rochester (for whom the King had spoke to the lady often, but with no successe) was taken at Uxbridge; but the lady is not yet heard of, and the King mighty angry and the Lord sent to the Tower. Hereupon my Lady, did confess to me, as a great secret, her being concerned in this story.

March 19th [1666]. Sir J. Minnes come to us, and after dinner we walked to the King's playhouse, all in dirt, they being altering of the stage to make it wider. But God knows when they will begin to act again; but my business here was to see the inside of the stage and all the tiring-rooms and machines; and, indeed, it was a sight worthy seeing. But to see their clothes, and the various sorts, and what a mixture of things there was; here a wooden-leg, there a ruff, here a hobby-horse, there a crown, would make a man split himself to

see with laughing; and particularly Lacy's wardrobe, and Shotrell's. But then again, to think how fine they show on the stage by candlelight, and how poor things they are to look now too near hand is not pleasant at all. The machines are fine, and the paintings very pretty.

September 2nd (Lord's day) [1666]. Some of our mayds sitting up late last night to get things ready against our feast to-day, Jane called us up about three in the morning, to tell us of a great fire they saw in the City. So I rose and slipped on my night-gowne, and went to her window, and thought it to be on the back-side of Marke-lane at the farthest; but, being unused to such fires as followed, I thought it far enough off; and so went to bed again and to sleep. About seven rose again to dress myself, and there looked out at the window, and saw the fire not so much as it was and further off. By and by Jane comes and tells me that she hears that above 300 houses have been burned down to-night by the fire we saw, and that it is now burning down all Fish-street, by London Bridge. So I made myself ready presently, and walked to the Tower, and there got up upon one of the high places, Sir J. Robinson's little son going up with me; and there I did see the houses at that end of the bridge all on fire, and an infinite great fire on this and the other side the end of the bridge; which, among other people, did trouble me for poor little Michell and our Sarah on the bridge. So down, with my heart full of trouble, to

the Lieutenant of the Tower, who tells me that it begun this morning in the King's baker's house in Pudding-lane, and that it hath burned St. Magnus's Church and most part of Fish-street already. So I down to the water-side, and there got a boat and through bridge, and there saw a lamentable fire. Poor Michell's house, as far as the Old Swan, already burned that way, and the fire running further, that in a very little time it got as far as the Steele-yard, while I was there. Everybody endeavouring to remove their goods, and flinging into the river or bringing them into lighters that lay off; poor people staying in their houses as long as till the very fire touched them, and then running into boats, or clambering from one pair of stairs by the water-side to another. And among other things, the poor pigeons, I perceive, were loth to leave their houses, but hovered about the windows and balconys till they were, some of them burned, their wings, and fell down. Having staid, and in an hour's time seen the fire rage every way, and nobody, to my sight, endeavouring to quench it, but to remove their goods, and leave all to the fire, and having seen it get as far as the Steele-yard, and the wind mighty high and driving it into the City; and every thing, after so long a drought, proving combustible, even the very stones of churches, and among other things the poor steeple by which pretty Mrs.——— lives, and whereof my old schoolfellow Elborough is parson, taken fire in the very top, and there burned till it fell down: I to White Hall (with a

gentleman with me who desired to go off from the Tower, to see the fire, in my boat); to White Hall, and there up to the King's closett in the Chappell, where people come about me, and I did give them an account dismayed them all, and word was carried in to the King. So I was called for, and did tell the King and Duke of Yorke what I saw, and that unless his Majesty did command houses to be pulled down nothing could stop the fire. They seemed much troubled, and the King commanded me to go to my Lord Mayor from him, and commanded him to spare no houses, but to pull down before the fire every way. At last met my Lord Mayor in Canning-street, like a man spent, with a handkercher about his neck. To the King's message he cried, like a fainting woman, "Lord, what can I do? I am spent: people will not obey me. I have been pulling down houses; but the fire overtakes us faster than we can do it." People all almost distracted, and no manner of means used to quench the fire. The houses, too, so very thick thereabouts, and full of matter of burning, as pitch and tarr, in Thames-street; and warehouses of oyle, and wines, and brandy, and other things. And to see the churches all filling with goods by people who themselves should have been quietly there at this time. Met with the King and Duke of York in their barge, and with them to Queenhithe, and there called Sir Richard Browne to them. Their order was only to pull down houses apace, and so below bridge at the water-side; but little was or

could be done, the fire coming upon them so fast. River full of lighters and boats taking in goods, and good goods swimming in the water, and only I observed that hardly one lighter or boat in three that had the goods of a house in, but there was a pair of Virginalls in it. So near the fire as we could for smoke; and all over the Thames, with one's face in the wind, you were almost burned with a shower of fire-drops. This is very true; so as houses were burned by these drops and flakes of fire, three or four, nay, five or six houses, one from another. When we could endure no more upon the water, we to a little ale-house on the Bankside, over against the Three Cranes, and there staid till it was dark almost, and saw the fire grow; and, as it grew darker, appeared more and more, and in corners and upon steeples, and between churches and houses, as far as we could see up the hill of the City, in a most horrid malicious bloody flame, not like the fine flame of an ordinary fire. Barbary and her husband away before us. We staid till, it being darkish, we saw the fire as only one entire arch of fire from this to the other side the bridge, and in a bow up the hill for an arch of above a mile long: it made me weep to see it. The churches, houses, and all on fire and flaming at once; and a horrid noise the flames made, and the cracking of houses at their ruine. So home with a sad heart, and there find every body discoursing and lamenting the fire; and poor Tom Hater come with some few of his goods saved out of his house, which is burned upon Fish-street

Hill. I invited him to lie at my house, and did receive his goods, but was deceived in his lying there, the newes coming every moment of the growth of the fire; so as we were forced to begin to pack up our owne goods, and prepare for their removal; and did by moonshine (it being brave, dry, and moonshine, and warm weather) carry much of my goods into the garden, and Mr. Hater and I did remove my money and iron chests into my cellar, as thinking that the safest place. And got my bags of gold into my office, ready to carry away, and my chief papers of accounts also there, and my tallys into a box by themselves.

3rd. About four o'clock in the morning, my Lady Batten sent me a cart to carry away all my money, and plate, and best things, to Sir W. Rider's at Bednall-greene. Which I did, riding myself in my night-gowne in the cart; and, Lord! to see how the streets and the highways are crowded with people running and riding, and getting of carts at any rate to fetch away things. The Duke of Yorke come this day by the office, and spoke to us, and did ride with his guard up and down the City to keep all quiet (he being now Generall, and having the care of all). At night lay down a little upon a quilt of W. Hewer's in the office, all my owne things being packed up or gone; and after me my poor wife did the like, we having fed upon the remains of yesterday's dinner, having no fire nor dishes, nor any opportunity of dressing any thing.

4th. Up by break of day to get away the re-

mainder of my things. Sir W. Batten not knowing how to remove his wine, did dig a pit in the garden, and laid it in there; and I took the opportunity of laying all the papers of my office that I could not otherwise dispose of. And in the evening Sir W. Pen and I did dig another, and put our wine in it; and I my Parmazan cheese, as well as my wine and some other things. Only now and then walking into the garden, and saw how horridly the sky looks, all on a fire in the night, was enough to put us out of our wits; and, indeed, it was extremely dreadful, for it looks just as if it was at us, and the whole heaven on fire. I after supper walked in the darke down to Tower-streete, and there saw it all on fire, at the Trinity House on that side, and the Dolphin Taverne on this side, which was very near us; and the fire with extraordinary vehemence. Now begins the practice of blowing up of houses in Tower-streete, those next the Tower, which at first did frighten people more than any thing; but it stopped the fire where it was done, it bringing down the houses to the ground in the same place they stood, and then it was easy to quench what little fire was in it, though it kindled nothing almost. Paul's is burned, and all Cheapside. I wrote to my father this night, but the post-house being burned, the letter could not go.

5th. About two in the morning my wife calls me up and tells me of new cryes of fire, it being come to Barkeing Church, which is the bottom of our lane. I up, and finding it so, resolved pres-

ently to take her away, and did, and took my gold, which was about £2,350, W. Hewer, and Jane, down by Proundy's boat to Woolwich; but, Lord! what a sad sight it was by moone-light to see the whole City almost on fire, that you might see it plain at Woolwich, as if you were by it. There, when I come, I find the gates shut, but no guard kept at all, which troubled me, because of discourse now begun, that there is plot in it, and that the French had done it. I got the gates open, and to Mr. Shelden's, where I locked up my gold, and charged my wife and W. Hewer never to leave the room without one of them in it, night or day. So back again, by the way seeing my goods well in the lighters at Deptford, and watched well by people. Home, and whereas I expected to have seen our house on fire, it being now about seven o'clock, it was not. I up to the top of Barking steeple, and there saw the saddest sight of desolation that I ever saw; every where great fires, oyle-cellars, and brimstone, and other things burning. I became afeard to stay there long, and therefore down again as fast as I could, the fire being spread as far as I could see it; and to Sir W. Pen's, and there eat a piece of cold meat, having eaten nothing since Sunday, but the remains of Sunday's dinner.

6th. It was pretty to see how hard the women did work in the cannells, sweeping of water; but then they would scold for drink, and be as drunk as devils. I saw good butts of sugar broke open in the street, and people go and take handsfull out,

and put into beer, and drink it. And now all being pretty well, I took boat, and over to Southwarke, and took boat on the other side the bridge, and so to Westminster, thinking to shift myself, being all in dirt from top to bottom; but could not there find any place to buy a shirt or pair of gloves. A sad sight to see how the River looks; no houses nor church near it, to the Temple, where it stopped.

Feb. 25th, 1667. Lay long in bed, talking with pleasure with my poor wife, how she used to make coal fires, and wash my foul clothes with her own hand for me, poor wretch! in our little room at my Lord Sandwich's; for which I ought for ever to love and admire her, and do; and persuade myself she would do the same thing again, if God should reduce us to it. At my goldsmith's did observe the King's new medall, where, in little, there is Mrs. Steward's face as well done as ever I saw anything in my whole life, I think: and a pretty thing it is, that he should choose her face to represent Britannia by.

March 2nd. After dinner, with my wife, to the King's house to see "The Mayden Queene," a new play of Dryden's, mightily commended for the regularity of it, and the strain and wit; and, the truth is, there is a comical part done by Nell, which is Florimell, that I never can hope ever to see the like done again, by man or woman. The King and Duke of York were at the play. But so great performance of a comical part was never, I believe, in the world before as Nell do this, both

as a mad girle, then most and best of all when she comes in like a young gallant; and hath the motions and carriage of a spark the most that ever I saw any man have. It makes me, I confess, admire her.

And thus ends all that I doubt I shall ever be able to do with my own eyes in the keeping of my Journal, I being not able to do it any longer, having done now so long as to undo my eyes almost every time that I take a pen in my hand; and, therefore, whatever comes of it, I must forbear: and, therefore, resolve, from this time forward, to have it kept by my people in long-hand, and must therefore be contented to set down no more than is fit for them and all the world to know; or, if there be anything, which cannot be much, now my *amours* to Deb. are past, and my eyes hindering me in almost all other pleasures, I must endeavour to keep a margin in my book open, to add, here and there, a note in short-hand with my own hand.

And so I betake myself to that course, which is almost as much as to see myself go into my grave: for which, and all the discomforts that will accompany my being blind, the good God prepare me!

S. P.

May 31, 1669.

FEBRUARY 24

(W. Clark Russell, born February 24, 1844)

A NIGHTMARE OF THE DOLDRUMS

THE *Justitia* was a smart little barque of 395 tons. I had viewed her with something of admiration as she lay in mid-stream in the Hooghly—somewhere off the Coolie Bazaar, I think it was. There was steam then coming to Calcutta, though not as steam now is; very little of it was in any sense palatial, and some of the very best of it was to be as promptly distanced under given conditions of weather by certain of the clippers, clouded with studding sails and flying-kites to the starry buttons of their skysail mastheads, as the six-knot ocean tramp of to-day is to be outrun by the four-masted leviathan thrashing through it to windward with her yards fore and aft.

I—representing in those days a large Birmingham firm of dealers in the fal-lal industries—had wished to make my way from Calcutta to Capetown. I saw the *Justitia* and took a fancy to her; I admired the long, low, piratic run of her hull as she lay with straining hawsepipes on the rushing stream of the Hooghly; upon which, as you watched, there might go by in the space of an hour

some half-score at least of dead natives made ghastly canoes of by huge birds, erect upon the corpses, burying their beaks as they sailed along.

I found out that the *Justitia* was one of the smartest of the Thames and East India traders of that time, memorable on one occasion for having reeled off a clean seventeen knots by the log under a main topgallant-sail, set over a single-reefed topsail. It was murmured, indeed, that the mate who hove that log was drunk when he counted the knots; yet the dead reckoning tallied with the next day's observations. I called upon the agents, was told that the *Justitia* was not a passenger ship, but that I could hire a cabin for the run to Capetown if I chose; a sum of rupees, trifling compared with the cost of transit by steam, was named. I went on board, found the captain walking up and down under the awning, and agreeably killed an hour in a chat with as amiable a seaman as ever it was my good fortune to meet.

We sailed in the middle of July. Nothing worth talking about happened during our run down the Bay of Bengal. The crew aforemast were all of them Englishmen; there were twelve, counting cook and steward. The captain was a man named Cayzer; the only mate of the vessel was one William Perkins. The boatswain, a rough, short, hairy, immensely strong man, acted as second mate and kept a lookout when Perkins was below. But he was entirely ignorant of navigation, and owned to me that he read with difficulty words of one syllable, and could not write.

I was the only passenger. My name, I may as well say here, is Thomas Barron. Our run to the south Ceylon parallels was slow and disappointing. The monsoon was light and treacherous, sometimes dying out in a sort of laughing, mocking gust till the whole ocean was a sheet-calm surface, as though the dependable trade wind was never again to blow.

"Oh, yes," said Captain Cayzer to me, "we're used to the unexpected hereabouts. Monsoon or no monsoon, I'll tell you what: you're always safe in standing by for an Irishman's hurricane down here."

"And what sort of a breeze is that?" I asked.

"An up-and-down calm," said he, "as hard to know where it begins as to guess where it'll end."

However, thanks to the frequent trade puffs and other winds, which tasted not like the monsoon, we crawled through those latitudes which Ceylon spans, and fetched within a few degrees of the equator. In this part of the waters we were to be thankful for even the most trifling donation of a catspaw, or for the equally small and short-lived mercy of the gust of the electric cloud. I forget how many days we were out from Calcutta: the matter is of no moment. I left my cabin one morning some hour after the sun had risen, by which time the decks had been washed down, and were already dry, with a salt sparkle as of bright white sand on the face of the planks, so roasting was it. I went into the head to get a bath under the pump there. I feel in memory, as I write, the

exquisite sensation of that luxury of brilliant brine, cold as snow, melting through me from head to foot to the nimble plying of the pump-brake by a seaman.

It was a true tropic morning. The sea, of a pale lilac, flowed in a long-drawn, gentle heave of swell into the southwest; the glare of the early morning brooded in a sort of steamy whiteness in the atmosphere; the sea went working to its distant reaches, and floated into a dim blending of liquid air and water, so that you couldn't tell where the sky ended; a weak, hot wind blew over the taffrail, but it was without weight. The courses swung to the swell without response to the breathings of the air; and on high the light cotton-white royals were scarcely curved by the delicate passage of the draught.

Yet the barque had steerage way. When I looked through the grating at her metalled forefoot I saw the ripples plentiful as harp strings threading aft, and whilst I dried myself I watched the slow approach of a piece of timber hoary with barnacles, and venerable with long hairs of seaweed, amid and around which a thousand little fish were sporting, many-colored as though a rainbow had been shivered.

I returned to my cabin, dressed, and stepped on the quarter-deck, where I found some men spreading the awning, and the captain in a white straw hat viewing an object out upon the water through a telescope, and talking to the boatswain, who stood alongside.

"What do you see?" I asked.

"Something that resembles a raft," answered the captain.

The thing he looked at was about a mile distant, some three points on the starboard bow. On pointing the telescope, I distinctly made out the fabric of a raft, fitted with a short mast, to which midway a bundle—it resembled a parcel—was attached. A portion of the raft was covered by a white sheet or cloth, whence dangled a short length of something chocolate-colored, indistinguishable even with the glass, lifting and sinking as the raft rose and fell upon the flowing heave of the sea.

"This ocean," said the captain, taking the glass from me, "is a big volume of tragic stories, and the artist who illustrates the book does it in that fashion," and he nodded in the direction of the raft.

"What do you make of it, boatswain?" I asked.

"It looks to me," he answered in his strong, harsh, deep voice, "like a religious job—one of them rafts the Burmuh covies float away their dead on. I never seen one afore, sir, but I've heard tell of such things."

We sneaked stealthily toward the raft. It was seven bells—half-past seven—and the sailors ate their breakfast on the forecastle, that they might view the strange contrivance. The mate, Mr Perkins, came on deck to relieve the boatswain, and, after inspecting the raft through the telescope, gave it as his opinion that it was a Malay floating bier—"a Mussulman trick of ocean burial,

anyhow," said he. "There should be a jar of water aboard the raft, and cakes and fruit for the corpse to regale on, if he ha'n't been dead long."

The steward announced breakfast; the captain told him to hold it back awhile. He was as curious as I to get a close view of the queer object with its white cloth and mast and parcel half out like a barge's leeboard, and he bade the man at the helm put the wheel over by a spoke or two; but the wind was nearly gone, the barque scarcely responded to the motion of her rudder, the thread-like lines at the cutwater had faded, and a roasting, oppressive calm was upon the water, whitening it out into a tingling sheen of quicksilver with a fiery shaft of blinding dazzle, solitary and splendid, working with the swell like some monstrous serpent of light right under the sun.

The raft was about six cables' lengths off us when the barque came to a dead stand, with a soft, universal hollowing in of her canvas from royal to course, as though, like something sentient, she delivered one final sigh before the swoon of the calm seized her. But now we were near enough to resolve the floating thing with the naked eye into details. It was a raft formed of bamboo canes. A mast about six feet tall was erected upon it; the dark thing over the edge proved a human leg, and, when the fabric lifted with the swell and raised the leg clear, we saw the foot had been eaten away by fish, a number of which were swimming about the raft, sending little flashes of foam over the pale surface as they darted along

with their back or dorsal fins exposed. They were all little fish; I saw no sharks. The body to which the leg belonged was covered by a white cloth. The captain called my attention to the parcel attached to the mast, and said that it possibly contained the food which the Malays leave beside their dead after burial.

"But let's go to breakfast now, Mr. Barron," said he, with a slow, reproachful, impatient look round the breathless scene of ocean. "If there's any amusement to be got out of that thing yonder there's a precious long, quiet day before us, I fear, for the entertainment."

We breakfasted, and in due course returned on deck. The slewing of the barque had caused the raft to shift its bearings, otherwise its distance remained as it was when we went below.

"Mr. Perkins," said the captain, "lower a boat and bring aboard that parcel from the raft's jury-mast, and likewise take a peep at the figure under the cloth, and report its sex and what it looks like."

I asked leave to go in the boat, and when she was lowered, with three men in her, I followed Mr. Perkins, and we rowed over to the raft. All about the frail contrivance the water was beautiful with the colors and movements of innumerable fish. As we approached we were greeted by an evil smell. The raft seemed to have been afloat for a considerable period; its submerged portion was green with marine adhesions or growths. The fellow in the bows of the boat, manœuvring with the boat hook, cleverly snicked the parcel from the jury-

mast and put it beside him without opening it, for that was to be the captain's privilege.

"Off with that cloth," said Mr. Perkins, "and then backwater a bit out of this atmosphere."

The bowman jerked the cloth clear of the raft with his boathook; the white sheet floated like a snowflake upon the water for a few breaths, then slowly sank. The body exposed was stark naked and tawny. It was a male. I saw nothing revolting in the thing: it would have been otherwise perhaps had it been white. The hair was long and black, the nose aquiline, the mouth puckered into the aspect of a harelip; the gleam of a few white teeth painted a ghastly contemptuous grin upon the dead face. The only shocking part was the footless leg.

"Shall I hook him overboard, sir?" said the bowman.

"No, let him take his ease as he lies," answered the mate, and with that we returned to the barque.

We climbed over the side, the boat was hoisted to the davits, and Mr. Perkins took the parcel out of the stern-sheets and handed it to the captain. The cover was a kind of fine canvas, very neatly stitched with white thread. Captain Cayzer ripped through the stitching with his knife, and exposed a couple of books bound in some kind of skin or parchment. They were probably the Koran, but the characters none of us knew. The captain turned them about for a bit, and I stood by looking at them; he then replaced them in their canvas cover and put them down upon the sky-

light, and by-and-by, on his leaving the deck, he took them below to his cabin.

The moon rose about ten that night. She came up hot, distorted, with a sullen face belted with vapor, but was soon clear of the dewy thickness over the horizon and showering a pure greenish silver upon the sea. She made the night lovely and cool; her reflection sparkled in the dew along the rails, and her beam whitened out the canvas into the tender softness of wreaths of cloud motionless upon the summit of some dark heap of mountain. I looked for the raft and saw it plainly, and it is not in language to express how the sight of that frail cradle of death deepened the universal silence and expanded the prodigious distances defined by the stars, and accentuated the tremendous spirit of loneliness that slept like a presence in that wide region of sea and air.

There had not been a stir of wind all day: not the faintest breathing of breeze had tarnished the sea down to the hour of midnight when, feeling weary, I withdrew to my cabin. I slept well, in spite of the heat and the cockroaches, and rose at seven. I found the steward in the cabin. His face wore a look of concern, and on seeing me he instantly exclaimed—

"The captain seems very ill, sir. Might you know anything of physic? Neither Mr. Perkins nor me can make out what's the matter."

"I know nothing of physic," I answered, "but I'll look in on him."

I stepped to his door, knocked, and entered.

Captain Cayzer lay in a bunk under a middling-sized porthole; the cabin was full of morning light. I started and stood at gaze, scarce crediting my sight, so shocked and astounded was I by the dreadful change which had happened in the night in the poor man's appearance. His face was blue, and I remarked a cadaverous sinking of the eyeballs; the lips were livid, the hands likewise blue, but strangely wrinkled like a washer-woman's. On seeing me he asked in a husky whispering voice for a drink of water. I handed him a full panikin, which he drained feverishly, and then began to moan and cry out, making some weak miserable efforts to rub first one arm, then the other, then his legs.

The steward stood in the doorway. I turned to him, sensible that my face was ashen and asked some question. I then said, "Where is Mr. Perkins?" He was on deck. I bade the steward attend to the captain, and passed through the hatch to the quarter-deck, where I found the mate.

"Do you know that the captain is very ill?" said I.

"Do I know it, sir? Why, yes. I've been sitting by him chafing his limbs and giving him water to drink, and attending to him in other ways. What is it, d'ye know, sir?"

"*Cholera!*" said I.

"Oh, my God, I hope not!" he exclaimed. "How could it be cholera? How could cholera come aboard?"

"A friend of mine died of cholera at Rangoon

when I was there," said I. "I recognize the looks, and will swear to the symptoms."

"But how could it have come aboard?" he exclaimed, in a voice low but agitated.

My eyes as he asked the question were upon the raft. I started and cried, "Is that thing still there?"

"Aye," said the mate, "we haven't budged a foot all night."

The suspicion rushed upon me whilst I looked at the raft, and ran my eyes over the bright hot morning sky and the burnished surface of sea, sheeting into dimness in the misty junction of heaven and water.

"I shouldn't be surprised," said I, "to discover that we brought the cholera aboard with us yesterday from that dead man's raft yonder."

"How is cholera to be caught in that fashion?" exclaimed Mr. Perkins, pale and a bit wild in his way of staring at me.

"We may have brought the poison aboard in the parcel of books."

"Is cholera to be caught so?"

"Undoubtedly. The disease may be propagated by human intercourse. Why not then by books which have been handled by cholera-poisoned people, or by the atmosphere of a body dead of the plague?" I added, pointing at the raft.

"No man amongst us is safe, then, now?" cried the mate.

"I'm no doctor," said I, "but I know this, that contagious poisons such as scarlet fever and glan-

ders, may retain their properties in a dormant state for years. I've heard tell of scores of instances of cholera being propagated through articles of dress. Depend upon it," said I, "that we brought the poison aboard with us yesterday from that accursed death-raft yonder."

"Aren't the books in the captain's cabin?" said the mate.

"Are they?"

"He took them below yesterday, sir."

"The sooner they're overboard the better," I exclaimed, and returned to the cabin.

I went to the captain, and found the steward rubbing him. The disease appeared to be doing its work with horrible rapidity; the eyes were deeply sunk and red; ever feature had grown sharp and pinched as after a long wasting disease; the complexion was thick and muddy. Those who have watched beside cholera know that terrific changes may take place in a few minutes. I cast my eyes about for the parcel of books, and, spying it, took a stick from a corner of the berth, hooked up the parcel, and, passing it through the open porthole, shook it overboard.

The captain followed my movements with a languid rolling of his eyes but spoke not, though he groaned often, and frequently cried out. I could not in the least imagine what was proper to be done. His was the most important life on board the ship, and yet I could only look on and helplessly watch him expire.

He lived till the evening, and seldom spoke save

to call upon God to release him. I had found an opportunity to tell him that he was ill of the cholera, and explained how it happened that the horrible distemper was on board, for I was absolutely sure we had brought it with us in that parcel of books; but his anguish was so keen, his death so close then, that I cannot be sure he understood me. He died shortly after seven o'clock, and I have since learned that that time is one of the critical hours in cholera.

When the captain was dead I went to the mate, and advised him to cast the body overboard at once. He called to some of the hands. They brought the body out just as the poor fellow had died, and, securing a weight to the feet, they lifted the corpse over the rail, and dropped it. No burial was read. We were all too panic-stricken for reverence. We got rid of the body quickly, the men handling the thing as though they felt the death in it stealing into them through their fingers—hoping and praying that with it the cholera would go. It was almost dark when this hurried funeral was ended. I stood beside the mate, looking around the sea for a shadow of wind in any quarter. The boatswain, who had been one of the men that handled the body, came up to us.

"Ain't there nothing to be done with that corpus out there?" he exclaimed, pointing with a square hand to the raft. "The men are agreed that there'll come no wind whilst that there dead blackie keeps afloat. And ain't he enough

to make a disease of the hatmosphere itself, from horizon to horizon?"

I waited for the mate to answer. He said gloomily, "I'm of the poor captain's mind. You'll need to make something fast to the body to sink it. Who's to handle it? I'll ask no man to do what I wouldn't do myself, and rat me if I'd do *that!*"

"We brought the poison aboard by visiting the raft, bo'sw'n," said I. "Best leave the thing alone. The corpse is too far off to corrupt the air, as you suppose; though the imagination's nigh as bad as the reality," said I, spitting.

"If there's any of them game to sink the thing, may they do it?" said the boatswain. "For if ther's ne'er a breeze of wind to come while it's there——"

"Chaw!" said the mate. "But try 'em, if you will. They may take the boat when the moon's up, should there come no wind first."

An hour later the steward told me that two of the sailors were seized with cramps and convulsions. After this no more was said about taking the boat and sinking the body. The mate went into the forecastle. On his return, he begged me to go and look at the men.

"Better make sure that it's cholera with them too, sir," said he. "You know the signs"; and, folding his arms, he leaned against the bulwarks in a posture of profound dejection.

I went forward and descended the forescuttle, and found myself in a small cave. The heat was

overpowering; there was no air to pass through the little hatch; the place was dimly lighted by an evil-smelling lamp hanging under a beam but, poor as the illumination was, I could see by it, and when I looked at the men and spoke to them, I saw how it was, and came away sick at heart, and half dead with the hot foul air of the forecastle, and in deepest distress of mind, moreover, through perceiving that the two men had formed a part of the crew of the boat when we visited the raft.

One died at six o'clock next morning, and the other at noon; but before this second man was dead three others had been attacked, and one of them was the mate. And still never a breath of air stirred the silver surface of the sea.

The mate was a strong man, and his fear of death made the conflict dreadful to behold. I was paralyzed at first by the suddenness of the thing and the tremendous character of our calamity, and, never doubting that I must speedily prove a victim as being one who had gone in the boat, I cast myself down upon a sofa in the cabin and there sat, waiting for the first signal of pain, sometimes praying, or striving to pray, and seeking hard to accustom my mind to the fate I regarded as inevitable. But a keen and biting sense of my cowardice came to my rescue. I sprang to my feet and went to the mate's berth, and nursed him till he died, which was shortly before midnight of the day of his seizure—so swift and sure was the poison we had brought from the raft. He was dropped over the side, and a few hours later he

was followed by three others. I cannot be sure of my figures: it was a time of delirium, and I recall some details of it with difficulty, but I am pretty sure that by the morning of the fourth day of our falling in with the accursed raft the ship's company had been reduced to the boatswain and five men, making, with myself, seven survivors of fifteen souls who had sailed from Calcutta.

It was some time about the middle of the fifth day—two men were lying stricken in the forecastle—the boatswain and a couple of seamen came aft to the quarter-deck where I was standing. The wheel was deserted: no man had grasped it since the captain's death; indeed, there was nothing to be done at the helm. The ocean floated in liquid glass; the smell of frying paint, bubbled into cinders by the roasting rays, rose like the stench of a second plague to the nostrils. The boatswain and his companions had been drinking; no doubt they had broached the rum casks below. They had never entered the cabin to my knowledge nor do I believe they got their liquor from there. The boatswain carried a heavy weight of some sort, bound in canvas, with a long lanyard attached to it. He flung the parcel into the quarter-boat, and roared out—

"If that don't drag the blistered cuss out of sight I'll show the fired carcass the road myself. Cholera or no cholera, here goes!"

"What are you going to do?" said I.

"Do?" he cried; "why, sink that there plague out of it, so as to give us a chance of a breeze.

Ain't this hell's delight? What's a-going to blow us clear whilst *he* keeps watch?" And he nodded with a fierce drunken gesture toward the raft.

"You'll have to handle the body to sink it," said I. "You're well men, now; keep well, won't you? The two who are going may be next taken."

The three of them roared out drunkenly together, so muddling their speech with oaths that I did not understand them. I walked aft, not liking their savage looks. Shouting and cursing plentifully, they lowered the boat, got into her by descending the falls, and shoved off for the raft. They drew alongside the bamboo contrivance, and I looked to see the boat capsize, so wildly did they sway her in their wrath and drink as they fastened the weight to the foot of the body. They then sank the corpse and with the loom of their oars, hammered at the raft till the bamboos were scattered like a sheaf of walking-sticks cut adrift. They now returned to the barque, clambered aboard, and hoisted the boat.

The two sick men in the forecastle were at this time looked after by a seaman named Archer. I have said it was the fifth day of the calm; of the ship's company the boatswain and five men were living, but two were dying and that, not counting me, left three as yet well and able to get about.

This man Archer, when the boatswain and his companions went forward, came out of the forecastle, and drank at the scuttle-butt in the waist. He walked unsteadily, with that effort after stateli-

ness which is peculiar to tipsy sailors; his eyes wandered, and he found some difficulty in hitting the bunghole with the dipper. Yet he was a civil sort of man when sober; I had occasionally chatted with him during his tricks at the wheel; and, feeling the need of someone to talk to about our frightful situation, I walked up to him, and asked him how the sick men did.

"Dying fast," he answered, steadying himself by leaning against the scuttle-butt, "and a-ravin' like screech owls."

"What's to be done, Archer?"

"Oh, God alone He knows!" answered the man, and here he put his knuckles into his eyes, and began to cry and sob.

"Is it possible that this calm can last much longer?"

"It may last six weeks," he answered, whimpering. "Down here, when the wind's drawed away by the sun, it may take six weeks afore it comes on to a blow. Six weeks of calm down here ain't thought nothin' of," and here he burst out blubbering again.

"Where do you get your liquor from?" said I.

"Oh, don't talk of it!" he replied, with a maudlin shake of the head.

"Drinking'll not help you," said I; "you'll be all the likelier to catch the malady for drinking. This is a sort of time, I should think, when a man most wants his senses. A breeze may come, and we ought to decide where to steer the barque to. The vessel's under all plain sail, too, and here

we are, four men and a useless passenger, should it come on to blow suddenly——"

"We didn't sign on under you," he interrupted, with a tipsy scowl, "and as ye ain't no good either as a sailor or doctor, you can keep your blooming sarmons to yourself till they're asked for."

I had now not only to fear the cholera but to dread the men. My mental distress was beyond all power of words to convey: I wonder it did not quickly drive me crazy and hurry me overboard. I lurked in the cabin to be out of sight of the fellows, and all the while my imagination was tormenting me with first pangs of the cholera, and every minute I was believing I had the mortal malady. Sometimes I would creep up the companion steps and cautiously peer around, and always I beheld the same dead, faint blue surface of the sea stretching like an ocean in a dream into the faint indefinable distance. But shocking as that calm was to me, I very well knew there was nothing wonderful or preternatural in it. Our forefoot five days before had struck the equatorial zone called the Doldrums, and at a period of the year when a fortnight or even a month of atmospheric lifelessness might be as confidently looked for as the rising and setting of the sun.

At nine o'clock that night I was sitting at the cabin table with biscuit and a little weak brandy and water before me, when I was hailed by someone at the open skylight above. It was black night, though the sky was glorious with stars:

the moon did not rise till after eleven. I had lighted the cabin lamp, and the sheen of it was upon the face of Archer.

"The two men are dead and gone," said he, "and now the bo'sun and Bill are down. There's Jim dead drunk in his hammock. I can't stand the cries of sick men. What with liquor and pain, the air below suffocates me. Let me come aft, sir, and keep along with you. I'm sober now. Oh, Christ, have mercy upon me! It's my turn next, ain't it?"

I passed a glass of brandy to him through the skylight, then joined him on deck, and told him that the two dead bodies must be thrown overboard, and the sick men looked to. For some time he refused to go forward with me, saying that he was already poisoned and deadly sick, and a dying man, and that I had no right to expect that one dying man should wait upon another. However, I was determined to turn the dead out of the ship in any case, for in freeing the vessel of the remains of the victims might lie my salvation. He consented to help me at last, and we went into the forecastle and between us got the bodies out of their bunks, and dropped them, weighted, over the rail. The boatswain and the other men lay groaning and writhing and crying for water; cursing at intervals. A coil of black smoke went up from the lamp flame to the blackened beam under which the light was burning.

The atmosphere was horrible. I bade Archer help me to carry a couple of mattresses on to the

forecastle, and we got the sick men through the hatch, and they lay there in the coolness with plenty of cold water beside them and a heaven of stars above, instead of a low-pitched ceiling of grimy beam and plank dark with processions of cockroaches, and dim with the smoke of the stinking slush lamp.

All this occupied us till about half-past ten. When I went aft I was seized with nausea, and, sinking upon the skylight, dabbled my brow in the dew betwixt the lifted lids for the refreshment of the moisture. I believed that my time had come, and that this sickness was the cholera. Archer followed me, and seeing me in a posture of torment, as he supposed, concluded that I was a dead man. He flung himself upon the deck with a groan, and lay motionless, crying out at intervals, "God, have mercy! God, have mercy!" and that was all.

In about half an hour's time the sensation of sickness passed. I went below for some brandy, swallowed half a glass, and returned with a dram for Archer, but the man had either swooned or fallen asleep, and I let him lie. I had my senses perfectly, but felt shockingly weak in body, and I could think of nothing consolatory to diminish my exquisite distress of mind. Indeed, the capacity of realization grew unendurably poignant. I imagined too well, I figured too clearly. I pictured myself as lying dead upon the deck of the barque, found a corpse by some passing vessel after many days; and so I dreamt,

often breaking away from my horrible imaginations with moans and starts, then pacing the deck to rid me of the nightmare hag of thought till I was in a fever, then cooling my head by laying my cheek upon the dew-covered skylight.

By-and-by the moon rose, and I sat watching it. In half an hour she was a bright light in the east, and the shaft of silver that slept under her stretched to the barque's side. It was just then that one of the two sick men on the forecastle sent up a yell. The dreadful note rang through the vessel, and dropped back to the deck in an echo from the canvas. A moment after I saw a figure get on to the forecastle-rail and spring overboard. I heard the splash of his body, and, bounding over to Archer, who lay on the deck, I pulled and hauled at him, roaring out that one of the sick men had jumped overboard, and then rushed forward and looked over into the water in the place where the man had leapt, but saw nothing, not even a ripple.

I turned and peered close at the man who lay on the forecastle, and discovered that the fellow who had jumped was the boatswain. I went again to the rail to look, and lifted a coil of rope from a pin, ready to fling the fakes to the man, should he rise. The moonlight was streaming along the ocean on this side of the ship, and now, when I leaned over the rail for the second time, I saw a figure close under the bows. I stared a minute or two, the color of the body blended with the gloom, yet the moonlight was upon him, too, and then

it was that after looking awhile, and observing the thing to lie motionless, I perceived that it was the body that had been upon the raft! No doubt the extreme horror raised in me by the sight of the poisonous thing beheld in that light and under such conditions crazed me. I have recollection of laughing wildly, and defying the dark floating shape in insane language. I remember that I shook my fist and spat at it, and that I turned to seek for something to hurl at the body, and it may have been that in the instant of turning, my senses left me, for after this I can recall no more.

The sequel to this tragic and extraordinary experience will be found in the following statement, made by the people of the ship *Forfarshire*, from Calcutta to Liverpool:—"August 29, 1857. When in latitude 2° 15′ N. and longitude 79° 40′ E. we sighted a barque under all plain sail, apparently abandoned. The breeze was very scanty, and though we immediately shifted our helm for her on judging that she was in distress, it took us all the morning to approach her within hailing distance. Everything was deserted, and there were no signs of anything living in her. We sent a boat in charge of the second officer, who returned and informed us that the barque was the *Justitia*, of London. We knew that she was from Calcutta, for we had seen her lying in the river. The second officer stated that there were three dead bodies aboard, one in a hammock in the forecastle, a second on a mattress on the forecastle, and a third

against the coamings of the main-hatch; there was also a fourth man lying at the heel of the port cat-head—he did not seem to be dead. On this Doctor Davison was requested to visit the barque, and he was put aboard by the second officer. He returned quickly with one of the men, whom he instantly ordered to be stripped and put into a warm bath, and his clothes thrown overboard. He said that the dead showed unmistakable signs of having died from cholera. We proceeded, not deeming it prudent to have anything further to do with the ill-fated craft. The person we had rescued had remained insensible for two days; his recovery was then slow but sure, thanks to the skilful treatment of Doctor Davison. He informed us that his name was Thomas Barron, and that he was a passenger on board the *Justitia* for Capetown. He was the traveling representative of a large Birmingham firm. The barque had on the preceding Friday fallen in with a raft bearing a dead body. A boat was sent to bring away a parcel from the raft's mast, and it is supposed that the contents of the parcel communicated the cholera. There were fifteen souls when the vessel left Calcutta, and all perished except the passenger, Thomas Barron."

W. CLARK RUSSELL.

FEBRUARY 25*

THE ÂMOK OF DÂTO' KÂYA BÎJI DĔRJA

THE average stay-at-home European knows little about the Malay and cares less. Any fragmentary ideas that he may have concerning him are obtained, for the most part, from light literature of the kind which caters for the latent barbarism of the young, with the amiable object of awakening in them a spirit of adventure which the circumstances of later life will render it impossible for the vast majority in any degree to satisfy. Books of this class, which are apt to be more sensational than accurate, ordinarily depict the Malay either as a peculiarly "treacherous" person, much as wild beasts that stand up for themselves are denounced as "vicious" by big game shooters; or else as a wild-eyed, long-haired, blood-smeared, howling, naked savage, armed with what Tennyson calls "the cursed Malayan crease," who spends all his spare time running "amuck."

As a matter of fact, *âmok*-running was not an event of very frequent occurrence, even in the lawless and unregenerate days of which I chiefly

*From "The Further Side of Silence," by permission of the author.

write; but mistaken notions concerning it, and more especially with regard to the reasons that impel Malays to indulge in it, are not confined to those Europeans who know nothing of the natives of the Peninsula. White men, in the East and out of it, have attempted to treat *âmok*-running from a purely pathological standpoint—to attempt to ascribe it to a morbid condition of the brain cells peculiar to the Malays—and to ignore the psychological causation which is usually responsible for these homicidal frenzies. Some *âmok*, no doubt, are the result of insanity *pur et simple;* but outbreaks of this kind are common to madmen of all races and are largely a question of opportunity. Given a lunatic who has arms always within reach, and physical injury to his neighbors at once becomes a highly likely occurrence; and as in an independent Malay state all men invariably went armed, the scope of the homicidal maniac was thereby sensibly enlarged. Such *âmok*-running, however, was in no sense typical, nor did it present any of the characteristic features which differentiate a Malayan *âmok* from similar acts committed by men of other nationalities.

By far the greater number of Malayan *âmok* are the result, not of a diseased brain, but of a condition of mind which is described in the vernacular by the term *sâkit hâti*—sickness of liver—that organ, and not the heart, being regarded as the center of sensibility. The states of feeling which are denoted by this phrase are numerous,

complex, and differ widely in degree, but they all imply some measure of grievance, anger, excitement, and mental irritation. In acute cases they attain to something very like despair. A Malay loses something that he values; he has a bad night in the gambling houses; his father dies, or his mistress proves unfaithful. Any one of these things causes him "sickness of liver." In the year 1888 I spent two nights awake by the side of Râja Haji Hamid, who was on the verge of such a nervous outbreak; and it was only by bringing to bear every atom of such moral influence as I had over him, that I was able to restrain him from running *âmok* in the streets of Pĕkan, the capital of Pahang, because his father had died a natural death on the other side of the Peninsula, and because the then Sultan of Sĕlângor had behaved with characteristic parsimony in the matter of his funeral. He had no quarrel with the people of Pahang, but his liver was sick, and the weariness of life which this condition of mind engendered impelled him to kill all and sundry, until he himself should, in his turn, be killed.

I might multiply instances all pointing to the same conclusion—namely, that most *âmok* are caused by a mental condition which may be the result of serious or of comparatively trivial troubles that makes a Malay, for the time being, unwilling to live. In similar circumstances, a white man sometimes commits suicide, which is much more convenient for his neighbors; but I know of no authenticated case of a male Malay

resorting to self-murder, and the horror with which such an act is regarded by the people of this race supplies the real reason why *âmok*-running is practised in its stead. Often enough something quite trivial furnishes the original provocation, and in the heat of the moment a blow is struck by a man against one who is dear to him. Forthwith the self-hatred that results makes him desire death and drives him to seek it in the only way which readily occurs to a Malay—by running *âmok*. The *âmok*-runner, moreover, almost always kills his wife, if the opportunity occurs. Being anxious to die himself, he sees no good reason why any woman in whom he is interested should be suffered to survive him, and thereafter, in a little space, to become the property of some other man. He also frequently destroys his more valued possessions for a similar reason. In all this there is a considerable amount of method; and though the euphemism of "temporary insanity," commonly employed by coroners' juries when returning verdicts in cases of suicide, may be applied to the *âmok*-runner with precisely the same degree of inaccuracy, it is absurd to treat the latter as though he were the irresponsible victim of disease.

The following story, for the truth of which I can vouch in every particular, is only worth telling because it affords a typical example of a Malayan *âmok* conducted upon a really handsome scale.

There is a proverbial saying current among the Malays which is by way of hitting off the principal

characteristics of the natives of some of the leading states in the Peninsula and Sumatra. "Wheedlers are the sons of Malacca," it declares. "Bucksticks the men of Mĕnangkâbau; cheats the men of Rambau; liars the men of Trĕnggânu; cowards the men of Singapore; sneak-thieves the men of Kĕlantan; and arrogant are the men of Pahang." By far the most salient qualities of the people of Trĕnggânu, however, are their profound love of peace, their devotion to their religion and to study, and their skill both as artisans and as traders. On the lawless East Coast thirty years ago men who did not love fighting for fighting's sake were regarded by their neighbors as an anomaly, as something almost monstrous; and the mild temperament of the natives of Trĕnggânu, coupled with their extraordinary business aptitude, brought them in those days contempt and wealth in more or less equal measure. Their religious fervor is in part due to the existence among them of an hereditary line of saints—the Saiyids of Pâloh—who have succeeded one another from father to son for several generations, and have attained to an extraordinary reputation for piety by an ostentatious display of virtue, by public preachings, and by the occasional performance of minor miracles. For the rest, the people of Trĕnggânu excel as craftsmen, and they are accustomed to flood the native markets with all manner of spurious imitations of goods of high repute. The dyes which they use are never fast. The gold-threaded turban cloths, which their

pilgrims carry to Mecca and dispose of there as articles of genuine Arab manufacture, wear out with surprising rapidity; and the unabashed eloquence with which a Trĕnggânu trader will discourse concerning the antiquity of some object which he has fashioned with his own hands, and the calm with which he regards detection, have won for his people the reputation for lying which rightly belongs to them. Here, however, alone among the Malayan states, a great name was to be won, not by prowess as a warrior, but by renown as a saint, a sage, or a successful man of business. Every man bore arms, as a matter of course, for that was the Malayan custom; but very few ever found occasion to use them, and one and all had a natural horror of battle in any shape or form. It is necessary to realize this, for it is probable that in no other state in the Peninsula could the *âmok* which the Dâto' Kâya Bîji Dĕrja ran in the streets of Kuâla Trĕnggânu have met with such inefficient opposition.

When Băginda Umar, who conquered the country early one morning after landing at the head of some fifty warriors, ruled in Trĕnggânu, there was a chief named Dâto' Bĕntâra Haji, who was one of the king's adopted sons, and early in the reign of the present Sultan the title of Dâto' Kâya Bîji Dĕrja was conferred upon this man's eldest son. The public mind was much exercised at this, for the title was not one which it was usual to bestow upon a commoner, and Jûsup, the youth

now selected to bear it, was unproven and was possessed of little personality. He was of no particular birth, his father having been merely a king's favorite; he had little reputation as a scholar, such as the Trĕnggânu people revere; and he was not even skilled in the warriors' lore which of old was so dear to the ruder natives of Pahang.

The new Dâto' Kâya was miserably conscious of his own unfitness for his exalted office, though there was attached to it no duty save that of looking the part, and he accordingly set to work to acquire the *ĕlêmu hûlubâlang*, or occult sciences, which it behooves a fighting man to possess. In peaceful Trĕnggânu there were few warriors capable of instructing him in the arts he desired to learn, though for a time he apprenticed himself to Tŭngku Long Pêndêkar, who was a skillful fencer. He took, therefore, to haunting graveyards by night, hoping that the ghosts of the fighting men of ancient times would appear to him and impart to him the lore which had perished with them. But the Dâto' had a wife who was of a jealous disposition, and she persisted in misunderstanding the purity of the motives which caused her husband to absent himself so frequently at nighttime. Violent disputes followed, and at last, for the sake of peace, the Dâto' abandoned his nocturnal prowlings among the graves and settled down to lead the obscure domestic existence for which nature had intended him.

One day his father, Dâto' Bĕntâra Haji, fell

sick and was removed to the house of one Che' Ali, who was a medicine-man of some repute. Tó, Kâya was a dutiful son, and he paid many visits to his father during his illness, tending him assiduously, and in consequence returned to his own home at a late hour on more than one occasion. This was an old cause of offence, and angry recriminations between him and his wife ensued. Their disagreement was made more bitter by To' Kâya discovering a stringy thread of egg in one of the sweetmeats prepared for him by his wife, and mistaking it for a human hair. To European ears this does not sound very important, but To' Kâya, in common with most Malays, believed that the presence of hair in his food betokened that his wife was either trying to poison him or else to put upon him some spell. He accused her roundly of both crimes, and a row royal followed.

Next evening To' Kâya was again in attendance upon his father until a late hour, and when he at length returned home, his wife greeted him through the closed door with loud reproaches for his supposed infidelity to her. He cried to her to unbar the door, and when she at last did so, railing virulently the while, he shouted angrily that he would have to stab her in order to teach her better manners if she did not make haste to mend them.

At this she was seized by a perfect transport of rage, and making a gesture which is the grossest insult that a Malay woman can put upon a man,

she yelled at him, "Hai! Stab then! Stab—if you are able!"

It was now To' Kâya's turn completely to lose his head and his temper. He drew his *kris* clear of its scabbard, and she took the point in her breast, their baby, who was on her arm, being also slightly wounded.

Dropping the child, with unerring maternal instinct, she rushed past her husband, leaped to the ground, and took refuge in the house of a neighbor named Che' Long.

To' Kâya pursued her, and cried to those within the house to unbar the door which his wife had shut in his face. Che' Long's daughter, a girl named Ėsah, ran to comply with his bidding; but before she could do so, To' Kâya, who had crept under the raised floor of the house, stabbed at her savagely through the interstices of the bamboo flooring, wounding her in the hip.

The girl's father, hearing the noise, flung the door open and ran out of the house. To' Kâya greeted him with a spear thrust in the stomach, which proved his death blow. To' Kâya's wife, profiting by this interlude, leaped from the house and rushed back to her own home; but her husband followed her, overtook her on the veranda, and stabbed her again in the breast, this time killing her on the spot.

He then entered his house, which was still tenanted by his mother-in-law, the baby, and his son, a boy of about twelve years of age, and set fire to the bed curtains with a box of lucifer

matches. Now the people of Trânggânu greatly dread a fire, for their houses, which are built of very inflammable material, jostle one another on every available foot of ground, and here on the seashore a steady wind blows both by day and by night. When, therefore, a Trĕnggânu man deliberately sets fire to his house, he has reached the last stage of desperation and is preparing to make an end of himself and all things.

At the sight of the flames Tó Kâya's little son made a rush at the curtains, pulled them down, and stamped the fire out. To' Kâya's mother-in-law, meanwhile, rushed out of the door, seized the baby who still lay squalling where it had fallen on the veranda, and set off at a run. The sight of his mother-in-law in full flight spurred To' Kâya to instant pursuit, and he speedily overtook her and stabbed her through the shoulder. She, however, succeeded in eluding him, and made good her escape, carrying the baby with her. To' Kâya then returned to his house, whence his son had also fled, and set it afire once more, and this time it blazed up bravely.

As he stood looking at the flames a Kĕlantan man named Abdul Rahman came up and asked him how the conflagration had originated.

"I do not know," said To' Kâya.

"Then let us try to save some of the property," said Abdul Rahman; for as is the case with many Kĕlantan men, he chanced to be a thief by trade and knew that a fire gave him a good opportunity for the successful practice of his profession.

"Good," said Tó Kâya. "Do you mount into the house and lift down the boxes while I wait here below to receive them."

Nothing loth, Abdul Rahman climbed into the house and presently reappeared with a large box in his arms. As he leaned over the veranda in the act of handing it down to To′ Kâya, the latter stabbed him shrewdly in the vitals and box and man came to the ground with a crash. Abdul Rahman picked himself up and ran as far as the open space before the big stone mosque where he collapsed and died. To′ Kâya did not pursue him but continued to stand gazing at the leaping flames.

The next person to arrive on the scene was a Trĕnggânu man named Pa′ Pek, who with his wife, Ma′ Pek, had tended To′ Kâya when he was little.

"Wo′," he said, for he addressed To′ Kâya as though the latter were his son, "Wo′, what caused this fire?"

"I do not know," said To′ Kâya.

"Where are the children?" inquired Pa′ Pek.

"They are still within the house," replied To′ Kâya.

"Then suffer me to save them," said Pa′ Pek.

"Do so, Pa′ Pek," said To′ Kâya; and as the old man began to climb into the house he stabbed him in the ribs.

Pa′ Pek fell, gathered himself together, and ran away in the direction of the mosque till he tripped over the body of Abdul Rahman tumbled in a heap, and eventually died where he lay.

Presently Ma′ Pek came to look for her husband, and finding To′ Kâya standing near the burning house, asked him about the fire and inquired after the safety of his children.

"They are still in the house," said To′ Kâya, "but I cannot be at the pains of getting them out."

"Then suffer me to fetch them," said the old woman.

"Do so, by all means," said To′ Kâya; and as she began to scramble up the stair-ladder, he stabbed her just as he had stabbed her husband and she running away fell over the two other bodies near the mosque and there gave up the ghost.

Next a Trĕnggânu lad named Jûsup came up, armed with a spear, and To′ Kâya at once attacked him, but he took shelter behind a tree. To′ Kâya thereupon emptied his revolver at him missing him with all six chambers; and then, throwing away his pistol, he stabbed at him with his spear. Jûsup dodged the blow which in the darkness struck the tree. Immediately To′ Kâya, believing the tree to be Jûsup's body, was seized with panic.

"You are invulnerable!" he cried in horror and promptly turned and fled. Jûsup, meanwhile, made off in the opposite direction as fast as his legs would carry him.

Finding that he was not pursued, To′ Kâya presently retraced his footsteps and made his way to the house of Tŭngku Long Pĕndêkar, under whom he had formerly studied fencing and other

arts of war. At the alarm of fire all the men in the house had set to work to remove their effects to a place of safety, and when To' Kâya arrived Tŭngku Long himself was standing without watching their operations while the others—Tŭngku Îtam, Tŭngku Pa, Tûngku Chik, and Che' Mat Tûkang—were busying themselves within doors. With the exception of Che' Mat Tŭkang, who was a commoner, all the others were men of royal stock. Tŭngku Long was armed with a rattan-work shield and an ancient and very pliable native sword. As he stood gazing upward, quite unaware that any trouble other than that occasioned by the fire was at hand, To' Kâya suddenly flung himself upon him out of the darkness and stabbed him in the ribs. Thereafter, for a space, they fought, Tŭngku Long lashing his assailant again and again with his sword, but inflicting upon him nothing more serious than a number of bruises. At length Tó Kâya was wounded in the left hand and at the same moment he struck Tŭngku Long's shield with such force that its owner fell. To' Kâya at once trampled upon him and stabbing downward, as one spears a fish, pinned him through the neck. At this Tŭngku Îtam, who had been watching the struggle without taking any part in it, much as though it were a mere cock fight, showed the greatest presence of mind by taking to his heels.

Tŭngku Long being disposed of, To' Kâya turned and passed out of the compound, whereupon Che' Mat Tûkang ran out of the house,

climbed the fence, and threw a spear at him, striking him in the back. This done, Che' Mat also most prudently ran away.

To' Kâya, passing up the path, met a woman named Ma' Chik—an aged, bent, and feeble crone—and her he stabbed in the beast, killing her on the spot. Thence he went to the compound of a pilgrim named Haji Mih, who also was busy getting his property out of his house, fearing that the fire might spread.

"What has caused this fire?" Haji Mih inquired of To' Kâya.

"God alone knows," replied To' Kâya, and so saying, he stabbed Haji Mih through the shoulder.

"Help! Help!" roared the pilgrim, and his son-in-law, Saleh, and four other men ran out of the house, threw themselves upon To' Kâya, and engaged him so hotly that in stepping backward he tripped and fell. As he lay on his back, however, he stabbed upward, striking Saleh in the elbow and deep into his chest; whereupon all his assailants incontinently fled.

To' Kâya then picked himself up. He had not been hurt in the struggle, for Saleh and his people had not stayed to unbind their spears which were fastened into bundles, and save for the slight wounds which he had received in his left hand and in his back, he was so far little the worse for his adventures.

He now withdrew to the Makam Lĕbai Salâm—the grave of an ancient saint of high repute—and here he bathed in a well hard by, dressed him-

self and ate half a tin of Messrs. Huntly & Palmer's "gem" biscuits, which he had brought with him from his house.

His toilet and his meal completed, he returned to the house of Haji Mih and shouted in a loud voice:

"Where are those men, my enemies, who engaged me in fight a little while agone?"

It was now 3 A. M., but the men were awake and heard him.

"Come quickly," he cried. "Come quickly and let us finish this little business with no unnecessary delay."

At this challenge no less than ten men who had gathered in Haji Mih's house came out and began to throw spears at To' Kâya; but though they struck him more than once they did not succeed in wounding him. He retreated before their onslaught, keeping his face turned toward them and so chanced to trip over a root near a clump of bamboos, lost his footing, and fell. His assailants fancied that they had killed him and at once fear seized them, for he was a chief, and they had no warrant from the Sultan. They, therefore, fled and To' Kâya gathered himself together and went back to Lĕbai Salâm's grave where he finished eating the tin of "gem" biscuits.

At dawn he came once more to Haji Mih's house, and halted there to bandage his wounds with some cotton rags which had been bound about a roll of mats and pillows that Haji Mih had removed from his house at the alarm of fire.

Again he shouted to the men in the house to come forth and fight with him anew, but no one replied, so he laughed aloud and went down the path till he came to the compound which belonged to Tŭngku Pa. The latter and a man named 'Sĕmail were seated upon the veranda, and when the alarm was raised that To' Kâya was approaching, Tûngku Pa's wife, acting on a fine instinct of self-preservation, slammed to the door and bolted it on the inside while her husband danced without, clamoring to be let in.

Tŭngku Pa was, of course, a man of royal blood, but To' Kâya addressed him as though he were an equal.

"O Pa," he cried. "I have waited for you the long night through, though you did not come. I have greatly desired to fight with a man of rank. At last we have met and now I shall have my wish."

'Sĕmail at once made a bolt of it, but To' Kâya was too quick for him, and as he leaped down the stair-ladder, the spear took him through the body and he died.

Tŭngku Pa, still standing on the veranda, stabbed downward at To' Kâya with a spear and struck him in the groin, the blade becoming bent in the muscles so that it could not be withdrawn. This was Tŭngku Pa's opportunity; but instead of seizing it and rushing in upon his enemy to finish him with his *kris*, he let go the handle of his spear, and ran to a large water jar on the veranda, behind which he sought shelter. To' Kâya tugged at the

spear and at length succeeded in wrenching it free. Seeing this, Tŭngku Pa broke cover from behind the water jar and took to his heels. To' Kâya was too lame to attempt to overtake him, but he shouted after him in derision:

"*He*, Pa! Did the men of old bid you to fly from your enemies?"

Tŭngku Pa halted at a safe distance and turned round.

"I am only armed with a *kris* and have no spear as you have," he said.

"This house is yours," returned To' Kâya. "If you want weapons, enter it and fetch as many as you can carry while I await your return."

But Tŭngku Pa had had enough, and turning, continued his flight pursued by the laughter and the jeers of To' Kâya.

"Is this, then, the manner in which the men of the rising generation do battle with their enemies?" he shouted.

Finding that arguments and taunts were alike powerless to persuade Tŭngku Pa to put up a fight, To' Kâya went on down the path past the spot where Ma' Chik's body still lay until he came to the pool of blood which marked the place where Tŭngku Long Pĕndêkar had come by his death. Standing there, he called to Tŭngku Îtam, who was within the house.

"O Tŭngku!" he cried. "Be pleased to come forth if you desire to avenge the death of your cousin, Tŭngku Long. Now is the appropriate time, for your servant hath still some little life

left in him. Later you will not be able to wreak vengeance upon your servant for he will be dead. Condescend, therefore, to come forth and do battle with your servant."

But Tŭngku Îtam remained in hiding and maintained a prudent silence, and To' Kâya, finding that his challenge was ignored, cried once more:

"If you will not take vengeance for the death of your cousin, the fault is none of your servant's," and so saying he passed upon his way.

The dawn was breaking wanly and the cool land breeze was making a little stir in the fronds of the palm trees as To' Kâya passed up the lane and through the deserted compounds the owners of which had fled in fear. Presently he came out on to the open space before the mosque, and here some four hundred men fully armed with spears and daggers had assembled. It was light enough for To' Kâya to be able to mark the terror in their eyes. He grinned at them evilly, smacking his lips. Men who are bent upon keeping alive, if possible, are always at an enormous disadvantage in the presence of one who is resolutely seeking death.

"This is indeed good," shouted To' Kâya. "Now at last shall I have my fill of stabbing and fighting," and thereupon he made a shambling, limping charge at the crowd, which wavered, broke, and fled in every direction, the majority of the fugitives pouring helter-skelter into Tŭnku Ngah's compound and closing the gate in the high bamboo fence behind them.

One of the hindermost was a man named Gĕnih, and to him To' Kâya shouted:

"O Gĕnih! It profits the *râja* little that he gives you and such as you food both morning and evening. You are indeed *bitter* cowards. If you all fear me so greatly, go and seek some guns so that you may be able to kill me from afar off."

Gĕnih, who had failed to get into Tŭngku Ngah's compound, took To' Kâya's advice and running to the Sultan's *bâlai* or hall of state, he cried to Tŭngku Mûsa, who was at once the uncle and principal adviser of the king, "Your servant, To' Kâya, bids us bring guns wherewith to slay him."

Now, at this moment, all was not well in the *bâlai* of the Sultan. When first the news of the *âmok* had been noised abroad all the *râjas* and chiefs had assembled at the palace, and it had been unanimously decided that no action could be taken until the day broke. At dawn, however, it was found that all the chiefs, with the exception of Tŭngku Panglîma, Dâto' Kâya Dûyong, Pănglîma Dâlam, Imâm Prang Losong, and Pahlâwan had sneaked away under cover of the darkness. Tŭngku Mûsa was there to act as the mouthpiece of the Sultan, but he was quite as unhappy as any of his colleagues.

At last the Sultan said:

"Well, the day has dawned. Why does no man go forth to kill the Dâto' Kâya Bîji Dĕrja?"

Tŭngku Mûsa turned upon Tŭngku Pănglîma.

"Go and you slay him," he said.

"Why do you not go yourself or send Pahlâwan?" replied Tŭngku Pănglima.

Pahlâwan protested.

"Your servant is not the only chief in Trĕnggânu," he said. "Many eat the king's mutton in the king's *bâlai*. Why, then, should your servant alone be called upon to do this thing?"

Tŭngku Mûsa said to Îmâm Prang Losong, who was by way of being the professional leader of the Sultân's warriors:

"Go you, then, and slay the Dâto' Kâya."

"I cannot go," said the Îmâm Prang, "for I am not suitably attired. I am not clad in trousers, and lacking that garment, in the activity of combat my clothes may become deranged and a great shame be thereby put upon your servant."

"I will lend you some trousers," said Tŭngku Mûsa, who was a man of resource.

"But even then I cannot go," said the warrior, "for my mother is sick and I must needs return to tend her."

Then the Sultan stood upon his feet and stamped.

"What manner of warrior is this?" he cried indignantly, pointing at Tŭngku Pănglima. "He is a warrior fashioned from offal!"

Thus publicly admonished, Tŭngku Pănglima detailed about a hundred of his followers to go and kill To' Kâya; but after they had gone some fifty yards in the direction of the mosque they returned to him on some trivial pretext and though he bade



SIR HUGH CLIFFORD

them go many times, they repeated this performance again and again.

Suddenly old Tŭngku Dâlam came hurrying into the palace yard, very much out of breath, for he was of a full habit of body, binding on his *kris* as he ran.

"What is this that men are saying concerning To' Kâya Bîji Derja running *âmok* in the palace? Where is he?" he cried.

"At the mosque," twenty voices replied.

"Ya Allah!" exclaimed Tŭngku Dâlam in a tone of relief, mopping the sweat from his forehead. "Men said he was in the palace. Well, what steps are you taking to slay him?"

The assembled chiefs maintained a shamed silence and old Tŭngku Dâlam, cursing them roundly, selected forty men with guns, and leading them himself, passed out at the back of the royal enclosure to the house of Tŭngku Chik Pâya, which is situated close to the mosque.

On the low wall which surrounds the latter building To' Kâya was seated, and when he saw Tŭngku Dâlam approaching he cried out joyously:

"Welcome! Welcome! Your servant has desired the long night through to fight with one who is of noble birth. Come, therefore, and let us see which of us twain is the more skillful with his weapons."

At this Mat, one of Tŭngku Dâlam's men, leaped forward and said, "Suffer your servant to engage him in fight. It is not fitting, Tŭngku, that you should take part in such a business."

But Tŭngku Dâlam restrained him.

"Have patience," he said. "He is a dead man. Why should we, who are alive, risk death or hurt at his hands?"

Then he ordered a volley to be fired, but when the smoke cleared away, To' Kâya was seen to be still sitting unharmed upon the low wall surrounding the mosque.

A second volley was fired with a like result, and then To' Kâya cast away the spear he was holding in his hand, crying, "Perchance this spear is a charm against bullets. Try once more and I pray you end this business, for it has already taken over long in the settling."

A third volley was then fired, and one bullet struck To' Kâya but did not break the skin. He clapped his hand upon the place and leaped to his feet crying, "Hai, but that hurts me! I will repay you for that!" and as he rushed forward, the crowd surged back before him. With difficulty Tŭngku Dâlam succeeded in rallying his people and inducing them to fire a fourth volley. This time, however, one bullet took effect, passing in under one armpit and out under the other. To' Kâya staggered back to the wall and sank upon it, rocking his body to and fro. A fifth and final volley rang out and a bullet passing through his head, To' Kâya fell prone upon his face.

The cowardly crowd pressed forward, but fell back again in confusion for the whisper spread among them that To' Kâya was feigning death in order to get at close quarters with his assailants.

At length, however, a lad named Sâmat, who was related to the deceased Ma' Chik, summoned up enough courage to run in and transfix the body with his spear, but To' Kâya was already dead.

He had killed his wife, Che' Long, the Kĕlantan man Abdul Rahman, Pa' Pek, Ma' Pek, Tŭngku Long Pĕndêkar, Ma' Chik, Haji Nih, and 'Sĕmail; and he had wounded his baby child, his mother-in-law, Che' Long's daughter Esah, and Saleh—in all nine killed and four wounded. This is a respectable butcher's bill for any single individual, and he had done all this because having had words with his wife and having stabbed her in the heat of the moment he had felt that it would be an unclean thing for him to continue to live on the surface of a comparatively clean planet. In similar circumstances a white man might possibly have committed suicide, which would have occasioned considerably less trouble; but that is one of the many respects in which a white man differs from a Malay.

SIR HUGH CLIFFORD.

FEBRUARY 26

(Victor Hugo, born February 26, 1802)

PREFACE TO CROMWELL

LET us set out from a fact. The same type of civilization, or to use a more exact, although more extended expression, the same society, has not always inhabited the earth. The human race, as a whole, has grown, has developed, has matured, like one of ourselves. It was once a child, it was once a man; we are now looking on at its impressive old age. Before the epoch which modern society has dubbed "ancient," there was another epoch which the ancients called "fabulous," but which it would be more accurate to call "primitive." Behold then three great successive orders of things in civilization, from its origin down to our days. Now, as poetry is always superposed upon society, we propose to try to demonstrate, from the form of its society, what the character of the poetry must have been in those three great ages of the world—primitive times, ancient times, modern times.

In primitive times, when man awakes in a world that is newly created, poetry awakes with him. In the face of the marvelous things that dazzle and intoxicate him, his first speech is a hymn simply.

He is still so close to God that all his meditations are ecstatic, all his dreams are visions. His bosom swells, he sings as he breathes. His lyre has but three strings—God, the soul, creation; but this threefold mystery envelopes everything, this threefold idea embraces everything. The earth is still almost deserted. There are families, but no nations; patriarchs, but no kings. Each race exists at its own pleasure; no property, no laws, no contentions, no wars. Everything belongs to each and to all. Society is a community. Man is restrained in nought. He leads that nomadic pastoral life with which all civilizations begin, and which is so well adapted to solitary contemplation, to fanciful reverie. He follows every suggestion, he goes hither and thither at random. His thought, like his life, resembles a cloud that changes its shape and its direction according to the wind that drives it. Such is the first man, such is the first poet. He is young, he is cynical. Prayer is his sole religion, the ode is his only form of poetry.

This ode, this poem of primitive times, is Genesis.

By slow degrees, however, this youth of the world passes away. All the spheres progress; the family becomes a tribe, the tribe becomes a nation. Each of these groups of men camps about a common center, and kingdoms appear. The social instinct succeeds the nomadic instinct. The camp gives place to the city, the tent to the palace, the ark to the temple. The chiefs of these

nascent states are still shepherds, it is true, but shepherds of nations; the pastoral staff has already assumed the shape of a scepter. Everything tends to become stationary and fixed. Religion takes on a definite shape; prayer is governed by rites; dogma sets bounds to worship. Thus the priest and king share the paternity of the people; thus theocratic society succeeds the patriarchal community.

Meanwhile the nations are beginning to be packed too closely on the earth's surface. They annoy and jostle one another; hence the clash of empires—war. They overflow upon one another; hence, the migration of nations—voyages. Poetry reflects these momentous events; from ideas it proceeds to things. It sings of ages, of nations, of empires. It becomes epic, it gives birth to Homer.

Homer, in truth, dominates the society of ancient times. In that society, all is simple, all is epic. Poetry is religion, religion is law. The virginity of the earlier age is succeeded by the chastity of the later. A sort of solemn gravity is everywhere noticeable, in private manners no less than in public. The nations have retained nothing of the wandering life of the earlier time, save respect for the stranger and the traveler. The family has a fatherland; everything is connected therewith; it has the cult of the house and the cult of the tomb.

We say again, such a civilization can find its one expression only in the epic. The epic will assume

diverse forms, but will never lose its specific character. Pindar is more priestlike than patriarchal, more epic than lyrical. If the chroniclers, the necessary accompaniments of this second age of the world, set about collecting traditions and begin to reckon by centuries, they labor to no purpose—chronology cannot expel poesy; history remains an epic. Herodotus is a Homer.

But it is in the ancient tragedy, above all, that the epic breaks out at every turn. It mounts the Greek stage without losing aught, so to speak, of its immeasurable, gigantic proportions. Its characters are still heroes, demigods, gods; its themes are visions, oracles, fatality; its scenes are battles, funeral rites, catalogs. That which the rhapsodists formerly sang, the actors declaim—that is the whole difference.

There is something more. When the whole plot, the whole spectacle of the epic poem have passed to the stage, the Chorus takes all that remains. The Chorus annotates the tragedy, encourages the heroes, gives descriptions, summons and expels the daylight, rejoices, laments, sometimes furnishes the scenery, explains the moral bearing of the subject, flatters the listening assemblage. Now, what is the Chorus, this anomalous character standing between the spectacle and the spectator, if it be not the poet completing his epic?

The theater of the ancients is, like their dramas, huge, pontifical, epic. It is capable of holding thirty thousand spectators; the plays are given in

the open air, in bright sunlight; the performances last all day. The actors disguise their voices, wear masks, increase their stature; they make themselves gigantic, like their rôles. The stage is immense. It may represent at the same moment both the interior and the exterior of a temple, a palace, a camp, a city. Upon it, vast spectacles are displayed. There is—we cite only from memory—Prometheus on his mountain; there is Antigone, at the top of a tower, seeking her brother Polynices in the hostile army (*The Phoenician*); there is Evadne hurling herself from a cliff into the flames where the body of Capaneus is burning (*The Suppliants* of Euripides); there is a ship sailing into port and landing fifty princesses with their retinues (*The Suppliants* of Æschylus). Architecture, poetry, everything assumes a monumental character. In all antiquity there is nothing more solemn, more majestic. Its history and its religion are mingled on its stage. Its first actors are priests; its scenic performances are religious ceremonies, national festivals.

One last observation, which completes our demonstration of the epic character of this epoch: in the subjects which it treats, no less than in the forms it adopts, tragedy simply re-echoes the epic. All the ancient tragic authors derive their plots from Homer. The same fabulous exploits, the same catastrophes, the same heroes. One and all drink from the Homeric stream. The Iliad and Odyssey are always in evidence. Like Achilles

dragging Hector at his chariot-wheel, the Greek tragedy circles about Troy.

But the age of the epic draws near its end. Like the society that it represents, this form of poetry wears itself out revolving upon itself. Rome reproduces Greece, Virgil copies Homer, and, as if to make a becoming end, epic poetry expires in the last parturition.

It was time. Another era is about to begin, for the world and for poetry.

A spiritual religion, supplanting the material and external paganism, makes its way to the heart of the ancient society, kills it, and deposits, in that corpse of a decrepit civilization, the germ of modern civilization. This religion is complete, because it is true; between its dogma and its cult it embraces a deep-rooted moral. And first of all, as a fundamental truth, it teaches man that he has two lives to live, one ephemeral, the other immortal; one on earth, the other in heaven. It shows him that he, like his destiny, is twofold: that there is in him an animal and an intellect, a body and a soul; in a word, that he is the point of intersection, the common link of the two chains of beings which embrace all creation—of the chain of material beings and the chain of incorporeal beings; the first starting from the rock to arrive at man, the second starting from man to end at God.

A portion of these truths had perhaps been suspected by certain wise men of ancient times,

but their full, broad, luminous revelation dates from the Gospels. The pagan schools walked in darkness, feeling their way, clinging to falsehoods as well as to truths in their haphazard journeying. Some of their philosophers occasionally cast upon certain subjects feeble gleams which illuminated but one side and made the darkness of the other side more profound. Hence all the phantoms created by ancient philosophy. None but divine wisdom was capable of substituting an even and all-embracing light for all those flickering rays of human wisdom. Pythagoras, Epicurus, Socrates, Plato, are torches: Christ is the glorious light of day.

Nothing could be more material, indeed, than the ancient theogony. Far from proposing, as Christianity does, to separate the spirit from the body, it ascribes form and features to everything, even to impalpable essences, even to the intelligence. In it everything is visible, tangible, fleshly. Its gods need a cloud to conceal themselves from men's eyes. They eat, drink, and sleep. They are wounded and their blood flows; they are maimed, and lo! they limp forever after. That religion has gods and halves of gods. Its thunderbolts are forged on an anvil, and among other things three rays of twisted rain (*tres imbris torti radios*) enter into their composition. Its Jupiter suspends the world by a golden chain; its sun rides in a four-horse chariot; its hell is a precipice the brink of which is marked on the globe; its heaven is a mountain.

Thus paganism, which moulded all creations from the same clay, minimizes divinity and magnifies man. Homer's heroes are of almost the same stature as his gods. Ajax defies Jupiter, Achilles is the peer of Mars. Christianity, on the contrary, as we have seen, draws a broad line of division between spirit and matter. It places an abyss between the soul and the body, an abyss between man and God.

At this point—to omit nothing from the sketch upon which we have ventured—we will call attention to the fact that, with Christianity, and by its means, there entered into the mind of the nations a new sentiment, unknown to the ancients and marvelously developed among moderns, a sentiment which is more than gravity and less than sadness—melancholy. In truth, might not the heart of man, hitherto deadened by religions purely hierarchical and sacerdotal, awake and feel springing to life within it some unexpected faculty, under the breath of a religion that is human because it is divine, a religion which makes of the poor man's prayer, the rich man's wealth, a religion of equality, liberty, and charity? Might it not see all things in a new light, since the Gospel had shown it the soul through the senses, eternity behind life?

Moreover, at that very moment the world was undergoing so complete a revolution that it was impossible that there should not be a revolution in men's minds. Hitherto the catastrophes of empires had rarely reached the hearts of the people;

it was kings who fell, majesties that vanished, nothing more. The lightning struck only in the upper regions, and, as we have already pointed out, events seemed to succeed one another with all the solemnity of the epic. In the ancient society, the individual occupies so lowly a place that, to strike him, adversity must needs descend to his family. So that he knew little of misfortune outside of domestic sorrows. It was an almost unheard-of thing that the general disasters of the state should disarrange his life. But the instant that Christian society became firmly established, the ancient continent was thrown into confusion. Everything was pulled up by the roots. Events, destined to destroy ancient Europe and to construct a new Europe, trod upon one another's heels in their ceaseless rush, and drove the nations pell-mell, some into the light, others into darkness. So much uproar ensued that it was impossible that echoes of it should not reach the hearts of the people. It was more than an echo, it was a reflex blow. Man, withdrawing within himself in presence of these imposing vicissitudes, began to take pity upon mankind, to reflect upon the bitter disillusionments of life. Of this sentiment, which to Cato the heathen was despair, Christianity fashioned melancholy.

At the same time was born the spirit of scrutiny and curiosity. These great catastrophes were also great spectacles, impressive cataclysms. It was the North hurling itself upon the South; the Roman world changing shape; the last convulsive

throes of a whole universe in the death agony. As soon as that world was dead, lo! clouds of rhetoricians, grammarians, sophists, swooped down like insects on its immense body. People saw them swarming and heard them buzzing in that seat of putrefaction. They vied with one another in scrutinizing, commenting, disputing. Each limb, each muscle, each fiber of the huge prostrate body was twisted and turned in every direction. Surely it must have been a keen satisfaction to those anatomists of the mind, to be able, at their début, to make experiments on a large scale; to have a dead society to dissect, for their first "subject."

Thus we see melancholy and meditation, the demons of analysis and controversy, appear at the same moment, and, as it were, hand-in-hand. At one extremity of this era of transition is Longinus, at the other St. Augustine. We must beware of casting a disdainful eye upon that epoch wherein all that has since borne fruit was contained in germs; upon that epoch whose least eminent writers, if we may be pardoned a vulgar but expressive phrase, made fertilizer for the harvest that was to follow. The Middle Ages were grafted on the Lower Empire.

Behold, then, a new religion, a new society; upon this twofold foundation there must inevitably spring up a new poetry. Previously—we beg pardon for setting forth a result which the reader has probably already foreseen from what has been said above—previously, following therein the

course pursued by the ancient polytheism and philosophy, the purely epic muse of the ancients had studied nature in only a single aspect, casting aside without pity almost everything in art which, in the world subjected to its imitation, had not relation to a certain type of beauty. A type which was magnificent at first, but, as always happens with everything systematic, became in later times false, trivial, and conventional. Christianity leads poetry to the truth. Like it, the modern muse will see things in a higher and broader light. It will realize that everything in creation is not humanly *beautiful*, that the ugly exists beside the beautiful, the unshapely beside the graceful, the grotesque on the reverse of the sublime, evil with good, darkness with light. It will ask itself if the narrow and relative sense of the artist should prevail over the infinite, absolute sense of the Creator; if it is for man to correct God; if a mutilated nature will be the more beautiful for the mutilation; if art has the right to duplicate, so to speak, man, life, creation; if things will progress better when their muscles and their vigor have been taken from them; if, in short, to be incomplete is the best way to be harmonious. Then it is that, with its eyes fixed upon events that are both laughable and redoubtable, and under the influence of that spirit of Christian melancholy and philosophical criticism which we described a moment ago, poetry will take a great step, a decisive step, a step which, like the upheaval of an earthquake, will change the whole

face of the intellectual world. It will set about doing as nature does, mingling in its creations—but without confounding them—darkness and light, the grotesque and the sublime; in other words, the body and the soul, the beast and the intellect; for the starting-point of religion is always the starting-point of poetry. All things are connected.

Thus, then, we see a principle unknown to the ancients, a new type, introduced in poetry; and as additional element in anything modifies the whole of the thing, a new form of the art is developed. This type is the grotesque; its new form is comedy.

And we beg leave to dwell upon this point; for we have now indicated the significant feature, the fundamental difference which, in our opinion, separates modern from ancient art, the present form from the defunct form; or to use less definite but more popular terms, *romantic* literature from *classical* literature.

"At last!" exclaim the people who for some time past *have seen what we were coming at*, "at last we have you—you are caught in the act. So then you put forward the ugly as a type for imitation, you make the *grotesque* an element of art. But the graces; but good taste! Don't you know that art should correct nature? that we must *ennoble* art? that we must *select?* Did the ancients ever exhibit the ugly or the grotesque? Did they ever mingle comedy and tragedy? The example of the ancients, gentlemen! And Aristotle, too; and Boileau; and La Harpe. Upon my word!

These arguments are sound, doubtless, and, above all, of extraordinary novelty. But it is not our place to reply to them. We are constructing no system here—God protect us from systems! We are stating a fact. We are a historian, not a critic. Whether the fact is agreeable or not matters little; it is a fact. Let us resume, therefore, and try to prove that it is of the fruitful union of the grotesque and the sublime types that modern genius is born—so complex, so diverse in its forms, so inexhaustible in its creations; and therein directly opposed to the uniform simplicity of the genius of the ancients; let us show that that is the point from which we must set out to establish the real and radical difference between the two forms of literature.

Not that it is strictly true that comedy and the grotesque were entirely unknown to the ancients. In fact, such a thing would be impossible. Nothing grows without a root; the germ of the second epoch always exists in the first. In the Iliad Thersites and Vulcan furnish comedy, one to the mortals, the other to the gods. There is too much nature and originality in the Greek tragedy for there not to be an occasional touch of comedy in it. For example, to cite only what we happen to recall, the scene between Menelaus and the portress of the palace. (*Helen*, Act I), and the scene of the Phrygian (*Orestes*, Act IV). The Tritons, the Satyrs, the Cyclops are grotesque; Polyphemus is a terrifying, Silenus a farcical grotesque.

But one feels that this part of the art is still in

its infancy. The epic, which at this period imposes its form on everything, the epic weighs heavily upon it and stifles it. The ancient grotesque is timid and forever trying to keep out of sight. It is plain that it is not on familiar ground, because it is not in its natural surroundings. It conceals itself as much as it can. The Satyrs, the Tritons, and the Sirens are hardly abnormal in form. The Fates and the Harpies are hideous in their attributes rather than in feature; the Furies are beautiful, and are called *Eumenides*, that is to say, *gentle, beneficent.* There is a veil of grandeur or of divinity over other grotesques. Polyphemus is a giant, Midas a king, Silenus a god.

Thus comedy is almost imperceptible in the great epic *ensemble* of ancient times. What is the barrow of Thespis beside the Olympian chariots? What are Aristophanes and Plautus, beside the Homeric colossi, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides? Homer bears them along with him, as Hercules bore the pygmies, hidden in his lion's skin!

In the idea of men of modern times, however, the grotesque plays an enormous part. It is found everywhere; on the one hand it creates the abnormal and the horrible, on the other the comic and the burlesque. It fastens upon religion a thousand original superstitions, upon poetry a thousand picturesque fancies. It is the grotesque which scatters lavishly, in air, water, earth, fire, those myriads of intermediary creatures which we find all alive in the popular traditions of the Middle Ages; it is the grotesque which impels the

ghastly antics of the witches' revels, which gives Satan his horns, his cloven foot and his bat's wings. It is the grotesque, still the grotesque, which now casts into the Christian hell the frightful faces which the severe genius of Dante and Milton will evoke, and again peoples it with those laughter-moving figures amid which Callot, the burlesque Michelangelo, will disport himself. If it passes from the world of imagination to the real world, it unfolds an inexhaustible supply of parodies of mankind. Creations of its fantasy are the Scaramouches, Crispins, and Harlequins, grinning silhouettes of man, types altogether unknown to serious-minded antiquity, although they originated in classic Italy. It is the grotesque, lastly, which, coloring the same drama with the fancies of the North and of the South in turn, exhibits Sganarelle capering about Don Juan and Mephistopheles crawling about Faust.

And how free and open it is in its bearing! how boldly it brings into relief all the strange forms which the preceding age had timidly wrapped in swaddling-clothes! Ancient poetry, compelled to provide the lame Vulcan with companions, tried to disguise their deformity by distributing it, so to speak, upon gigantic proportions. Modern genius retains this myth of the supernatural smiths, but gives it an entirely different character and one which makes it even more striking; it changes the giants to dwarfs and makes gnomes of the Cyclops. With like originality, it substitutes for the somewhat commonplace Lernæan

hydra all the local dragon of our national legends —the gargoyle of Rouen, the *gra-ouilli* of Metz, the *chair sallée* of Troyes, the drée of Montlhéry, the *tarasque* of Tarascon—monsters of forms so diverse, whose outlandish names are an additional attribute. All these creations draw from their own nature that energetic and significant expression before which antiquity seems sometimes to have recoiled. Certain it is that the Greek Eumenides are much less horrible, and consequently less *true*, than the witches in "Macbeth." Pluto is not the devil.

In our opinion a most novel book might be written upon the employment of the grotesque in the arts. One might point out the powerful effects the moderns have obtained from that fruitful type, upon which narrow-minded criticism continues to wage war even in our own day. It may be that we shall be led by our subject to call attention in passing to some feature of this vast picture. We will simply say here that, as a means of contrast with the sublime, the grotesque is, in our view, the richest source that nature can offer art. Rubens so understood it, doubtless, when it pleased him to introduce the hideous features of a court dwarf amid his exhibitions of royal magnificence, coronations, and splendid ceremonial. The universal beauty which the ancients solemnly laid upon everything is not without monotony; the same impressions repeated again and again may prove fatiguing at last. Sublime upon sublime scarcely presents a con-

trast, and we need a little rest from everything, even the beautiful. On the other hand, the grotesque seems to be a halting-place, a mean term, a starting-point whence one rises toward the beautiful with a fresher and keener perception. The salamander gives relief to the water-sprite; the gnome heightens the charm of the sylph.

And it would be true also to say that contact with the abnormal has imparted to the modern sublime a something purer, grander, more sublime, in short, than the beautiful of the ancients; and that is as it should be. When art is consistent with itself, it guides everything more surely to its goal. If the Homer Elysium is a long, long way from the ethereal charm, the angelic pleasureableness of Milton's "Paradise," it is because under Eden there is a hell far more terrible than the heathen Tartarus. Do you think that Francesca da Rimini and Beatrice would be so enchanting in a poet who should not confine us in the Tower of Hunger and compel us to share Ugolino's revolting repast? Dante would have less charm, if he had less power. Have the fleshly naiads, the muscular Tritons, the wanton Zephyrs, the diaphanous transparency of our water-sprites and sylphs? Is it not because the modern imagination does not fear to picture the ghastly forms of vampires, ogres, ghouls, snake-charmers, and jinns prowling about graveyards, that it can give to its fairies that incorporeal shape, that purity of essence, of which the heathen nymphs fall so far short? The antique Venus is beautiful, admirable, no doubt;

but what has imparted to Jean Goujon's faces that weird, tender, ethereal delicacy? What has given them that unfamiliar suggestion of life and grandeur, if not the proximity of the rough and powerful sculptures of the Middle Ages?

If the thread of our argument has not been broken in the reader's mind by these necessary digressions—which, in truth, might be developed much further—he has realized, doubtless, how powerfully the grotesque—that germ of comedy, fostered by the modern muse—grew in extent and importance as soon as it was transplanted to a soil more propitious than paganism and the Epic. In truth, in the new poetry, while the sublime represents the soul as it is, purified by Christian morality, the grotesque plays the part of the human beast. The former type, delivered of all impure alloy, has as its attributes all the charms, all the graces, all the beauties; it must be able some day to create Juliet, Desdemona, Ophelia. The latter assumes all the absurdities, all the ininfirmities, all the blemishes. In this partition of mankind and of creation, to it fall the passions, vices, crimes; it is sensuous, fawning, greedy, miserly, false, incoherent, hypocritical; it is, in turn, Iago, Tartuffe, Basile, Polonius, Harpagon, Bartholo, Falstaff, Scapin, Figaro. The beautiful has but one type, the ugly has a thousand. The fact is that the beautiful, humanly speaking, is merely form considered in its simplest aspect, in its most perfect symmetry, in its most entire harmony with our make-up. Thus the *ensemble*

that it offers us is always complete, but restricted like ourselves. What we call the ugly, on the contrary, is a detail of a great whole which eludes us, and which is in harmony, not with man but with all creation. That is why it constantly presents itself to us in new but incomplete aspects.

It is interesting to study the first appearance and the progress of the grotesque in modern times. At first, it is an invasion, an irruption, an overflow, as of a torrent that has burst its banks. It rushes through the expiring Latin literature, imparts some coloring to Persius, Petronius, and Juvenal, and leaves behind it the *Golden Ass* of Apuleius. Thence it diffuses itself through the imaginations of the new nations that are remodeling Europe. It abounds in the work of the fabulists, the chroniclers, the romanticists. We see it make its way from the South to the North. It disports itself in the dreams of the Teutonic nations, and at the same time vivifies with its breath the admirable Spanish *romanceros*, a veritable Iliad of the age of chivalry. For example, it is the grotesque which describes thus, in the *Roman de la Rose*, an august ceremonial, the election of a king:—

> "A long-shanked knave they chose, I wis,
> Of all their men the boniest."

More especially, it imposes its characteristic qualities upon that wonderful architecture which, in the Middle Ages, takes the place of all the arts. It affixes its mark on the façades of cathedrals, frames its hells and purgatories in the ogive arches

of great doorways, portrays them in brilliant hues on window-glass, exhibits its monsters, its bull-dogs, its imps about capitals, along friezes, on the edges of roofs. It flaunts itself in numberless shapes on the wooden façades of houses, on the stone façades of châteaux, on the marble façades of palaces. From the arts it makes its way into the national manners, and while it stirs applause from the people for the *graciosos* of comedy, it gives to the kings court-jesters. Later, in the age of etiquette, it will show us Scarron on the very edge of Louis the Fourteenth's bed. Meanwhile, it decorates coats-of-arms, and draws upon knights' shields the symbolic hieroglyphs of feudalism. From the manners, it makes its way into the laws; numberless strange customs attest its passage through the institutions of the Middle Ages. Just as it represented Thespis, smeared with wine-lees, leaping in her tomb, it dances with *Basoche* on the famous marble table which served at the same time as a stage for the popular farces and for the royal banquets. Finally, having made its way into the arts, the manners, and the laws, it enters even the Church. In every Catholic city we see it organizing some one of those curious ceremonies, those strange processions, wherein religion is attended by all varieties of superstition —the sublime attended by all the forms of the grotesque. To paint it in one stroke, so great is its vigor, its energy, its creative sap, at the dawn of letters, that it casts, at the outset, upon the threshold of modern poetry, three burlesque

Homers: Ariosto in Italy, Cervantes in Spain, Rabelais in France.

It would be mere surplusage to dwell further upon the influence of the grotesque in the third civilization. Everything tends to show its close creative alliance with the beautiful in the so-called "romantic" period. Even among the simplest popular legends there are none which do not somewhere, with admirable instinct, solve this mystery of modern art. Antiquity could not have produced "Beauty and the Beast".

It is true that at the period at which we have arrived the predominance of the grotesque over the sublime in literature is clearly indicated. But it is a spasm of reaction, an eager thirst for novelty, which is but temporary; it is an initial wave which gradually recedes. The type of the beautiful will soon resume its rights and its rôle, which is not to exclude the other principle, but to prevail over it. It is time that the grotesque should be content with a corner of the picture in Murillo's royal frescoes, in the sacred pages of Veronese; content to be introduced in two marvelous "Last Judgments," in which art will take a just pride, in the scene of fascination and horror with which Michelangelo will embellish the Vatican; in those awe-inspiring representations of the fall of man which Rubens will throw upon the arches of the Cathedral of Antwerp. The time has come when the balance between the two principles is to be established. A man, a poet-king, *poeta soverano*, as Dante calls Homer, is about to adjust everything. The

two rival genii combine their flames, and thence issues Shakespeare.

We have now reached the poetic culmination of modern times. Shakespeare is the drama; and the drama, which with the same breath moulds the grotesque and the sublime, the terrible and the absurd, tragedy and comedy—the drama is the distinguishing characteristic of the third epoch of poetry, of the literature of the present day.

Thus to sum up hurriedly the facts that we have noted thus far, poetry has three periods, each of which corresponds to an epoch of civilization: the ode, the epic, and the drama. Primitive times are lyrical, ancient times epical, modern times dramatic. The ode sings of eternity, the epic imparts solemnity to history, the drama depicts life. The characteristic of the first poetry is ingenuousness, of the second simplicity, of the third truth. The rhapsodists mark the transition from the lyric to the epic poets, as do the romancists that from the lyric to the dramatic poets. Historians appear in the second period, chroniclers and critics in the third. The characters of the ode are colossi—Adam, Cain, Noah; those of the epic are giants—Achilles, Atreus, Orestes; those of the drama are men—Hamlet, Macbeth, Othello. The ode lives upon the ideal, the epic upon the grandiose, the drama upon the real. Lastly, this threefold poetry flows from three great sources—The Bible, Homer, Shakespeare.

Such, then—and we confine ourselves herein to noting a single result—such are the diverse

aspects of thought in the different epochs of mankind and of civilization.

Having attempted, in all that has gone before, to point out what, in our opinion, was the origin of the drama, what its character is, and what its style should be, the time has come to descend from these exalted general considerations upon the art to the particular case which has led us to put them forth. It remains for us to discourse to the reader of our work, of this *Cromwell;* and as it is not a subject in which we take pleasure, we will say very little about it in very few words.

Oliver Cromwell is one of those historical characters who are at once famous and very little known. Most of his biographers—and among them are some who are themselves historical—have left that colossal figure incomplete. It would seem that they dared not assemble all the characteristic features of that strange and gigantic prototype of the religious reformation, of the political revolution of England. Almost all of them have confined themselves to reproducing on a larger scale the simple and ominous profile drawn by Bossuet from his Catholic and monarchical standpoint, from his episcopal pulpit supported by the throne of Louis XIV.

Like everybody else, the author of this book went no further than that. The name of Oliver Cromwell suggested to him simply the bare conception of a fanatical regicide and a great captain. Only on prowling among the chronicles of the

times, which he did with delight, and on looking through the English memoirs of the seventeenth century, was he surprised to find that a wholly new Cromwell was gradually exposed to his gaze. It was no longer simply Bossuet's Cromwell the soldier, Cromwell the politician; it was a complex, heterogeneous, multiple being, made up of all sorts of contraries—a mixture of much that was evil and much that was good, of genius and pettiness; a sort of Tiberius-Dandin, the tyrant of Europe and the plaything of his family; an old regicide, who delighted to humiliate the ambassadors of all the kings of Europe, and was tormented by his young royalist daughter; austere and gloomy in his manners, yet keeping four court jesters about him; given to the composition of wretched verse; sober, simple, frugal, yet a stickler for etiquette; a rough soldier and a crafty politician; skilled in theological disputation and very fond of it; a dull, diffuse, obscure orator, but clever in speaking the language of anybody whom he wished to influence; a hypocrite and a fanatic; a visionary swayed by phantoms of his childhood, believing in astrologers and banishing them; suspicious to excess, always threatening, rarely sanguinary; a strict observer of Puritan rules, and solemnly wasting several hours a day in buffoonery; abrupt and contemptuous with his intimates, caressing with the secretaries whom he feared, holding his remorse at bay with sophistry, paltering with his conscience, inexhaustible in adroitness, in tricks, in resources; mastering his imagination by his in-

telligence; grotesque and sublime; in a word, one of those men who are "square at the base," as they were described by Napoleon, himself their chief, in his mathematically exact and poetically figurative language.

He who writes these lines, in presence of this rare and impressive *ensemble*, felt that Bossuet's impassioned sketch was no longer sufficient for him. He began to walk about that lofty figure, and he was seized by a powerful temptation to depict the giant in all his aspects. It was a rich soil. Beside the man of war and the statesman, it remained to draw the theologian, the pedant, the wretched poet, the seer of visions, the buffoon, the father, the husband, the human Proteus—in a word, the twofold Cromwell, *homo et vir*.

There is one period of his life, especially, in which this strange personality exhibits itself in all its forms. It is not as one might think at first blush, the period of the trial of Charles I, instinct as that is with depressing and terrible interest; but it is the moment when the ambitious mortal boldly attempted to pluck the fruit of that monarch's death; it is the moment when Cromwell, having attained what would have been to any other man the zenith of fortune—master of England, whose innumerable factions knelt silently at his feet; master of Scotland, of which he had made a satrapy, and of Ireland, which he had turned into a prison; master of Europe through his diplomacy and his fleets—seeks to fulfil the dream of his earliest childhood, the last ambition of his life; to make himself

king. History never had a more impressive lesson in a more impressive drama. First of all, the Protector arranges to be urged to assume the crown; the august farce begins by addresses from municipalities, from counties; then there comes an act of Parliament, Cromwell, the anonymous author of the play, pretends to be displeased; we see him put out a hand toward the scepter, then draw it back; by a devious path he draws near the throne from which he has swept the legitimate dynasty. At last he makes up his mind, suddenly; by his command Westminster is decked with flags, the dais is built, the crown is ordered from the jewelers, the day is appointed for the ceremony. —Strange dénouement! On that very day, in presence of the populace, the troops, the House of Commons, in tne great hall of Westminster, on that dais from which he expected to descend as king, suddenly, as if aroused by a shock, he seems to awaken at the sight of the crown, asks if he is dreaming, and what the meaning is of all this regal pomp, and in a speech that lasts three hours declines the kingly title.

Was it because his spies had warned him of two conspiracies formed by Cavaliers and Puritans in concert, which were intended, taking advantage of this misstep, to break out on the same day? Was it an inward revolution caused by the silence or the murmurs of the populace, discomposed to see their regicide ascend the throne? Or was it simply the sagacity of genius, the instinct of a far-seeing, albeit unbridled ambition, which realizes how one

step forward changes a man's position and attitude and which dares not expose its plebeian structure to the wind of unpopularity? Was it all these at once? This is a question which no contemporaneous document answers satisfactorily. So much the better: the poet's liberty is the more complete, and the drama is the gainer by the latitude which history affords it. It will be seen that here the latitude is ample and unique; this is, in truth, the decisive hour, the turning-point in Cromwell's life. It is the moment when his chimera escapes from him, when the present kills the future, when, to use an expressive colloquialism, his destiny *misses fire*. All of Cromwell is at stake in the comedy being played between England and himself.

Such, then, is the man and such the period of which we have tried to give an idea in this book.

The author has allowed himself to be seduced by the childlike diversion of touching the keys of that great harpsichord. Unquestionably, more skillful hands might have evoked a thrilling and profound melody—not of those which simply caress the ear—but of those intimate harmonies which stir the whole man to the depths of his being, as if each key of the keyboard were connected with a fiber of the heart. He has surrendered to the desire to depict all those fanaticisms, all those superstitions—maladies to which religion is subject at certain epochs; to the longing to "make playthings of all these men," as Hamlet says.

. . . We are approaching the moment when we shall see the new criticism prevail, firmly estab-

lished upon a broad and deep foundation. People generally will soon understand that writers should be judged, not according to rules and species, which are contrary to nature and art, but according to the immutable principles of the art of composition, and the special laws of their individual temperaments. . . . People will consent to place themselves at the author's standpoint, to view the subject with his eyes, in order to judge a work intelligently. They will lay aside -- and it is M. de Chateaubriand who speaks—"the paltry criticism of defects for the noble and fruitful criticism of beauties."

. . . One last word. It may have been noticed that in this somewhat long journey through so many different subjects, the author has generally refrained from resting his personal views upon texts or citations of authorities. . . . He preferred to leave that style of argument to those who deem it unanswerable, universal, and all-powerful. As for himself, he prefers reasons to authorities; he has always cared more for arms than for coats-of-arms.

VICTOR HUGO.

FEBRUARY 27

(Ellen Terry, born February 27, 1848)

ELLEN TERRY AND HENRY IRVING

ONE very foggy night in December, 1867—it was Boxing Day, I think—I acted for the first time with Henry Irving. This ought to have been a great event in my life, but at the time it passed me by and left "no wrack behind." Ever anxious to improve on the truth, which is often devoid of all sensationalism, people have told a story of Henry Irving promising that if he ever were in a position to offer me an engagement I should be his leading lady. But this fairy story has been improved on since. The newest tale of my first meeting with Henry Irving was told during my jubilee. Then, to my amazement, I read that on that famous night when I was playing Puck at the Princess's, and caught my toe in the trap, "a young man with dark hair and a white face rushed forward from the crowd and said: 'Never mind, darling. Don't cry! One day you will be queen of the stage.' It was Henry Irving!"

In view of these legends, I ought to say all the more stoutly that, until I went to the Lyceum Theater, Henry Irving was nothing to me and I was nothing to him. I never consciously thought

that he would become a great actor. He had no high opinion of *my* acting! He has said since that he thought me at the Queen's Theater charming and individual as a woman, but as an actress *hoydenish!* I believe that he hardly spared me even so much definite thought as this. His soul was not more surely in his body than in the theater, and I, a woman who was at this time caring more about love and life than the theater, must have been to him more or less unsympathetic. He thought of nothing else, cared for nothing else; worked day and night; went without his dinner to buy a book that might be helpful in studying, or a stage jewel that might be helpful to wear. I remember his telling me that he once bought a sword with a jeweled hilt, and hung it at the foot of his bed. All night he kept getting up and striking matches to see it, shifting its position, rapt in admiration of it.

He had it all in him when we acted together that foggy night, but he could express very little. Many of his defects sprang from his not having been on the stage as a child. He was stiff with self-consciousness; his eyes were dull and his face heavy. The piece we played was Garrick's boiled-down version of "The Taming of the Shrew," and he, as Petruchio, appreciated the humor and everything else far more than I did, as Katherine; yet he played badly, nearly as badly as I did; and how much more to blame I was, for I was at this time much more easy and skillful from a purely technical point of view.

Was Henry Irving impressive in those days? Yes and no. His fierce and indomitable will showed itself in his application to his work. Quite unconsciously I learned from watching him that to do work well, the artist must spend his life in incessant labor, and deny himself everything for that purpose. It is a lesson we actors and actresses cannot learn too early, for the bright and glorious heyday of our success must always be brief at best.

Henry Irving, when he played Petruchio, had been toiling in the provinces for eleven solid years, and not until Rawdon Scudamore in "Hunted Down" had he had any success. What a trouncing he received from the critics who have since heaped praise on many worse men!

I think this was the peculiar quality in his acting afterward—a kind of fine temper, like the purest steel, produced by the perpetual fight against difficulties. Socrates, it is said, had every capacity for evil in his face, yet he was good as a naturally good man could never be. Henry Irving at first had everything against him as an actor. He could not speak, he could not walk, he could not *look*. He wanted to do things in a part, and he could not do them. His amazing power was imprisoned, and only after long and weary years did he succeed in setting it free.

A man with a will like that *must* be impressive! To quick-seeing eyes he must, no doubt. But my eyes were not quick, and they were, moreover, fixed on a world outside the theater. Better than

his talent and his will I remember his courtesy. In those days, instead of having our salaries brought to our dressing-rooms, we used to wait in a queue on Treasury Day to receive them. I was always late in coming, and always in a hurry to get away. Very gravely and quietly Henry Irving used to give up his place to me.

. . . . . .

All my life the thing which has struck me as wanting on the stage is *variety*. Some people are "tone-deaf," and they find it physically impossible to observe the law of contrasts. But even a physical deficiency can be overcome by that faculty for taking infinite pains which may not be genius but is certainly a good substitute for it.

When it comes to pointing out an example, Henry Irving is the monument, the great mark set up to show the genius of *will*. For years he worked to overcome the dragging leg, which seemed to attract more attention from some small-minded critics (sharp of eye, yet how dull of vision!) than all the mental splendor of his impersonations. He toiled, and he overcame this defect, just as he overcame his disregard of the vowels and the self-consciousness which in the early stages of his career used to hamper and incommode him. His *self* was to him on a first night what the shell is to a lobster on dry land. In "Hamlet," when we first acted together after that long-ago Katherine and Petruchio period at the Queen's, he used to discuss with me the secret of my freedom from

self-consciousness; and I suggested a more swift entrance on the stage from the dressing-room. I told him that, in spite of the advantage in ease which I had gained through having been on the stage when still a mere child, I should be paralyzed with fright from over-acute realization of the audience if I stood at the wing for ten minutes, as he was in the habit of doing. He did not need me then, nor during the run of our next play, "The Lady of Lyons"; but when it came to Shylock, a quite new part to him, he tried the experiment, and, as he told me, with great comfort to himself and success with the audience.

Only a great actor finds the difficulties of the actor's art infinite. Even up to the last five years of his life, Henry Irving was striving, striving. He never rested on old triumphs, never found a part in which there was no more to do. Once when I was touring with him in America, at the time when he was at the highest point of his fame, I watched him one day in the train—always a delightful occupation, for his face provided many pictures a minute—and being struck by a curious look, half puzzled, half despairing, asked him what he was thinking about.

"I was thinking," he answered slowly, "how strange it is that I should have made the reputation I have as an actor, with nothing to help me—with no equipment. My legs, my voice—everything has been against me. For an actor who can't walk, can't talk, and has no face to speak of, I've done pretty well."

And I, looking at that splendid head, those wonderful hands, the whole strange beauty of him, thought, "Ah, you little know!"

When I went with Coghlan to see Henry Irving's Philip I was no stranger to his acting. I had been present with Tom Taylor, then dramatic critic of *The Times*, at the famous first night at the Lyceum in 1874, when Henry Irving put his fortune, counted not in gold, but in years of scorned delights and laborious days—years of constant study and reflection, of Spartan self-denial and deep melancholy—I was present when he put it all to the touch "to win or lose it all." This is no exaggeration. Hamlet was by far the greatest part that he had ever played, or was ever to play. If he had failed——But why pursue it? He could not fail.

Yet the success on the first night at the Lyceum in 1874 was not of that electrical, almost hysterical splendor which has greeted the momentous achievements of some actors. The first two acts were received with indifference. The people could not see how packed they were with superb acting —perhaps because the new Hamlet was so simple, so quiet, so free from the exhibition of actors' artifices which used to bring down the house in "Louis XI" and in "Richelieu," but which were really the *easy* things in acting, and in "Richelieu" (in my opinion) not especially well done. In "Hamlet" Henry Irving did not go to the audience. He made them come to him. Slowly but surely attention gave place to admiration, ad-

miration to enthusiasm, enthusiasm to triumphant acclaim.

I have seen many Hamlets—Fechter, Charles Kean, Rossi, Frederick Haas, Forbes Robertson, and my own son, Gordon Craig, among them, but they were not in the same atmosphere! I refuse to go and see Hamlets now. I want to keep Henry Irving's fresh and clear in my memory until I die.

When he engaged me to play Ophelia in 1878 he asked me to go down to Birmingham to see the play, and that night I saw what I shall always consider the *perfection* of acting. It had been wonderful in 1874. In 1878 it was far more wonderful. It has been said that when he had the "advantage" of my Ophelia, his Hamlet "improved." I don't think so. He was always quite independent of the people with whom he acted.

The Birmingham night he knew I was there. He played—I say it without vanity—for me. We players are not above that weakness, if it be a weakness. If ever anything inspires us to do our best it is the presence in the audience of some fellow-artist who must in the nature of things know more completely than any one what we intend, what we do, what we feel. The response from such a member of the audience flies across the footlights to us like a flame. I felt it once when I played Olivia before Eleonora Duse. I felt that she felt it once when she played Marguerite Gauthier for me.

When I read "Hamlet" now, everything that

Henry did in it seems to me more absolutely right even than I thought at the time. I would give much to be able to record it all in detail—but it may be my fault—writing is not the medium in which this can be done. Sometimes I have thought of giving readings of "Hamlet," for I can remember every tone of Henry's voice, every emphasis, every shade of meaning that he saw in the lines and made manifest to the discerning. Yes, I think I could give some pale idea of what his Hamlet was if I read the play.

"Words! words! words!" What is it to say, for instance, that the cardinal qualities of his Prince of Denmark were strength, delicacy, distinction? There was never a touch of commonness. Whatever he did or said, blood and breeding pervaded him.

His "make-up" was very pale, and this made his face beautiful when one was close to him, but at a distance it gave him a haggard look. Some said he looked twice his age.

He kept three things going at the same time—the antic madness, the sanity, the sense of the theater. The last was to all that he imagined and thought, what charity is said by St. Paul to be to all other virtues.

He was never cross or moody—only melancholy. His melancholy was as simple as it was profound. It was touching, too, rather defiant. You never thought that he was wantonly sad and enjoying his own misery.

He neglected no *coup de théatre* to assist him, but who notices the servants when the host is present?

For instance, his first entrance as Hamlet was, what we call in the theater, very much "worked up." He was always a tremendous believer in processions, and rightly. It is through such means that Royalty keeps its hold on the feeling of the public, and makes its mark as a Figure and a Symbol. Henry Irving understood this. Therefore, to music so apt that it was not remarkable in itself, but merely a contribution to the general excited anticipation, the Prince of Denmark came on to the stage. I understood later on at the Lyceum what days of patient work had gone to the making of that procession.

At its tail, when the excitement was at fever heat, came the solitary figure of Hamlet, looking extraordinarily tall and thin. The lights were turned down—another stage trick—to help the effect that the figure was spirit rather than man.

He was weary—his cloak trailed on the ground. He did *not* wear the miniature of his father obtrusively round his neck! His attitude was one which I have seen in a common little illumination to the "Reciter," compiled by Dr. Pinches (Henry Irving's old schoolmaster). Yet how right to have taken it, to have been indifferent to its humble origin! Nothing could have been better when translated into life by Irving's genius.

The hair looked blue-black, like the plumage of a crow, the eyes burning—two fires veiled as yet

by melancholy. But the appearance of the man was not single, straight or obvious, as it is when I describe it—any more than his passions throughout the play were. I only remember one moment when his intensity concentrated itself in a straightforward, unmistakable emotion, without side-current or back-water. It was when he said:

> "The play's the thing
> With which to catch the conscience of the King."

and, as the curtain came down, was seen to be writing madly on his tablets aganst one of the pillars.

"Oh, God, that I were a writer!" I paraphrase Beatrice with all my heart. Surely a *writer* could not string words together about Henry Irving's Hamlet and say *nothing, nothing.*

"We must start this play a living thing," he used to say at rehearsals, and he worked until the skin grew tight over his face, until he became livid with fatigue, yet still beautiful, to get the opening lines said with individuality, suggestiveness, speed, and power.

BERNARDO: Who's there?

FRANCISCO: Nay, answer me; stand, and unfold yourself.

BERNARDO: Long live the King!

FRANCISCO: Bernardo?

BERNARDO: He.

FRANCISCO: You come most carefully upon your hour.

BERNARDO: 'Tis now struck twelve; get thee to bed, Francisco.

FRANCISCO: For this relief much thanks; 'tis bitter cold. . . .

And all that he tried to make others do with these lines, he himself did with every line of his own part. Every word lived.

Some said: "Oh, Irving only makes Hamlet a love poem!" They said that, I suppose, because in the Nunnery scene with Ophelia he was the lover above the prince and the poet. With what passionate longing his hands hovered over Ophelia at her words:

"Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind."

His advice to the players was not advice. He did not speak it as an actor. Nearly all Hamlets in that scene give away the fact that they are actors, and not dilettanti of royal blood. Irving defined the way he would have the players speak as an *order*, an instruction of the merit of which he was regally sure. There was no patronizing flavor in his acting here, not a touch of "I'll teach you how to do it." He was swift—swift and simple—pausing for the right word now and again, as in the phrase "to hold as 'twere the mirror up to nature." His slight pause and eloquent gesture as the all-embracing word "Nature" came in answer to his call, were exactly repeated unconsciously years later by the Queen of Roumania (Carmen Sylva). She was telling us the story of

a play that she had written. The words rushed out swiftly, but occasionally she would wait for the one that expressed her meaning most comprehensively and exactly, and as she got it, up went her hand in triumph over her head. "Like yours in 'Hamlet,'" I told Henry at the time.

I knew this Hamlet both ways—as an actress from the stage, and as an actress putting away her profession for the time as one of the audience—and both ways it was superb to me. Tennyson, I know, said it was not a perfect Hamlet. I wonder, then, where he hoped to find perfection!

James Spedding, considered a fine critic in his day, said Irving was "simply hideous . . . a monster!" Another of these fine critics declared that he never could believe in Irving's Hamlet after having seen "*part* [*sic*] of his performance as a murderer in a commonplace melodrama." Would one believe that any one could seriously write so stupidly as that about the earnest effort of an earnest actor, if it were not quoted by some of Irving's biographers?

Some criticism, however severe, however misguided, remains within the bounds of justice, but what is one to think of the *Quarterly* Reviewer who declared that "the enormous pains taken with the scenery had ensured Mr. Irving's success"? The scenery was of the simplest—no money was spent on it even when the play was revived at the Lyceum after Colonel Bateman's death. Henry's dress probably cost him about £2!

My Ophelia dress was made of material which

could not have cost more than 2s. a yard, and not many yards were wanted, as I was at the time thin to vanishing point! I have the dress still, and, looking at it the other day, I wondered what leading lady now would consent to wear it.

At all its best points, Henry's Hamlet was susceptible of absurd imitation. Think of this well, young actors, who are content to play for safety, to avoid ridicule at all costs, to be "natural"—oh, word most vilely abused! What sort of *naturalness* is this of Hamlet's?

"Oh, villain, villain, smiling damned villain!"

Henry Irving's imitators could make people burst with laughter when they took off his delivery of that line. And, indeed, the original, too, was almost provocative of laughter—rightly so, for such emotional indignation has its funny as well as its terrible aspect. The mad, and all are mad who have, as Socrates put it, "a divine release from the common ways of men," may speak ludicrously, even when they speak the truth.

All great acting has a certain strain of extravagance which the imitators catch hold of and give us the eccentric body without the sublime soul.

From the first I saw this extravagance, this bizarrerie in Henry Irving's acting. I noticed, too, its infinite variety. In "Hamlet," during the first scene with Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo, he began by being very absent and distant. He exchanged greetings sweetly and gently, but

he was the visionary. His feet might be on the ground, but his head was toward the stars "where the eternal are." Years later he said to me of another actor in "Hamlet": "He would never have been the ghost." Well, there was never any doubt that Henry Irving saw it, and it was through his acting in the Horatio scene that he made us sure.

As a bad actor befogs Shakespeare's meaning, so a good actor illuminates it. Bit by bit, as Horatio talks, Hamlet comes back into the world. He is still out of it when he says:

"My father! Methinks I see my father."

But the dreamer becomes attentive, sharp as a needle, with the words:

"For God's love, let me hear."

Irving's face, as he listened to Horatio's tale, blazed with intelligence. He cross-examined the men with keenness and authority. His mental deductions as they answered were clearly shown. With "I would I had been there" the cloud of unseen witnesses with whom he had before been communing again descended. For a second or two Horatio and the rest did not exist for him. . . . So onward to the crowning couplet:

". . . foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them to men's eyes."

After having been very quiet and rapid, very discreet, he pronounced these lines in a loud, clear voice, dragged out every syllable as if there never could be an end to his horror and his rage.

I had been familiar with the scene from my childhood—I had studied it; I had heard from my father how Macready acted in it, and now I found that I had a *fool* of an idea of it! That's the advantage of study, good people, who go to see Shakespeare acted. It makes you know sometimes what is being done, and what you never dreamed would be done when you read the scene at home.

As one of the audience I was much struck by Irving's treatment of interjections and exclamations in "Hamlet." He breathed the line: "O, that this too, too solid flesh would melt," as one long yearning, and, "O horrible, O horrible! most horrible!" as a groan. When we first went to America his address at Harvard touched on this very subject, and it may be interesting to know that what he preached in 1885 he had practised as far back as 1874.

"On the question of pronunciation, there is something to be said which I think in ordinary teaching is not sufficiently considered. Pronunciation should be simple and unaffected, but not always fashioned rigidly according to a dictionary standard. No less an authority than Cicero points out that pronunciation must vary widely according to the emotions to be expressed; that it may be broken or cut with a varying or direct

sound, and that it serves for the actor the purpose of color to the painter, from which to draw variations. Take the simplest illustration. The formal pronunciation of A-h is 'Ah,' of O-h, 'Oh,' but you cannot stereotype the expression of emotion like this. These exclamations are words of one syllable, but the speaker who is sounding the gamut of human feeling will not be restricted in his pronunciation by dictionary rule. It is said of Edmund Kean that he never spoke such ejaculations, but always sighed or groaned them. Fancy an actor saying:

"'My Desdemona! Oh! oh! oh!'

"Words are intended to express feelings and ideas, not to bind them in rigid fetters; the accents of pleasure are different from the accents of pain, and if a feeling is more accurately expressed as in nature by a variation of sound not provided by the laws of pronunciation, then such imperfect laws must be disregarded and nature vindicated!"

It was of the address in which these words occur that a Boston hearer said that it was felt by everyone present that "the truth had been spoken by a man who had learned it through living and not through theory."

ELLEN TERRY.

FEBRUARY 28

OSCAR WILDE*

MY ACQUAINTANCE with Oscar Wilde began in my pre-London days as a member of an audience in Birkenhead, the sister city to Liverpool, assembled to hear him lecture on his "Impressions of America," whence he had recently returned. He had not then published anything except his first volume of poems, and was known only as the "apostle" of æstheticism, the prototype of Bunthorne in "Patience," a ridiculous, posturing figure, a fantastic laughing-stock, whom no one took seriously. And yet I am glad to record to the credit of that Birkenhead audience that, after its first bewilderment, it forgot to laugh at him, and soon began laughing with him, and I remember how grateful I was to my father, the last man I expected to be impressed, for saying, as the lecture ended: "Don't make any mistake. That man is no fool."

At that time Wilde had abandoned his knee-breeches and was dressed in a sort of Georgian costume, with tight pantaloon trousers and a huge stock. His amber-colored hair, naturally straight, was not very long, and was unashamedly curled and massively modeled to his head, some-

*From "The Romantic '90's," by permission of the author.

what suggesting a wig. His large figure, with his big loose face, grossly jawed, with thick, sensuous lips, and a certain fat effeminacy about him, suggested a sort of caricature Dionysus disguised as a rather heavy dandy of the Regency period. There was something grotesquely excessive about his whole appearance, and while he was in a way handsome, he made one think of an enormous doll, a preposterous exaggerated puppet such as smile foolishly from floats at the Nice carnival. But his strong, humorous, haughty eyes, his good brow and fine nose must not be forgotten from the general effect, nor his superb and rather insolent *aplomb*, which early dominated his audience. And, of course, his wonderful golden voice, which he modulated with elaborate self-consciousness. Exotic as he was, he was at the same time something entirely different from the dilettante, lily-like "æsthete" we had expected, and the great surprise about him was his impudent humor and sound common sense. That he should talk sense at all was a complete revelation. Bunthorne, indeed, had not remotely suggested anything like this boyish fun, or such searching yet laughable social criticism, and such reasonable ideas on all possible subjects. There was, too, an unquestionable fascination about the strange popinjay who said things all we youngsters had been dimly feeling, and who even won our parents into the involuntary admission that he was "no fool." It was only natural that, when one of these youngsters published a volume of poems

of his own, he should send a copy to this friend of dreaming and rebellious youth, suddenly dropped out of the sky into that very British and humdrum Birkenhead; and that the flattering letter of acknowledgment which presently followed, in that exquisite handwriting of Wilde's which made English look beautiful as Greek, and the like of which had certainly never come through the Birkenhead mail before, should have had no little of the quality of a fairy tale. In that letter Wilde had asked me to come and take tea with him and Mrs. Wilde, when next I was in London, and it was not long after my arrival there, that I found myself one spring afternoon, on my way to "16 Tite Street, Chelsea," a street that Whistler had already made famous.

I remember that my first feeling at seeing Wilde again was one of boyish disappointment. He didn't seem as "romantic" as when I had seen him at Birkenhead. His Regency clothes had gone, and he wore a prosaic business suit of some commonplace cloth, tweeds I almost fear. His hair, too, was short and straight, no Dionysiac curls. Also I had a queer feeling of distaste, as my hand seemed literally to sink into his, which were soft and plushy. I never recall those lines in "The Sphinx"—

> Lift up your large black satin eyes,
> Which are like cushions where one sinks,

without thinking of Wilde's hands. However, this feeling passed off as soon as he began to talk.

One secret of the charm of Wilde's talk, apart from its wit and his beautiful voice, was the evidently sincere interest he took in his listener and what he also had to say. It is seldom that a good talker can listen, too, and for this reason even great talkers often end in being bores. Wilde was a better artist in this respect, though I am convinced that it was not merely art. With all his egoism, he had an unselfish, sympathetic side to him which was well known to his friends, in whose affairs, particularly their artistic projects, he seemed entirely to forget his own. Even in his more elaborate flights of decorated talk, he was never a monopolist. He was always ready to stop and hear someone else. He had none of that impatient patience of some talkers, who seem only waiting till one's remarks are over to resume their own eloquence, as though we had never spoken. Such conversational amenity is a rare grace. With Wilde it came easily, for one reason, because of his intellectual curiosity. His interest in others was not a gossipy interest. What concerned him chiefly was their characters and minds, particularly what they were thinking, or, if they were artists, what they were doing. Naturally, this made him a very agreeable companion, and for a boy from "the provinces" to have this sophisticated man of letters listening so respectfully to his plans for poems and so forth, on which he immediately began to draw me out, was no little flattering. One of the first things he asked me about was my age. Twenty-three, I told him.

"Twenty-three!" he commented, with a dramatic sigh. "It is a kind of genius to be twenty-three!"

Who that has long since passed that inspired age will deny that this was as much a truth as a phrase—which, indeed, was usually the case with even Wilde's most frivolous phrases.

After we had talked for a while in his study, we went upstairs to the drawing-room where Mrs. Wilde sat with their two boys. Mrs. Wilde was a pretty young woman of the innocent Kate Greenaway type. They seemed very happy together, though it was impossible not to predict suffering for a woman so simple and domestic mated with a mind so searching and so perverse and a character so self-indulgent. It was hard to see where two such different natures could find a meeting-place, particularly as poor Mrs. Wilde was entirely devoid of humor and evangelically religious. So sweet and pretty and good, how came she by her outrageously intellectual husband, to whose destructive wit little was sacred and all things comedy? When one thinks that Mrs. Wilde's chief interest after her children was—missionaries, and her bosom friend that Lady Sandhurst who was one of the pillars of British church work . . . !

"Missionaries, my dear!" I remember Wilde once saying at a dinner party. "Don't you realize that missionaries are the divinely provided food for destitute and under-fed cannibals? Whenever they are on the brink of starvation,

Heaven, in its infinite mercy, sends them a nice plump missionary."

To which Mrs. Wilde could only pathetically exclaim: "Oh Oscar! you cannot surely be in earnest. You can only be joking."

No one present remarked that the Reverend Sydney Smith had indulged in a like humor when he spoke of "a slice of cold missionary on the sideboard." Wilde, like all wits, was occasionally indebted to his forerunners, though the implication of Whistler's famous "You will say it, Oscar" is, of course, absurd. Wilde was under no necessity of borrowing from Whistler or any one else, though, like everyone, he would now and again elaborate on ideas which he had rather made his own than originated. For example, that same evening, he was talking of criticism, and saying that a critic of literature should not feel bound down by his subject, but should merely use whatever author he was discussing, or reviewing, as a starting-point for the expression of his own individuality. On which I innocently asked him if he had read M. Anatole France's "La Vie Littéraire"! He looked at me with rather haughty surprise:

"You have read Anatole France!" he said.

Who would have expected a provincial young man from Liverpool to be so unreasonably acquainted with a certain *mot* about the adventures of a critic's soul among masterpieces which had then been made only a very short time? It was mean of me, I admit.

But to return to Mrs. Wilde and the children in the drawing-room. Wilde was then in the period of his first fairy tales, and those beautifully simple and innocent stories in "The Happy Prince" volume were shortly to be published.

"It is the duty of every father," he said with great gravity, "to write fairy tales for his children. But the mind of a child is a great mystery. It is incalculable, and who shall divine it, or bring it its own peculiar delights? You humbly spread before it the treasures of your imagination and they are as dross. For example, a day or two ago, Cyril yonder came to me with the question, 'Father, do you ever dream?' 'Why, of course, my darling. It is the first duty of a gentleman to dream.' 'And what do you dream of?' asked Cyril, with a child's disgusting appetite for facts. Then I, believing, of course, that something picturesque would be expected of me, spoke of magnificent things: 'What do I dream of? Oh, I dream of dragons with gold and silver scales, and scarlet flames coming out of their mouths, of eagles with eyes made of diamonds that can see over the whole world at once, of lions with yellow manes, and voices like thunder, of elephants with little houses on their backs, and tigers and zebras with barred and spotted coats. . . .' So I labored on with my fancy, till, observing that Cyril was entirely unimpressed, and indeed quite undisguisedly bored, I came to a humiliating stop, and, turning to my son there, I said: 'But tell me, what do you dream of, Cyril?' His answer

was like a divine revelation: 'I dream of *pigs*,' he said."

Wilde had a charming gift of improvising, or seeming to improvise, fables to illustrate points of view often no less improvised for the occasion. Some of these he afterward printed, but many others must have lived and died as he created them, out of his fertile picture-making thought. One I recall from that first afternoon that I have not seen or heard of since. He was talking of free will, which he regarded as an illusion. Destiny, from which none could escape, ruled us all, he was saying. And then he went on:

"Once upon a time there was a magnet, and in its close neighborhood lived some steel filings. One day two or three little filings felt a sudden desire to go and visit the magnet, and they began to talk of what a pleasant thing it would be to do. Other filings near by overheard their conversation, and they, too, became infected with the same desire. Still others joined them, till at last all the filings began to discuss the matter, and more and more their vague desire grew into an impulse.

"'Why not go to-day?' said some of them; but others were of opinion that it would be better to wait till to-morrow. Meanwhile, without their having noticed it, they had been involuntarily moving nearer to the magnet, which lay there quite still, apparently taking no heed of them. And so they went on discussing, all the time insensibly drawing nearer to their neighbor; and

the more they talked, the more they felt the impulse growing stronger, till the more impatient ones declared that they would go that day, whatever the rest did. Some were heard to say that it was their duty to visit the magnet, and that they ought to have gone long ago. And while they talked they moved always nearer and nearer, without realizing that they had moved. Then, at last, the impatient ones prevailed, and, with one irresistible impulse, the whole body cried out, 'There is no use waiting. We will go to-day. We will go now. We will go at once. And then in one unanimous mass they swept along, and in another moment were clinging fast to the magnet on every side. Then the magnet smiled—for the steel filings had no doubt at all but that they were paying that visit of their own free will."

I grew to know Wilde very well, and have many memories of his charming companionship and of the generous friendship he gave me in those early days before the clouds began to settle about his life. Though there were those whom he repelled, most of his acquaintance came under the spell of his extraordinary personality. For all his sophistication, there was in him a great simplicity. Strange as it may sound, he was an unusually natural creature, and what were regarded as affectations and eccentricities came of his being himself as few have the courage to be—"an art which nature makes." His poses were self-dramatizations, of which he expected

others to see the fun, as he invariably saw it himself. Moreover, there was reality behind them all, and it was only because his way of looking at things was so new to his day that they seemed fantastic. He employed exaggeration merely as a means of conveying his intellectual sincerity, and, as I once said, paradox with him was merely "truth standing on its head to attract attention." Behind all his humorous fopperies there was a serious philosophy, as beneath all the surface sophistication there was the deep and simple heart of a poet. Doubtless, he was weak as well as strong, and wrong as he was right, but if there was evil in him there was also a great good. His success developed a dangerous arrogance, and he lost the captainship of his soul, but that his soul was essentially pure and his heart tender, no one who knew him well could for a moment doubt. I knew him well and am proud to have been his friend.

When his downfall came, a tragedy which, when one considers its nature and extent, he bore with remarkable fortitude, I was already in America, and my memories of him are confined to the sunlit days of his early successes. When I think of him it is as a victorious, happy figure, always gay, always with some witty nonsense on his tongue. His gaiety was not so much in his manner, in which it amused him to affect an almost ostentatious gravity, a humorous gravity, however, which none could mistake. It was the unfailing gaiety of his mind that was so captivat-

ing. One never left him without carrying away some characteristic *mot*, light as thistledown, yet usually pregnant with meaning.

I think it was Meredith who said that "some flowers have roots deep as oaks," and the phrase might be fitly applied to most of Wilde's talk; as, for instance, when he said, in reference to literature as a possible intercessor between rival nations, that he hoped some day, when men had become sufficiently civilized, it would seem natural to say, "We will not go to war with France —because her prose is perfect," a phrase which needs little pondering for one to see how deep it goes. But the *mots* of his which I recall at random were mainly happy nonsense, though usually uttered with imperturbable seriousness.

One day, as he stood outside his Tite Street door, preparing to insert his latchkey, a little humble man came up, saying that he had called about the taxes.

"Taxes!" said Wilde looking down at him from his lordly height. "Why should I pay taxes?"

"But, sir," said the little man, "you are the householder here, are you not? . . . You live here—you sleep here?"

"Ah, yes!" said Wilde, with utter solemnity, "but then, you see—I sleep so badly!"

On another occasion, as he walked in the Hay market, a beggar came up and asked for alms. He had, he said, no work to do and no bread to eat.

"Work!" said Wilde. "Why should you want

to work? And bread! Why should you eat bread?"

Then, after an elaborate pause, he continued, putting his hand good-naturedly on the tatterdemalion's shoulder:

"Now, if you had come to me and said that you had work to do, but you couldn't dream of working, and that you had bread to eat, but couldn't think of eating bread—I would have given you half-a-crown."—Another pause—"As it is, I give you two shillings."

So Wilde, with his accustomed generosity, made the poor fellow happy and had his own little joke in the bargain.

The reference to the Haymarket reminds me of Tree's theater, and the first night of his Hamlet, which, like all Hamlet first nights, was a very serious occasion. Of course, Wilde was there, and went behind to see Tree, who, all excitement, perspiration, and grease paint, eagerly asked, "Well, Oscar, what do you think of my Hamlet?" Wilde assumed his gravest, most pontifical air, and, spacing out his words with long pauses of even more than his usual deliberation, as though he was almost too impressed to speak at all, he said:

"My dear Tree—I think—your—Hamlet . . . your—Hamlet, my dear Tree . . . I think—your—Hamlet"—Tree, meanwhile hanging expectant on each slow-dropping word, nervous and keyed up as most actors are on a first night, anxiously filling the pauses with "Yes, yes, my dear Oscar . . ." while Wilde continued to

keep him on tenterhooks with further preliminary ejaculations of "My dear Tree," and "I think your Hamlet." At last, when he could hold the suspended compliment no longer, Wilde ended with: "My dear Tree—I—think—your Hamlet . . . is . . . *funny* . . . *without—being vulgar!*"

In many of his *mots*, Wilde had a remarkable skill in making bricks without straw, or catching up any wind-blown straw for his purpose with fascinating readiness. It was that skill which gave his wit so incomparable a levity. His "Intentions" were published in London by Osgood, McIlvaine & Co., a new firm that made a point in all their advertisements of the fact that all their books were "published simultaneously in London and New York." That was their "slogan," as the advertising men put it. Well, one morning I happened to meet Wilde in Piccadilly. After our first greetings, he assumed an air of deep grief: "Did you see in the papers this morning," he said, "that Osgood is dead?" He paused for a moment, his manner deepening in solemnity, and continued: "Poor Osgood! He is a great loss to us! However," he added, as with consolatory cheerfulness, "I suppose they will bury him simultaneously in London and New York!"

Another delightfully foolish remark I recall *à propos* Mr. Kipling's "Captains Courageous," which, it will be remembered, is concerned with a lad's adventures among the cod-fishers off the Banks of Newfoundland.

"I really don't know," said Wilde, "why an author should write a book all about cod-fishing." Then, after a pause, in which he seemed to be thinking it over, he said, as by way of explanation: "But perhaps it is because—I never eat cod!"—the possibility of eating cod being too vulgar to contemplate.

The story of his appearance before the curtain on the first night of "Lady Windermere's Fan" is well known—how he stood in front of the audience, in light evening overcoat, his opera hat in one hand, and the smoke from a lighted cigarette mounting from the other, and gravely congratulated it on the great success it had made that evening in so intelligently appreciating his play.

He had sent me two stalls for the occasion, with a characteristic note of invitation to my wife and myself, which ran: "DEAR POET—here are two stalls for my play. Do come, and bring your poem to sit beside you."

Between the acts I went up to the theater bar for a drink, and there was Wilde in the midst of a group of his admiring disciples, over whom he towered head and shoulders. On catching sight of me he left them and came over to me.

"My dear Richard," he said, "where have you been? It seems as if we hadn't met for years. Now tell me what you have been doing."

But, before I could answer, he assumed an air of concern. "Oh yes!" he said. "I remember. I have a crow to pick with you."

Though I suspected some jest, I, too, affected concern.

"Yes," he continued, "you recently published a book called 'The Religion of a Literary Man.'"

I nodded.

"Well," he went on, "you were very unkind to me in that book," and he put on an air of deep grievance, "most unkind!"

"My dear Oscar——" I began.

"Oh, yes, you were, and you know it," he reiterated.

"I unkind to you!" I said, beginning to be really mystified.

"Most unkind. I could not believe it of you —so unkind to so true a friend."

So he continued to lure me on into the trap he had suddenly improvised for me. I stood pondering what it was I could have done, for I began to think he was serious.

"Why, Oscar," I said at last, "I don't know what you mean. Unkind to you in 'The Religion of a Literary Man' . . . why, I can't remember that I even mentioned your name in it."

Then he laughed out, with huge enjoyment of the success of his little stratagem:

"Ah! Richard, that was just it!"

Then, having drunk together, this serious explanation over, he resumed:

"But do tell me, what else have you been writing?"

I told him that, among other things, I had been writing an essay on loving my enemies.

"That's a great theme. I should like to write on that, too. For, do you know, all my life I have been looking for twelve men who didn't believe in me . . . and, so far, I have only found eleven."

It was not till long after that I reflected on the strangely prophetic significance of that lightly uttered speech, the merest badinage of the moment; for, when a friend brought me the news of Wilde's sentence, I said: "Poor Oscar! he has found his twelfth man."

Looking back on that tragedy, I sometimes wonder whether it did not mean more to Wilde's friends than it meant to himself. Indeed, inordinately fond of the limelight as he was, so conscious throughout his career of his own drama, one cannot help the suspicion that he rather enjoyed his own tragedy. And in a sense, aside from its social inconvenience, and he being what he was, it is possible to understand his doing so. For he had been condemned at the bar of a Philistine public opinion whose jurisdiction he regally denied. Despising the public, while at the same time its attention was the breath of his nostrils, it was hardly to be expected that he should take its condemnation seriously. It was, doubtless, disagreeable, for the storm he had raised must have seemed more furious and trying to his courage than he had foreseen, but not important. The ostracism from that society at whose pleasant dinner tables he had been the king must have been to him its greatest hardship—the real "hard

labor" of his sentence. Perhaps he sometimes recalled his own phrase that to be in society was a bore but to be outside it a tragedy. It is one's suspicion of this attitude which robs "De Profundis" of its convincingness, hard as Wilde worked to convey the impression of a broken and contrite heart. Wilde's heart was probably neither, but his vanity was at once impaled and flattered. How could he regard himself as a criminal when his intellect did not accept the standards by which he had been judged and condemned? No "conversion" could have taken place in a brain like his. To him his offence would merely represent a difference of taste in morals, with no essential wrong in it. The penalty for this difference was indeed hard, but it was a necessary part of his drama. It left him spiritually and intellectually unchanged, and he probably considered himself a martyr to Philistine stypidity and ignorance of physiology rather than a criminal. He had haughtily defied the lightning, and even when it struck him, he must have examined its bolts with intellectual curiosity and contempt. Indeed, it is not unlikely that he had counted on their inabilitv effectually to strike him, for success, which had become a disease with him, had made him so insanely arrogant that he probably felt himself capable, so to say, of bluffing the British Empire; and, when we consider the posthumous triumphs of his personality, it looks very much as if he had not entirely miscalculated.

Wilde once said that he gave only his talent

to his writings, and kept his genius for his conversation. This was quite true, but it would have been truer still if he had said that he kept his genius for his life; for his writings, the value of which is less than he thought, and more than some allow, are but one illustrative part of him. They contribute to the general effect he strove to produce, the dramatization of his own personality. From the beginning to the end he was a great actor—of himself.

As that self, for good and ill, summed up so completely the various aspects and tendencies of his time, he has become its symbolic figure. He is, beyond comparison, the incarnation of the spirit of the '90s. The significance of the '90s is that they began to apply all the new ideas that had been for some time accumulating from the disintegrating action of scientific and philosophic thought on every kind of spiritual, moral, social, and artistic convention, and all forms of authority demanding obedience merely as authority. Hence came that widespread assertion and demonstration of individualism which is still actively progressing. Wilde was the synthesis of all these phenomena of change. He may be said to have included Huxley and Pater and Morris and Whistler and Mr. Bernard Shaw and Mr. Max Beerbohm in the amazing eclecticism of his extravagant personality that seems to have borrowed everything and made everything his own. Out of the 1890 chaos he emerged an astonishing, impudent microcosm.

In him the period might see its own face in a glass. And it is because it did see its own face in him that it first admired, then grew afraid, and then destroyed him. Here, said the moralist, is where your "modern" ideas will lead you, and the moralist, as often, was both right and wrong. Wilde did gaily and flippantly what some men were doing in dead earnest, with humor and wit for his weapons. What serious reformers had labored for years to accomplish Wilde did in a moment with the flash of an epigram. He was like that *enfant terrible* in Andersen's fairy tale who called out, "Why, the king has nothing on," and while his audience laughed, it awakened, and the truth beneath his phrases went home. Indeed, he made dying Victorianism laugh at itself, and it may be said to have died of the laughter.

I have called the '90s "romantic," not merely because it was romantic to have lived in them, or because they included so many romantic figures, but because their representative writers and artists emphasized the modern determination to escape from the deadening thraldom of materialism and outworn conventions, and to live life significantly—keenly and beautifully, personally and, if need be, daringly; to win from it its fullest satisfactions, its deepest and richest and most exhilarating experiences. The will to romance: that, in a phrase, was the motive philosophy of the '90s.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

FEBRUARY 29

THE BALLAD OF READING GAOL

HE DID not wear his scarlet coat,
For blood and wine are red,
And blood and wine were on his hands
When they found him with the dead,
The poor dead woman whom he loved,
And murdered in her bed.

He walked amongst the Trial Men
In a suit of shabby gray;
A cricket cap was on his head,
And his step seemed light and gay;
But I never saw a man who looked
So wistfully at the day.

I never saw a man who looked
With such a wistful eye
Upon that little tent of blue
Which prisoners call the sky,
And at every drifting cloud that went
With sails of silver by.

I walked with other souls in pain,
Within another ring,
And was wondering if the man had done
A great or little thing,
When a voice behind me whispered low.
"That fellow's got to swing."

Dear Christ! the very prison walls
Suddenly seemed to reel,
And the sky above my head became
Like a casque of scorching steel;
And, though I was a soul in pain,
My pain I could not feel.

I only knew what hunted thought
Quickened his step, and why
He looked upon the garish day
With such a wistful eye;
The man had killed the thing he loved,
And so he had to die.

Yet each man kills the thing he loves,
By each let this be heard,
Some do it with a bitter look,
Some with a flattering word,
The coward does it with a kiss,
The brave man with a sword!

Some kill their love when they are young,
And some when they are old;
Some strangle with the hands of Lust,
Some with the hands of Gold:
The kindest use a knife, because
The dead so soon grow cold.

Some love too little, some too long,
Some sell, and others buy;
Some do the deed with many tears,
And some without a sigh:
For each man kills the thing he loves,
Yet each man does not die.

He does not die a death of shame
On a day of dark disgrace,
Nor have a noose about his neck,
Nor a cloth upon his face,
Nor drop feet foremost through the floor
Into an empty space.

He does not sit with silent men
Who watch him night and day;
Who watch him when he tries to weep,
And when he tries to pray;
Who watch him lest himself should rob
The prison of its prey.

He does not wake at dawn to see
Dread figures throng his room,
The shivering Chaplain robed in white,
The sheriff stern with gloom,
And the Governor all in shiny black,
With the yellow face of Doom.

He does not rise in piteous haste
To put on convict-clothes,
While some coarse-mouthed Doctor gloats, and notes
Each new and nerve-twitched pose,
Fingering a watch whose little ticks
Are like horrible hammer-blows.

He does not know that sickening thirst
That sands one's throat, before
The hangman with his gardener's gloves
Slips through the padded door,
And binds one with three leathern thongs
That the throat may thirst no more.

He does not bend his head to hear
The Burial Office read,
Nor, while the terror of his soul
Tells him he is not dead,
Cross his own coffin, as he moves
Into the hideous shed.

He does not stare upon the air
Through a little roof of glass:
He does not pray with lips of clay
For his agony to pass;
Nor feel upon his shuddering cheek
The kiss of Caiaphas.

II

Six weeks our guardsman walked the yard
In the suit of shabby gray:
His cricket cap was on his head,
And his step seemed light and gay,
But I never saw a man who looked
So wistfully at the day.

I never saw a man who looked
With such a wistful eye
Upon that little tent of blue
Which prisoners call the sky.
And at every wandering cloud that trailed
Its ravelled fleeces by.

He did not wring his hands, as do
Those witless men who dare
To try to rear the changeling Hope
In the cave of black Despair:
He only looked upon the sun,
And drank the morning air.

He did not wring his hands nor weep,
Nor did he peek or pine,
But he drank the air as though it held
Some healthful anodyne;
With open mouth he drank the sun
As though it had been wine!

And I and all the souls in pain,
Who tramped the other ring,
Forgot if we ourselves had done
A great or little thing,
And watched with gaze of dull amaze
The man who had to swing.

And strange it was to see him pass
With a step so light and gay,
And strange it was to see him look
So wistfully at the day,
And strange it was to think that he
Had such a debt to pay.

For oak and elm have pleasant leaves
That in the spring-time shoot:
But grim to see is the gallows-tree,
With its adder-bitten root,
And, green or dry, a man must die
Before it bears its fruit!

The loftiest place is that seat of grace
For which all wordlings try:
But who would stand in hempen band
Upon a scaffold high,
And through a murderer's collar take
His last look at the sky?

It is sweet to dance to violins
When Love and Life are fair:
To dance to flutes, to dance to lutes
Is delicate and rare:
But it is not sweet with nimble feet
To dance upon the air!

So with curious eyes and sick surmise
We watched him day by day,
And wondered if each one of us
Would end the self-same way,
For none can tell to what red Hell
His sightless soul may stray.

At last the dead man walked no more
Amongst the Trial Men,
And I knew that he was standing up
In the black dock's dreadful pen,
And that never would I see his face
In God's sweet world again.

Like two doomed ships that pass in storm
We had crossed each other's way:
But we made no sign, we said no word,
We had no word to say;
For we did not meet in the holy night,
But in the shameful day.

A prison wall was round us both,
Two outcast men we were:
The world had thrust us from its heart,
And God from out His care:
And the iron gin that waits for Sin
Had caught us in its snare.

III

In Debtors' Yard the stones are hard,
And the dripping wall is high,
So it was there he took the air
Beneath the leaden sky.
And by each side a Warder walked,
For fear the man might die.

Or else he sat with those who watched
His anguish night and day;
Who watched him when he rose to weep,
And when he crouched to pray;
Who watched him lest himself should rob
Their scaffold of its prey.

The Governor was strong upon
The Regulations Act:
The Doctor said that Death was but
A scientific fact:
And twice a day the Chaplain called,
And left a little tract.

And twice a day he smoked his pipe,
And drank his quart of beer:
His soul was resolute, and held
No hiding-place for fear;
He often said that he was glad
The hangman's hands were near.

But why he said so strange a thing
No Warder dared to ask:
For he to whom a watcher's doom
Is given as his task,
Must set a lock upon his lips,
And make his face a mask.

Or else he might be moved, and try
To comfort or console:
And what should Human Pity do
Pent up in Murderers' Hole?
What word of grace in such a place
Could help a brother's soul?

With slouch and swing around the ring
We trod the Fools' Parade!
We did not care: we knew we were
The Devil's Own Brigade:
And shaven head and feet of lead
Make a merry masquerade.

We tore the tarry rope to shreds
With blunt and bleeding nails;
We rubbed the doors, and scrubbed the floors,
And cleaned the shining rails:
And, rank by rank, we soaped the plank,
And clattered with the pails.

We sewed the sacks, we broke the stones.
We turned the dusty drill:
We banged the tins, and bawled the hymns,
And sweated on the mill:
But in the heart of every man
Terror was lying still.

So still it lay that every day
Crawled like a weed-clogged wave:
And we forgot the bitter lot
That waits for fool and knave,
Till once, as we tramped in from work,
We passed an open grave.

With yawning mouth the yellow hole
Gaped for a living thing;
The very mud cried out for blood
To the thirsty asphalte ring:
And we knew that ere one dawn grew fair
Some prisoner had to swing.

Right in we went, with soul intent
On Death and Dread and Doom:
The hangman, with his little bag,
Went shuffling through the gloom:
And each man trembled as he crept
Into his numbered tomb.

That night the empty corridors
Were full of forms of Fear,
And up and down the iron town
Stole feet we could not hear,
And through the bars that hide the stars
White faces seemed to peer.

He lay as one who lies and dreams
In a pleasant meadow-land,
The watchers watched him as he slept,
And could not understand
How one could sleep so sweet a sleep
With a hangman close at hand.

But there is no sleep when men must weep
Who never yet have wept:
So we—the fool the fraud, the knave—
That endless vigil kept,
And through each brain on hands of pain
Another's terror crept.

Alas! it is a fearful thing
To feel another's guilt!
For, right within, the sword of Sin
Pierced to its poisoned hilt,
And as molten lead were the tears we shed
For the blood we had not spilt.

The Warders with their shoes of felt
Crept by each padlocked door,
And peeped and saw, with eyes of awe,
Gray figures on the floor,
And wondered why men knelt to pray
Who never prayed before.

All through the night we knelt and prayed,
Mad mourners of a corse!
The troubled plumes of midnight were
The plumes upon a hearse:
And bitter wine upon a sponge
Was the savour of Remorse.

The gray cock crew, the red cock crew,
But never came the day:
And crooked shapes of Terror crouched,
In the corners where we lay:
And each evil sprite that walks by night
Before us seemed to play.

They glided past, they glided fast,
Like travelers through a mist:
They mocked the moon in a rigadoon
Of delicate turn and twist,
And with formal pace and loathsome grace
The phantoms kept their tryst.

With mop and mow, we saw them go,
Slim shadows hand in hand:
About, about, in ghostly rout
They trod a saraband:
And the damned grotesques made arabesques,
Like the wind upon the sand!

With the pirouettes of marionettes,
They tripped on pointed tread:
But with flutes of Fear they filled the ear,
As their grisly masque they led,
And loud they sang, and long they sang,
For they sang to wake the dead.

"Oho!" they cried, *"The World is wide,*
But fettered limbs go lame!
And once, or twice, to throw the dice
Is a gentlemanly game;
But he does not win who plays with Sin
In the secret House of Shame."

No things of air these antics were,
That frolicked with such glee:
To men whose lives were held in gyves,
And whose feet might not go free,
Ah! wounds of Christ! they were living things,
Most terrible to see.

Around, around, they waltzed and wound;
Some wheeled in smirking pairs;
With the mincing step of a demirep
Some sidled up the stairs:
And with subtle sneer, and fawning leer,
Each helped us at our prayers.

The morning wind began to moan,
But still the night went on:
Through its giant loom the web of gloom
Crept till each thread was spun:
And, as we prayed, we grew afraid
Of the Justice of the Sun.

The moaning wind went wandering round
The weeping prison-wall:
Till like a wheel of turning steel
We felt the minutes crawl:
O moaning wind! what had we done
To have such a seneschal?

At last I saw the shadowed bars,
Like a lattice wrought in lead,
Move right across the whitewashed wall
That faced my three-plank bed,
And I knew that somewhere in the world
God's dreadful dawn was red.

At six o'clock we cleaned our cells,
At seven all was still,
But the sough and swing of a mighty wing
The prison seemed to fill,
For the Lord of Death with icy breath
Had entered in to kill.

He did not pass in purple pomp,
Nor ride a moon-white steed.
Three yards of cord and a sliding board
Are all the gallows' need:
So with rope of shame the Herald came
To do the secret deed.

We were as men who through a fen
Of filthy darkness grope:
We did not dare to breathe a prayer,
Or to give our anguish scope:
Something was dead in each of us,
And what was dead was Hope.

For Man's grim Justice goes its way,
And will not swerve aside:
It slays the weak, it slays the strong,
It has a deadly stride:
With iron heel it slays the strong,
The monstrous parricide!

We waited for the stroke of eight:
Each tongue was thick with thirst:
For the stroke of eight is the stroke of Fate
That makes a man accursed,
And Fate will use a running noose
For the best man and the worst.

We had no other thing to do,
Save to wait for the sign to come:
So, like things of stone in a valley lone,
Quiet we sat and dumb:
But each man's heart beat thick and quick,
Like a madman on a drum!

With sudden shock the prison clock
Smote on the shivering air,
And from all the gaol rose up a wail
Of impotent despair,
Like the sound that frightened marshes hear
From some leper in his lair.

And as one sees most fearful things
In the crystal of a dream,
We saw the greasy hempen rope
Hooked to the blackened beam,
And heard the prayer the hangman's snare
Strangled into a scream.

And all the woe that moved him so
That he gave that bitter cry,
And the wild regrets, and the bloody sweats,
None knew so well as I:
For he who lives more lives than one
More deaths than one must die.

IV

There is no chapel on the day
On which they hang a man:
The Chaplain's heart is far too sick,
Or his face is far too wan,
Or there is that written in his eyes
Which none should look upon.

So they kept us close till nigh on noon,
And then they rang the bell,
And the Warders with their jingling keys
Opened each listening cell,
And down the iron stair we tramped,
Each from his separate Hell.

Out into God's sweet air we went,
But not in wonted way,
For this man's face was white with fear,
And that man's face was gray,
And I never saw sad men who looked
So wistfully at the day.

I never saw sad men who looked
With such a wistful eye
Upon that little tent of blue
We prisoners called the sky,
And at every careless cloud that passed
In happy freedom by.

But there were those amongst us all
  Who walked with downcast head,
And knew that, had each got his due,
  They should have died instead:
He had but killed a thing that lived,
  Whilst they had killed the dead.

For he who sins a second time
  Wakes a dead soul to pain,
And draws it from its spotted shroud,
  And makes it bleed again,
And makes it bleed great gouts of blood,
  And makes it bleed in vain!

Like ape or clown, in monstrous garb
  With crooked arrows starred,
Silently we went round and round
  The slippery asphalte yard;
Silently we went round and round,
  And no man spoke a word.

Silently we went round and round,
  And through each hollow mind
The Memory of dreadful things
  Rushed like a dreadful wind,
And Horror stalked before each man,
  And Terror crept behind.

The Warders strutted up and down,
  And kept their herd of brutes,
Their uniforms were spick and span,
  And they wore their Sunday suits,
But we knew the work they had been at,
  By the quicklime on their boots.

For where a grave had opened wide,
  There was no grave at all:
Only a stretch of mud and sand
  By the hideous prison-wall,
And a little heap of burning lime,
  That the man should have his pall.

For he has a pall, this wretched man,
  Such as few men can claim:
Deep down below a prison-yard,
  Naked for greater shame,
He lies, with fetters on each foot,
  Wrapt in a sheet of flame!

And all the while the burning lime
  Eats flesh and bone away;
It eats the brittle bone by night,
  And the soft flesh by day,
It eats the flesh and bone by turns,
  But it eats the heart away.

For three long years they will not sow
  Or root or seedling there:
For three long years the unblessed spot
  Will sterile be and bare,
And look upon the wondering sky
  With unreproachful stare.

They think a murderer's heart would taint
  Each simple seed they sow.
It is not true! God's kindly earth
  Is kindlier than men know,
And the red rose would but blow more red,
  The white rose whiter blow.

Out of his mouth a red, red rose!
Out of his heart a white!
For who can say by what strange way,
Christ brings His will to light,
Since the barren staff the pilgrim bore
Bloomed in the great Pope's sight?

But neither milk-white rose nor red
May bloom in prison air;
The shard, the pebble, and the flint,
Are what they give us there:
For flowers have been known to heal
A common man's despair.

So never will wine-red rose or white,
Petal by petal, fall
On that stretch of mud and sand that lies
By the hideous prison-wall,
To tell the men who tramp the yard
That God's Son died for all.

Yet though the hideous prison-wall
Still hems him round and round,
And a spirit may not walk by night
That is with fetters bound,
And a spirit may but weep that lies
In such unholy ground,

He is at peace—this wretched man—
At peace, or will be soon:
There is no thing to make him mad,
Nor does Terror walk at noon,
For the lampless Earth in which he lies
Has neither Sun nor Moon.

They hanged him as a beast is hanged:
  They did not even toll
A requiem that might have brought
  Rest to his startled soul,
But hurriedly they took him out,
  And hid him in a hole.

They stripped him of his canvas clothes,
  And gave him to the flies;
They mocked the swollen purple throat,
  And the stark and staring eyes;
And with laughter loud they heaped the shroud
  In which their convict lies.

The Chaplain would not kneel to pray
  By his dishonored grave:
Nor mark it with that blessed Cross
  That Christ for sinners gave,
Because the man was one of those
  Whom Christ came down to save.

Yet all is well; he has but passed,
  To Life's appointed bourne:
And alien tears will fill for him
  Pity's long-broken urn,
For his mourners will be outcast men,
  And outcasts always mourn.

V

I know not whether Laws be right,
Or whether Laws be wrong;
All that we know who lie in gaol
Is that the wall is strong;
And that each day is like a year,
A year whose days are long.

But this I know, that every Law
That men have made for Man,
Since first Man took his brother's life,
And the sad world began,
But straws the wheat and saves the chaff
With a most evil fan.

This too I know—and wise it were
If each could know the same—
That every prison that men build
Is built with bricks of shame,
And bound with bars lest Christ should see
How men their brothers maim.

With bars they blur the gracious moon,
And blind the goodly sun:
And they do well to hide their Hell,
For in it things are done
That Son of God nor Son of Man
Ever should look upon!

The vilest deeds like poison weeds
Bloom well in prison-air:
It is only what is good in Man
That wastes and withers there:
Pale Anguish keeps the heavy gate,
And the Warder is Despair.

For they starve the little frightened child
Till it weeps both night and day:
And they scourge the weak, and flog the fool,
And gibe the old and gray,
And some grow mad, and all grow bad,
And none a word may say.

Each narrow cell in which we dwell
Is a foul and dark latrine.
And the fetid breath of living Death
Chokes up each grated screen,
And all, but Lust, is turned to dust
In Humanity's machine.

The brackish water that we drink
Creeps with a loathsome slime,
And the bitter bread they weigh in scales
Is full of chalk and lime,
And Sleep will not lie down, but walks
Wild-eyed, and cries to Time.

But though lean Hunger and green Thirst
Like asp with adder fight,
We have little care of prison fare,
For what chills and kills outright
Is that every stone one lifts by day
Becomes one's heart by night.

With midnight always in one's heart,
And twilight in one's cell,
We turn the crank, or tear the rope,
Each in his separate Hell,
And the silence is more awful far
Than the sound of a brazen bell.

And never a human voice comes near
To speak a gentle word:
And the eye that watches through the door
Is pitiless and hard:
And by all forgot, we rot and rot,
With soul and body marred.

And thus we rust Life's iron chain
Degraded and alone:
And some men curse, and some men weep,
And some men make no moan:
But God's eternal Laws are kind
And break the heart of stone.

And every human heart that breaks,
In prison-cell or yard,
Is as that broken box that gave
Its treasure to the Lord,
And filled the unclean leper's house
With the scent of costliest nard.

Ah! happy they whose hearts can break
And peace of pardon win!
How else may man make straight his plan
And cleanse his soul from Sin?
How else but through a broken heart
May Lord Christ enter in?

And he of the swollen purple throat,
And the stark and staring eyes
Waits for the holy hands that took
The Thief to Paradise;
And a broken and a contrite heart
The Lord will not despise.

The man in red who reads the Law
Gave him three weeks of life,
Three little weeks in which to heal
His soul of his soul's strife,
And cleanse from every blot of blood
The hand that held the knife.

And with tears of blood he cleansed the hand,
The hand that held the steel:
For only blood can wipe out blood,
And only tears can heal:
And the crimson stain that was of Cain
Became Christ's snow-white seal.

VI

In Reading gaol by Reading town
There is a pit of shame,
And in it lies a wretched man
Eaten by teeth of flame,
In a burning winding-sheet he lies,
And his grave has got no name.

And there, till Christ call forth the dead,
In silence let him lie:
No need to waste the foolish tear,
Or heave the windy sigh:
The man had killed the thing he loved,
And so he had to die.

And all men kill the thing they love,
By all let this be heard,
Some do it with a bitter look,
Some with a flattering word,
The coward does it with a kiss,
The brave man with a sword!

OSCAR WILDE.

END OF VOLUME IV